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short dress
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hirtdress for day

Saint
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ne sensational
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hat you can learn
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y Elizabeth Hardwick

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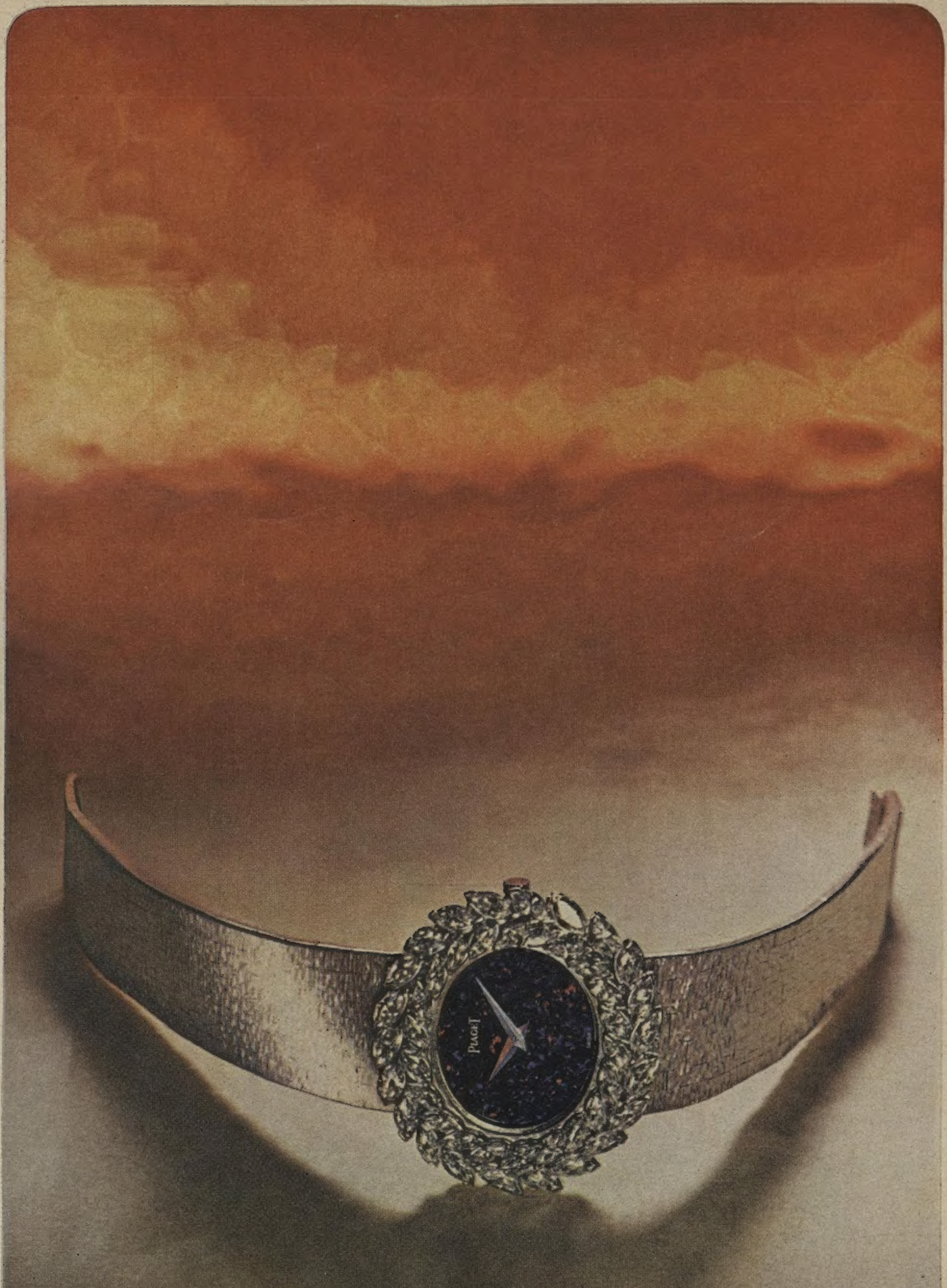

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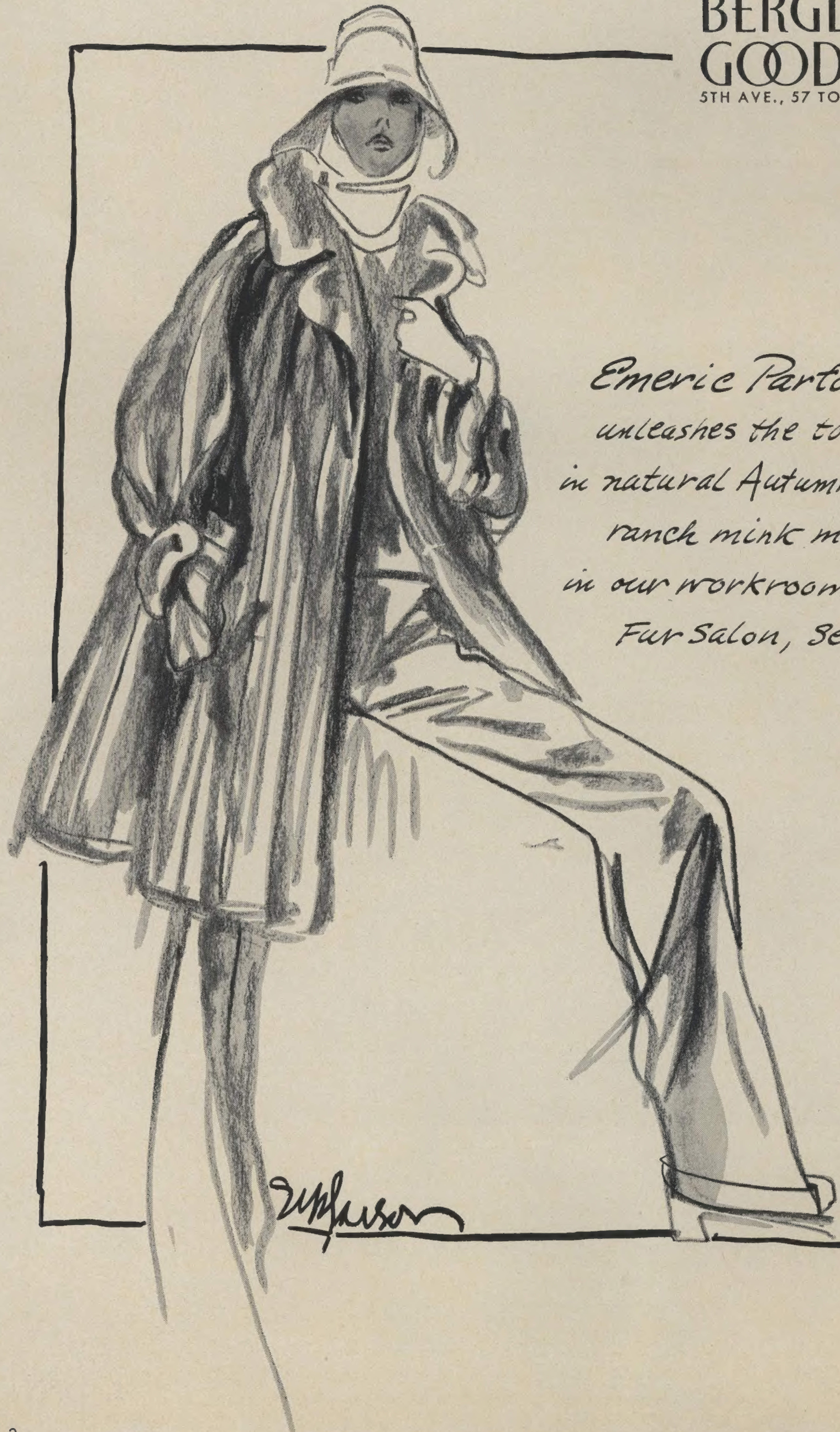

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AVEDON

COVER: Absolute dazzle at night—Norell's soft sequined jersey shirtdress to the floor, in pale camel-brown. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. David Webb earrings. . . . New dazzle for eyes comes from Charles Revson's Color Couture Collection of eye shadows—here, Spungold Bronze on the lids, Pure Gold above. The whole golden-eye story from Ultima II begins on page 134. Lipstick on the same beam: Spungold Copper. The coif and makeup are by Franklyn Welsh.

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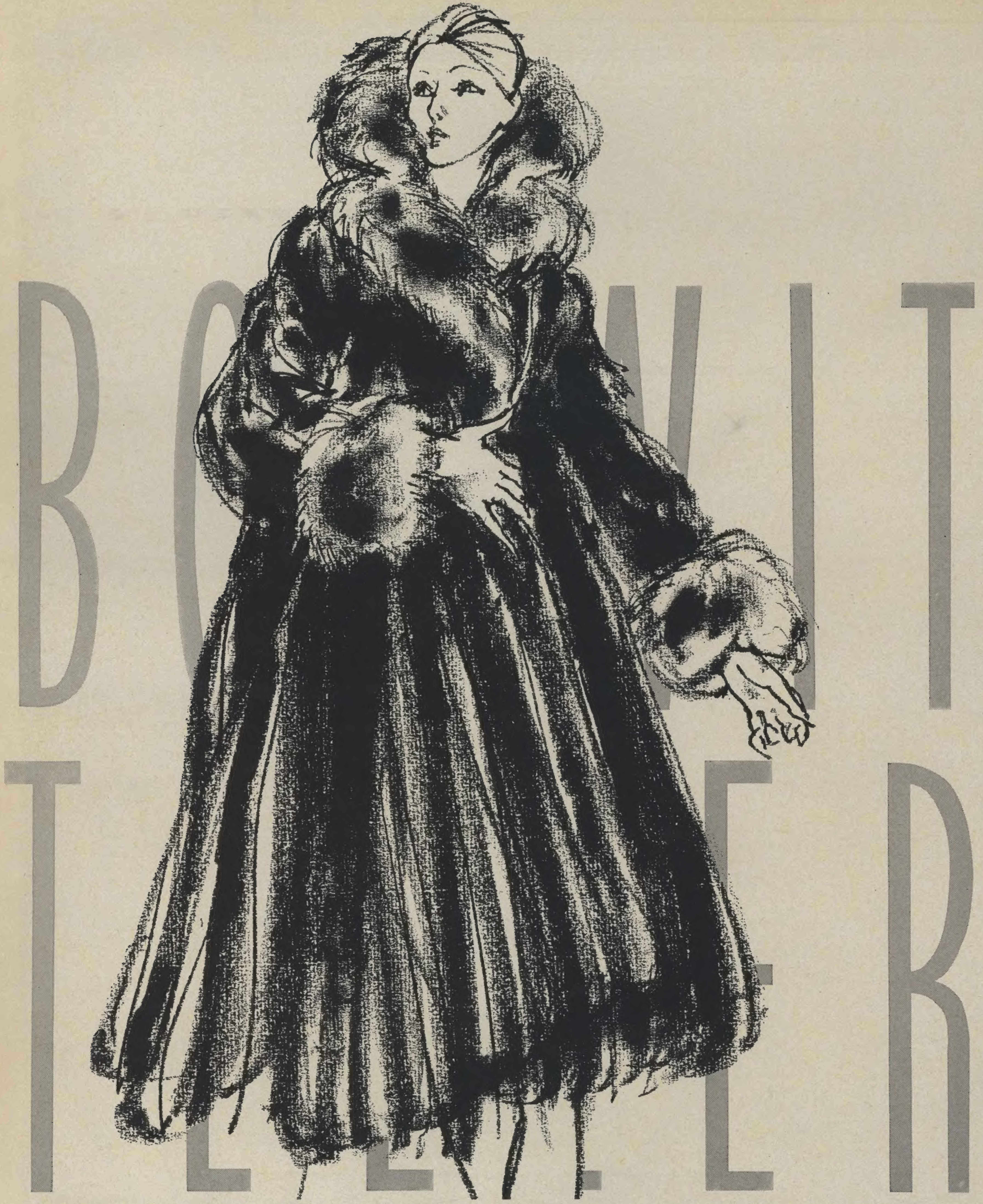

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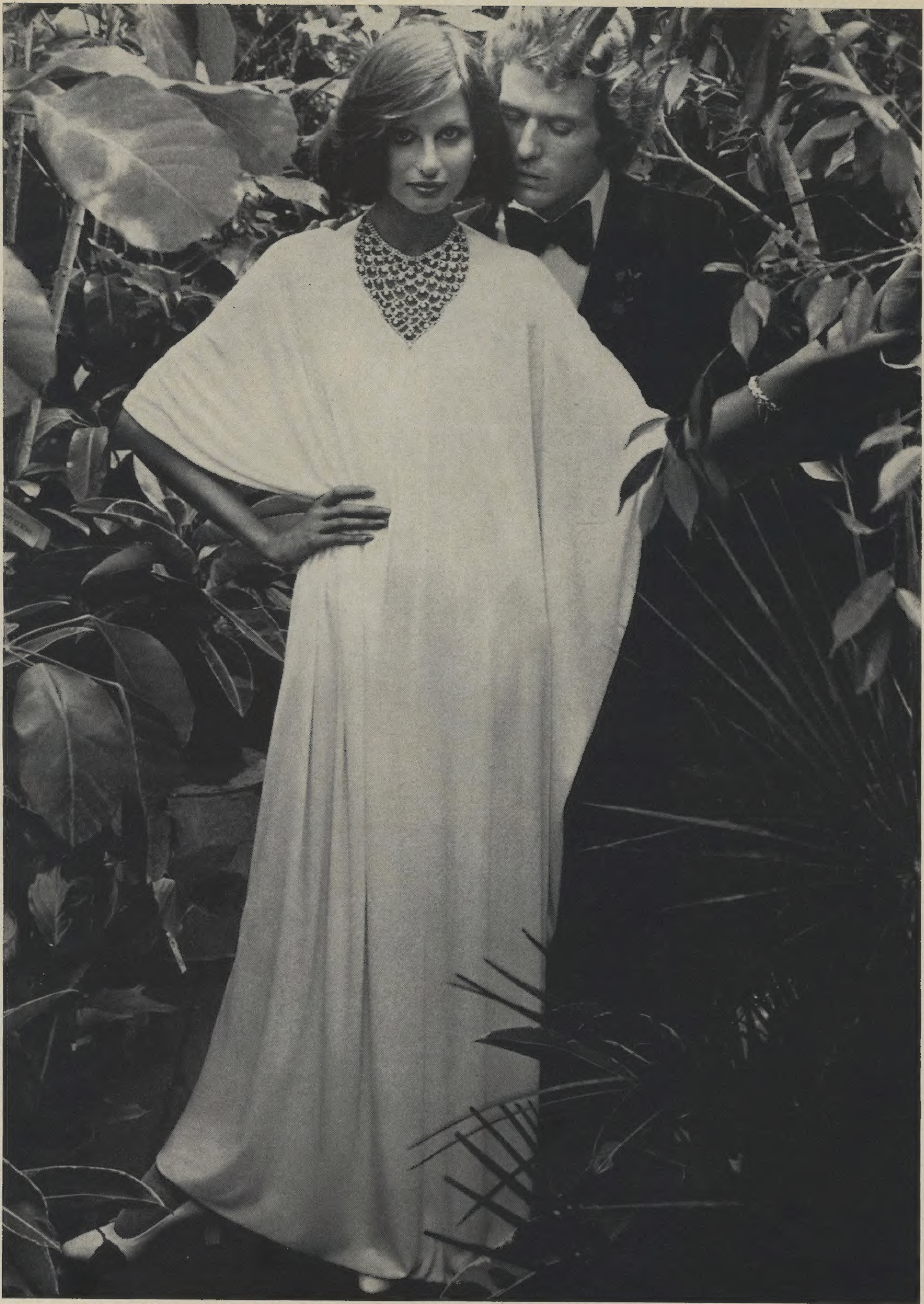

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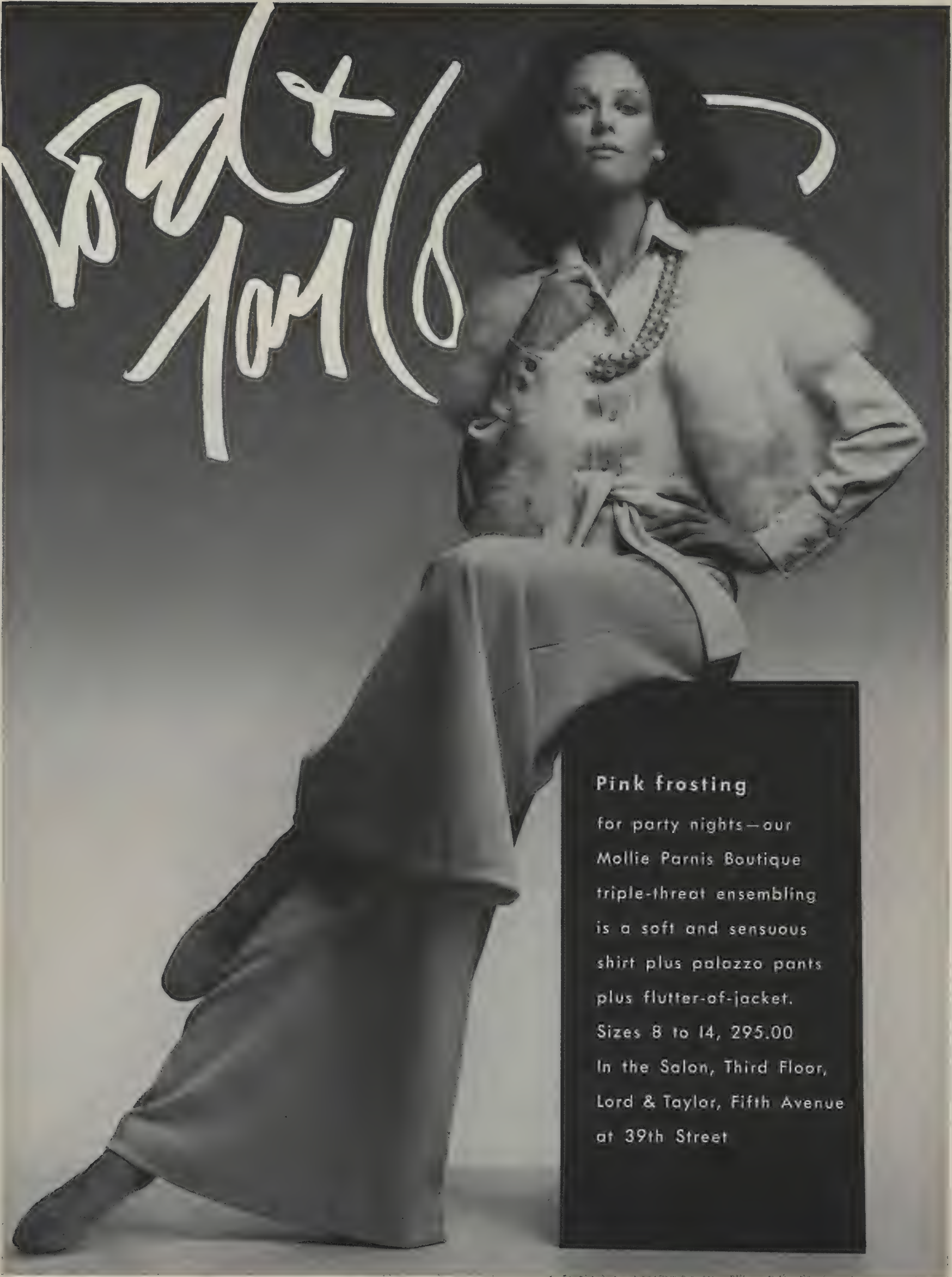

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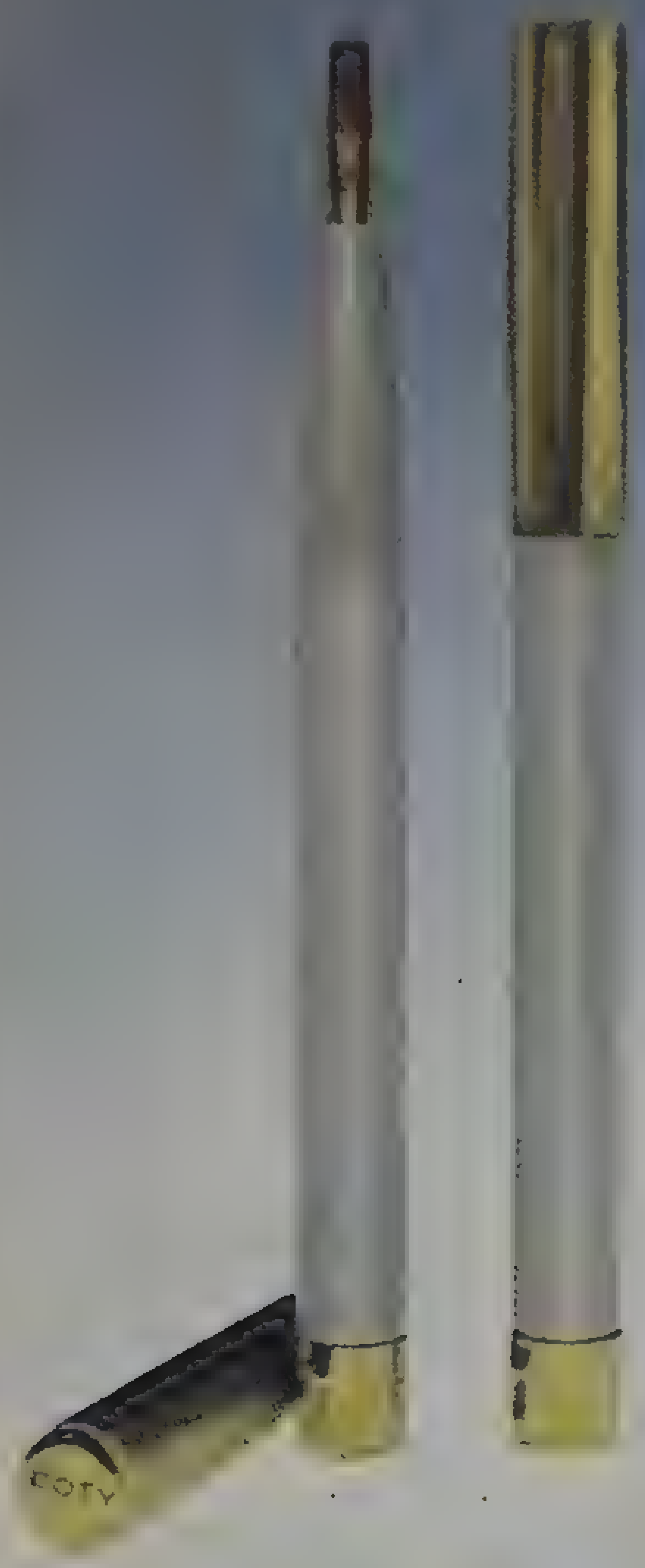

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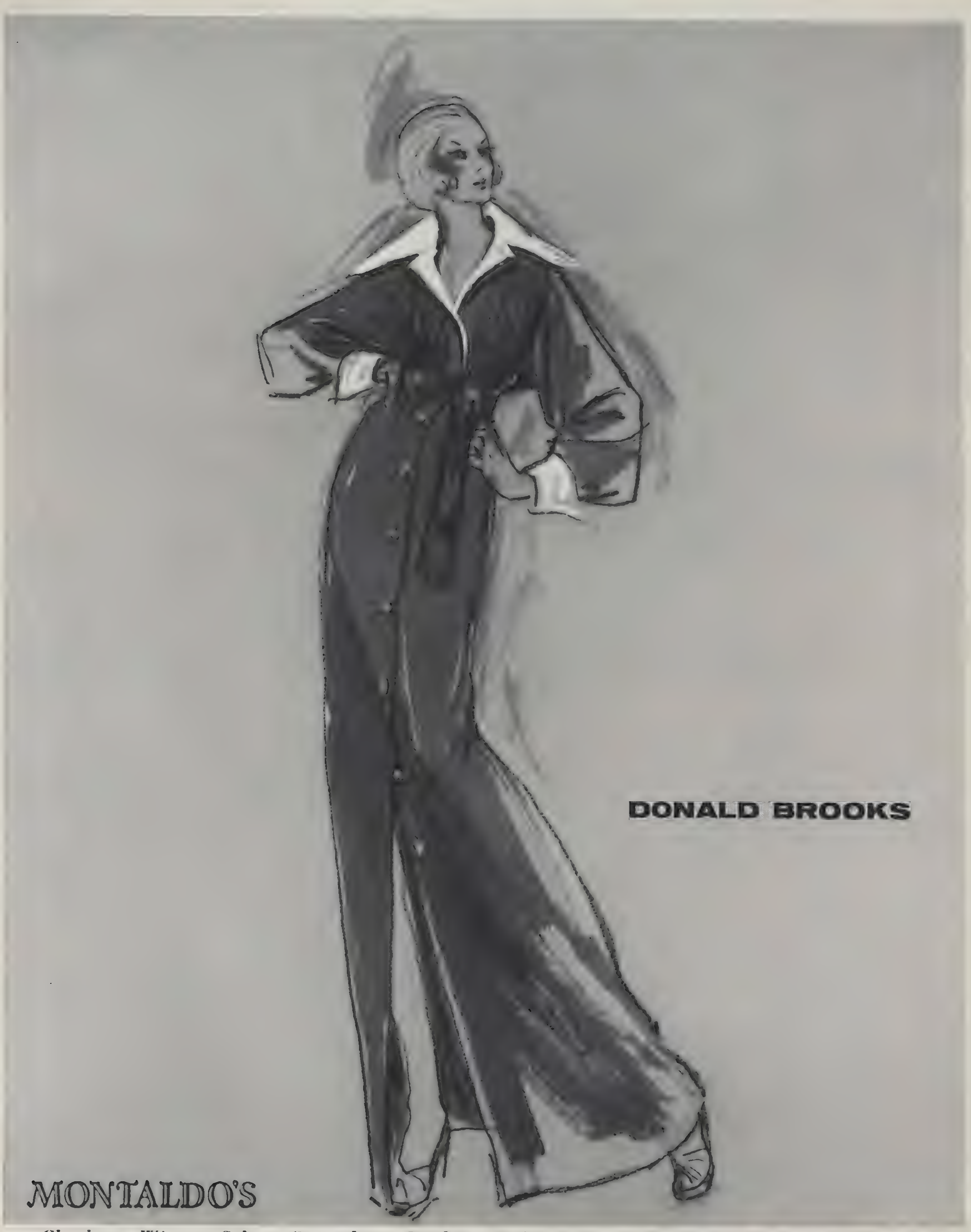
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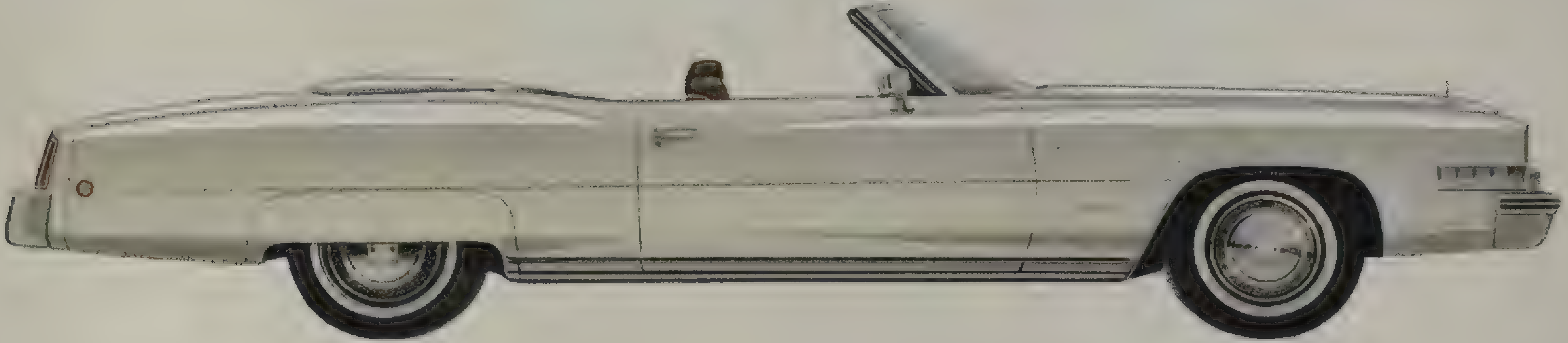

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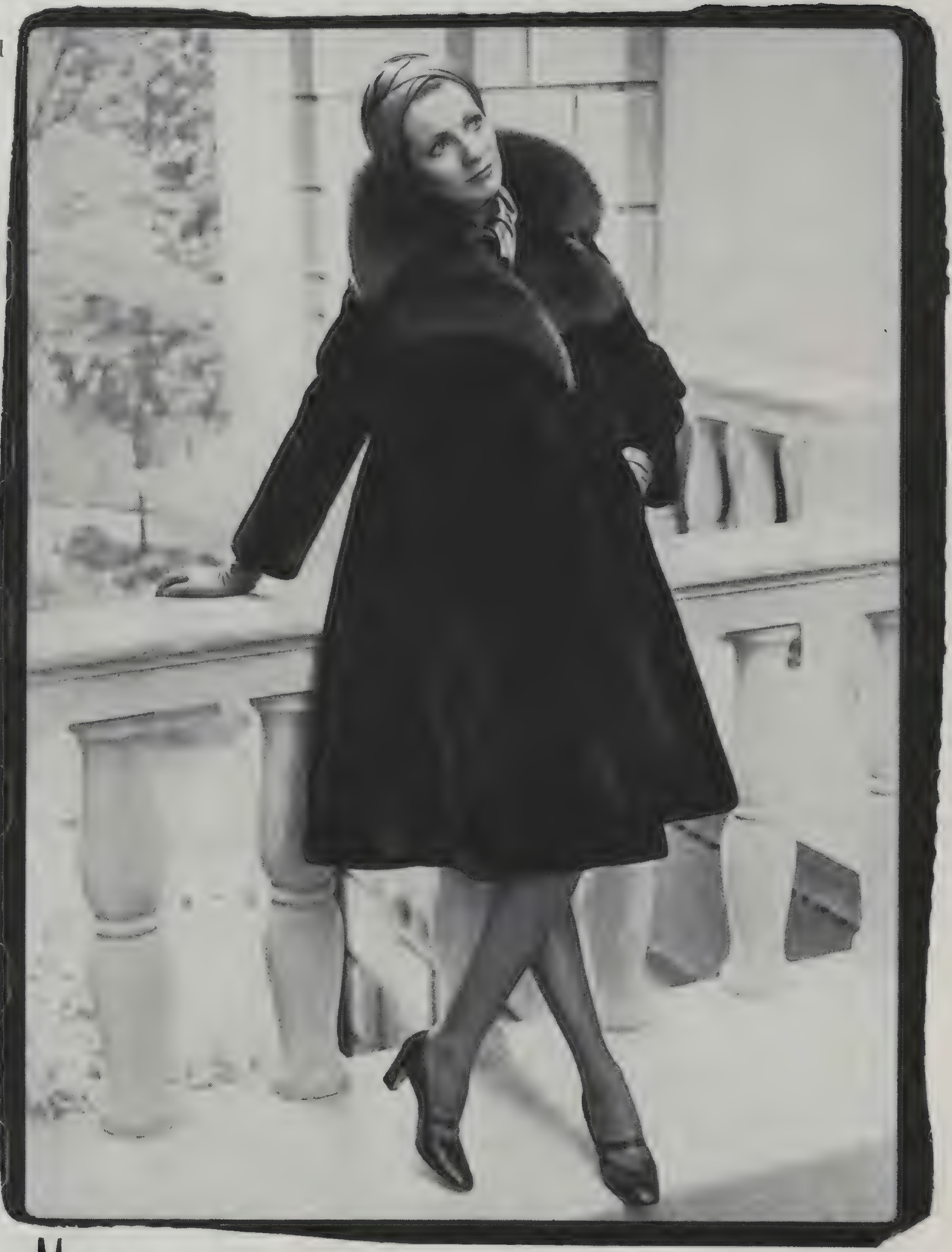

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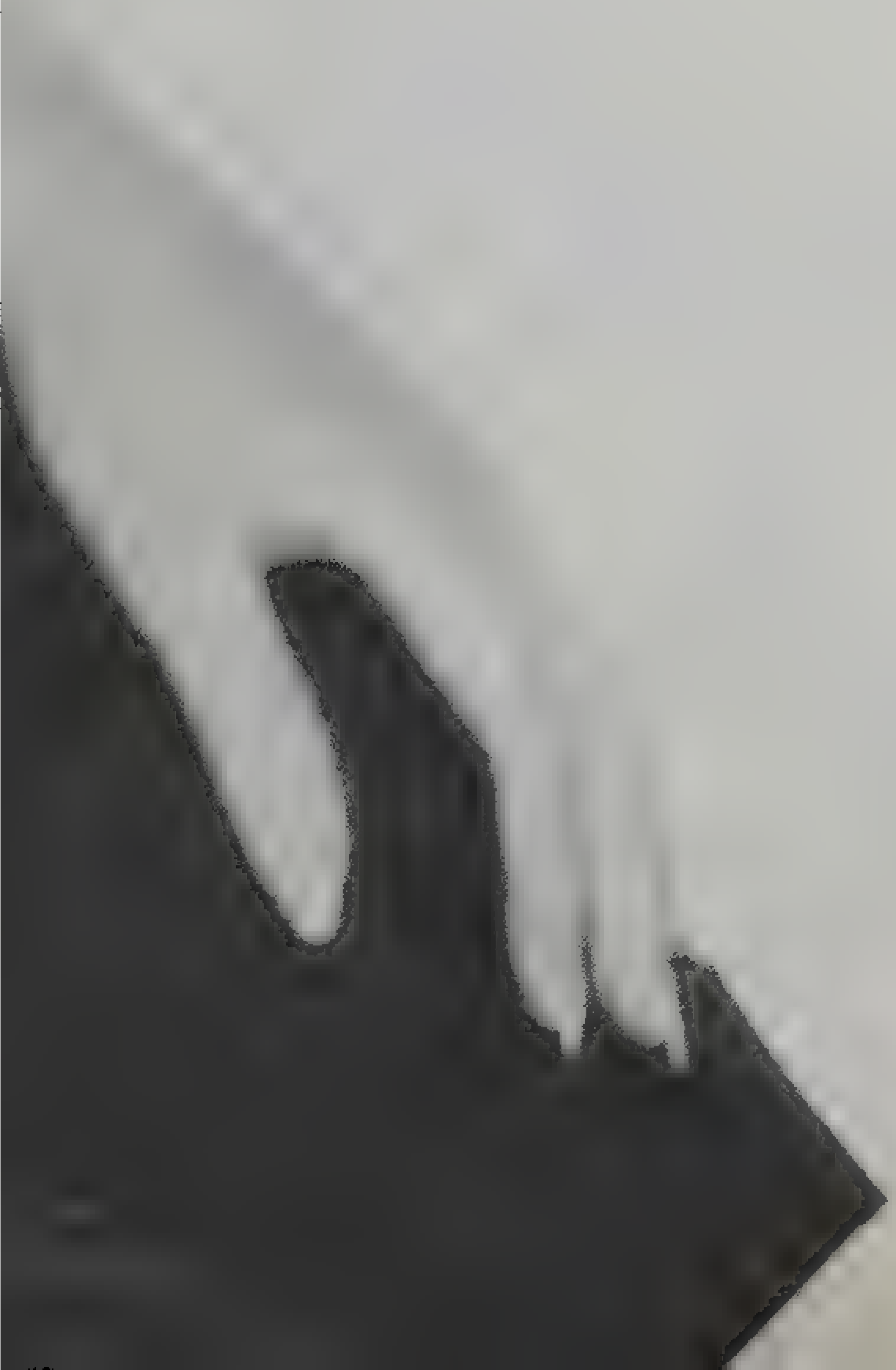

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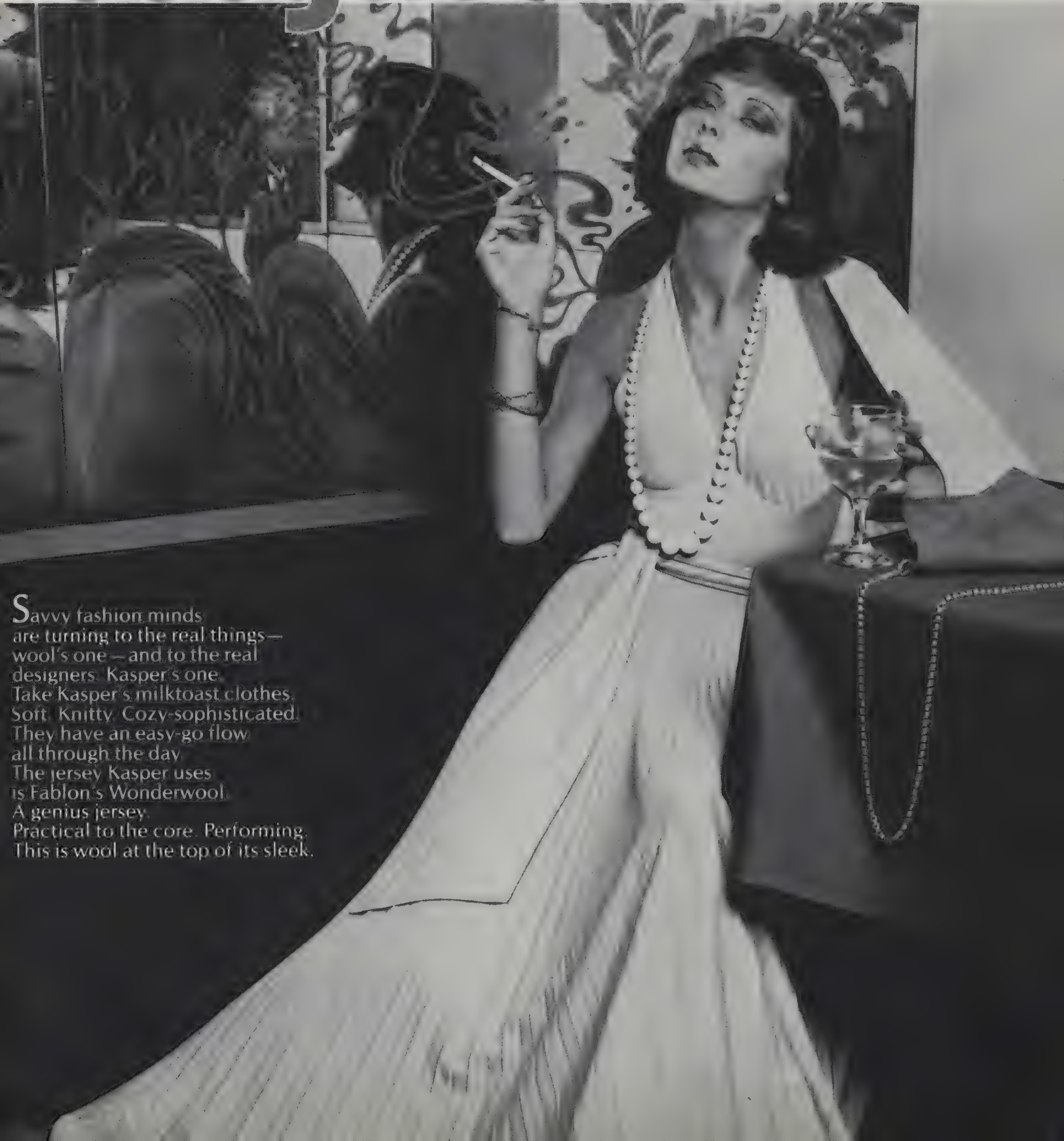

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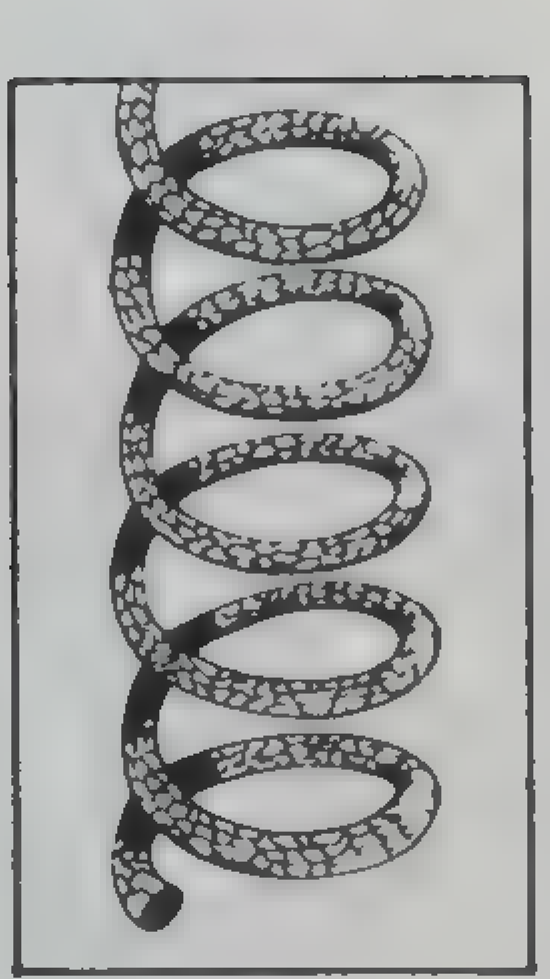

The spongy looking squiggle is a wool fiber with its protein core—the place dye goes. And stays. The big reason wool pastels, like the babyblue and babymint Kasper picked for the clothes here, won't slip from bright to blah.

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[illegible]

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VOGUE

ART

BY BARBARA ROSE

ROBERT MOTHERWELL: young Old Master

"Every intelligent painter carries the whole culture of modern painting in his head. It is his real subject, of which everything he paints is both an homage and a critique," Robert Motherwell wrote during the years he and his Abstract Expressionist colleagues were establishing the international hegemony of American painting.

Trained in philosophy, Motherwell was ideally suited to assume the role of esthetician just as his training in art history prepared him to integrate tradition within his work, the better to experiment with new solutions history had not yet conceived. And it is this blend of the traditional and the experimental that has characterized his development. Originally an "action" painter whose black-and-white elegies marked one of the high points of postwar American painting, he has recently become increasingly involved with the simple expression of pure color in a series of radically streamlined paintings, begun in 1967, that he calls the "open" paintings because of their breadth and expansiveness, both of scale and of space.

Often monochrome fields of ochre or blue, the "open" paintings evoke a sense of space—at the same time infinite and definitively flat—through a daring use of charcoal line drawing. In some of the newest works of the series, shown recently at Minneapolis's Walker Art Center and now at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery in New York, planes of opaque color emphasize the flatness of the paintings.

Because the means of the "open" paintings are so radically reduced, much depends on the placement of lines or areas of color. Motherwell was well prepared to concentrate on placement because of his long experience with placement in collage.

As a master of collage, Motherwell has no American challengers; indeed, the first complete retrospective of his collages at The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston (November 15 through January 14)—to be seen later in Cleveland, Hartford, and Boston—proves that Motherwell's unique collages belong in a category with those of the great masters of this medium: Braque, Picasso, and Schwitters. Motherwell's collages combine painterly elements with the pure geometry of *papier collé*. It is this combination of the painterly—the automatic Surrealist "doodling," as Motherwell calls it—with the formal hard edges of cutout shapes that puts Motherwell's collages in a special category.

As experience with the strict planar quality of collage prepared Motherwell to paint the "open" series, so the fields of pure color in the "open" paintings inspired Motherwell to make one of the most remarkable sets of contemporary prints: his first color etchings illustrating the poem "A la pintura" by the great modern Spanish poet Rafael Alberti. Exhibited this fall at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Motherwell's color etchings celebrate his long romance with Spanish culture and mark a new attitude toward history that shifts from the painful "action" of the Spanish Civil War, alluded to in his early collages and elegies, to the transcendence of the pure "contemplation" of art. ■

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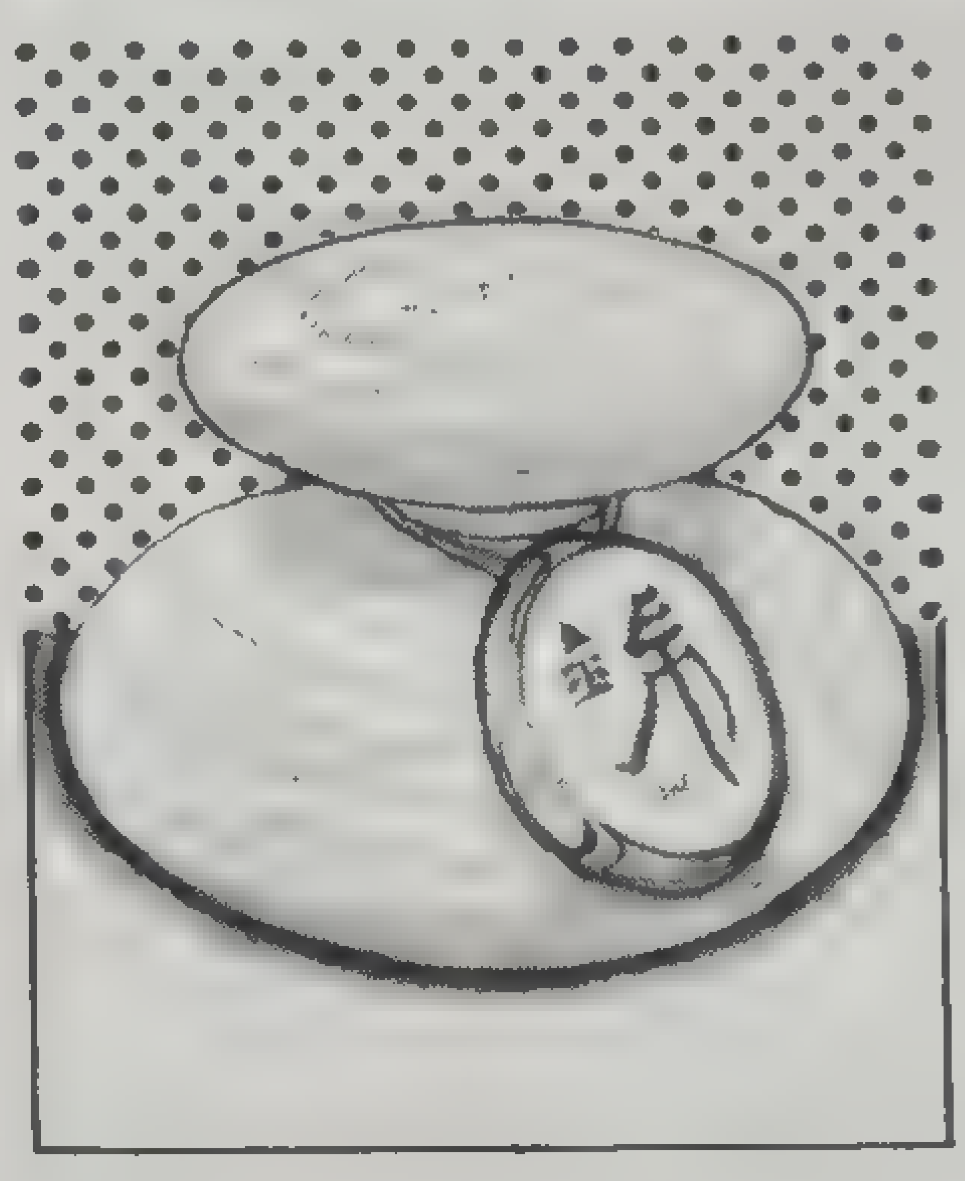
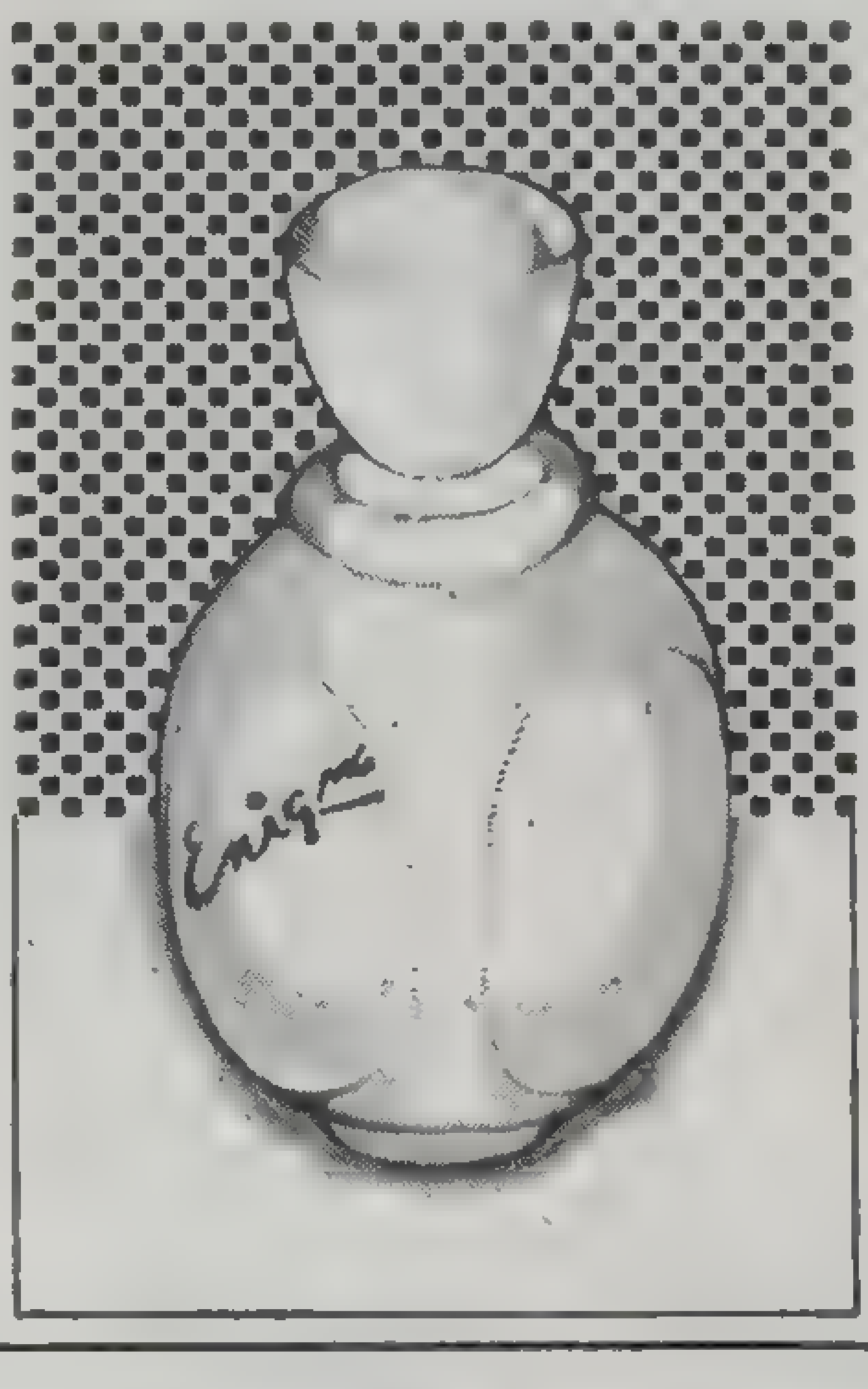
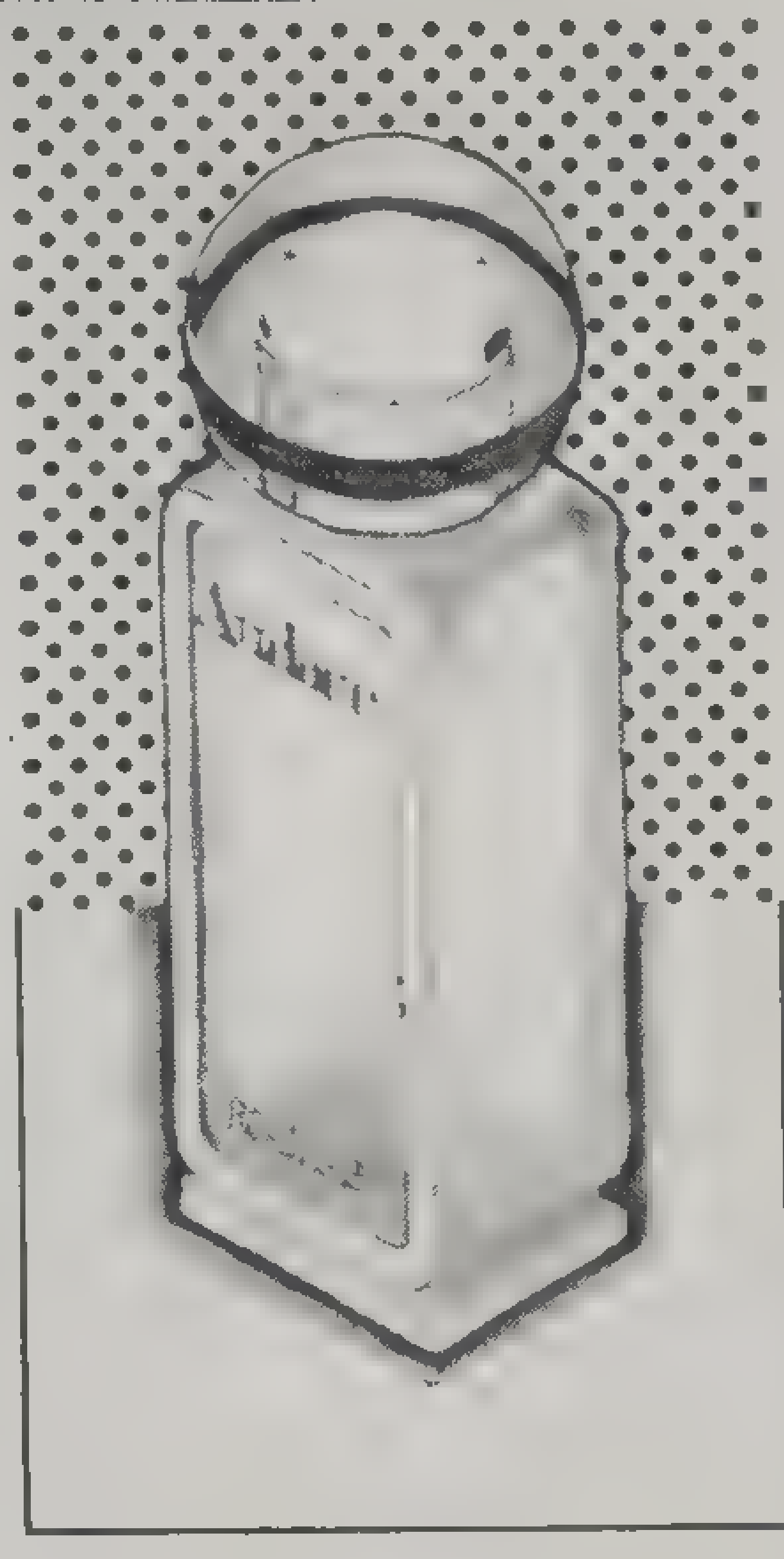
Perfume news: beautiful new ones, ways to enjoy old favorites . . .



To our western ears the Japanese word *Nishiki* sounds playfully elegant, feminine. To the Japanese, it implies a combination of things beautiful. Either way, it suits Shiseido's new perfume, handsomely presented in a frosted crystal adaptation of an antique Japanese vase. Created in celebration of Shiseido's centennial, it's being introduced at Bloomingdale's as part of their own centennial. . . .

Secretly, every woman wants men to think she's slightly unpredictable. To launch an enigmatic aura for even the most straightforward of us, the alchemists at Alexandra de Markoff created *Enigma*—with patchouli, that famously deep and spicy oil from the Orient, plus amber and a lacing of modern flower notes. . . .





DRAWINGS BY KAJIWARA

God created woman, but Rochas created *Femme*, then *Madame Rochas*. Now, after eleven years, they felt the need of a new totally modern scent: *Audace* —fresh, full of clean green airs with a sexy hint of musk and sandalwood. . . .

. . . how he feels about your perfume

Men usually have fascinating responses to a new perfume. The one we've always liked best is "You smell great," whether it comes from the elevator operator or best beau. If pressed, though, a man can often come up with more. Herewith, some male responses to some new perfumes. . . . "Very warm, like ripe apples or pears, and sunshine in the fall. Nice." That's for *Courant*, by Helena Rubinstein. We know that it's a floral, rather than fruity, blend with undertones of musk, mosses, civet, and sweet amber. But if he thinks it's nice and warm, that's okay with us. . . . "Sexy, in a clean, sweet way" is the judgment on Houbigant's haunting *Indian Summer*, filled with woodsy earthy notes underlying a floral top note in the perfume named for the mellow golden time that Houbigant calls The Fifth Season. . . . "A woman who wears this has rendezvous instead of dates, very seductive" was the word on Emilio Pucci's new *Zadig*, a meld of magnolia, roses, jasmine, and other flowers in a rich Oriental blend. . . . "A beautiful woman, who's rich and sure of herself, but very feminine" might wear *Fleurs du Monde*, the brand new creation from Fabergé which perfectly balances no fewer than sixty-eight essences of the world's flowers. . . . "Really fresh. It's just like real roses." What can you say about a perfume oil called *Tea Rose* by the Perfumer's Workshop except that it's an exquisitely light pure rose scent. New, too, from Marian Bialac's Perfumer's Workshop is *Oriental Musk*, a musk oil with an extra, spicy top note. . . .

One of the most delicious ways of applying any perfume (for your pleasure and his) is in a scented cloud of spray. Nice to know that it's practical as well—perfume thus dispersed is used economically and the range of scent is increased—on your hair, in the *(Continued on page 66)*

Dare to live with Vivre . . . the new perfume of Paris.
VIVRE
MOLYNEUX
PARIS
Men love women who wear it.

The first facepowder that doesn't look like powder. It gives you the look of fresh, young skin.

PowderGlow.

When Charles of the Ritz, the people who virtually invented facepowder, introduces a new one, it's got to be a masterstroke. PowderGlow is.

It gives you the kind of skin-finish you'll thank your lucky stars for. Buffed. Slightly polished. Enormously pretty.

You'll find the feeling fantastic, too. Unpowdery. Almost moist. Like slippy silk.

All because of a breakthrough process too technical to tell. But the gist is this: *PowderGlow is made with real beads of encapsuled moisturizer.* This heart-of-moisturizer is released when puffed on the skin. That's why it never looks dry.

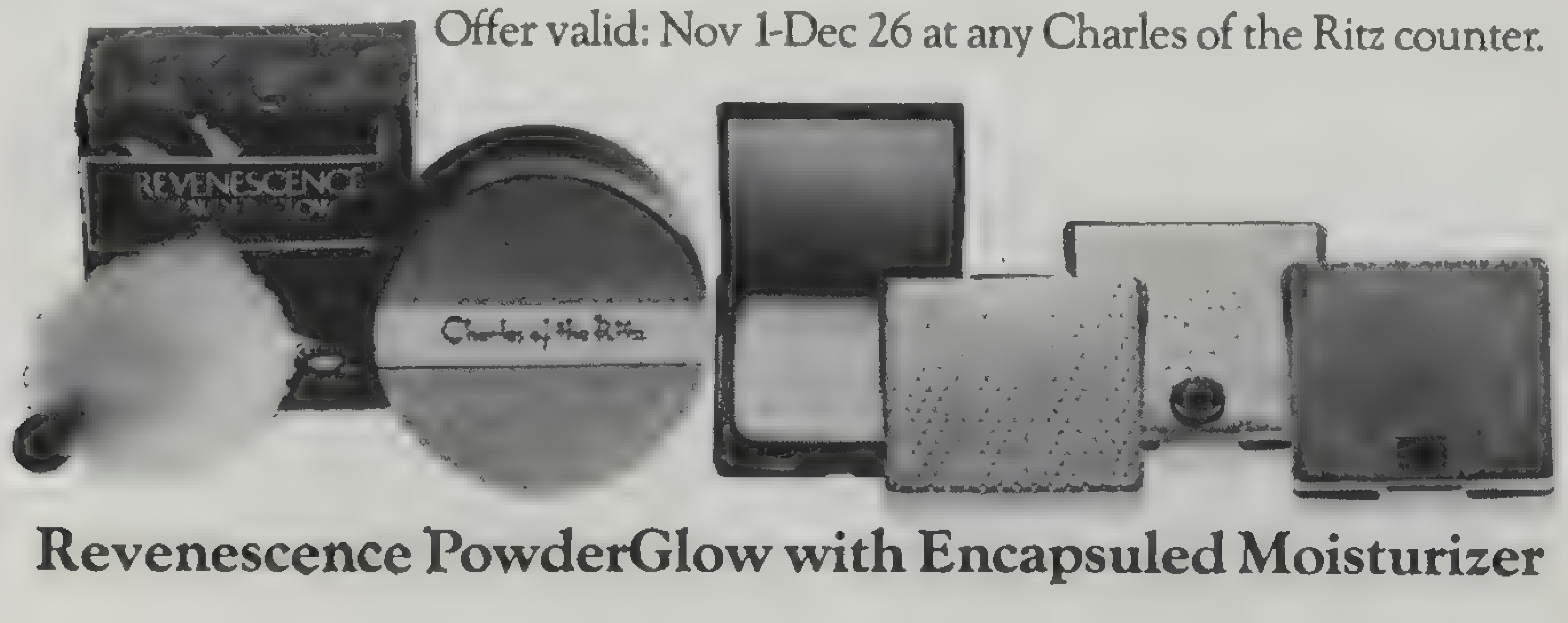
PowderGlow becomes an intimate part of your makeup. Over bare skin, it gives a soft, semi-shined glow. And as a touch-up, it's the fastest pick up we know for a tired looking makeup job.

PowderGlow comes pressed in a clever powder cassette which slips into a jewel of a case. Or loose in a posh powderbox. Available in four translucent skin tones.

Special Trade-In Offer

Bring us your *used* facepowder. (Even if it's our own.) We'll give you $1.00 towards the purchase of PowderGlow. We want you to see your face when you wear it.

Offer valid: Nov 1-Dec 26 at any Charles of the Ritz counter.



Revenescence PowderGlow with Encapsuled Moisturizer

Charles of the Ritz

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What does it take to make you feel like a million?

If you're a cat lady,
purring and self-satisfied,
the world will soon
recognize you in this
natural Canadian Lynx.
Don't fight it.
Every kitty needs
its catnip.
It's about $2000.

It takes the you you always
wanted to be, in the fur you'll want
to be you in. Could that be Mink?
In short, this natural black Mink
sweeps and swirls and
twirls all the way
down to your heels.
That statement is
$5950.

How different are you,
anyway? Well, this
beautiful Bassarisk
can make quite a
difference in the way
you feel. A nice
warm feeling because
you'll probably be the
only girl on your
block to have one.
And it's only $1395.

Look for this tag on
every real fur garment.

FUR LABEL AUTHORITY

Fur.

Real fur. It doesn't cost a million to feel like a million.

FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE: THE AMERICAN FUR INDUSTRY, 767 FIFTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. PRICES ARE SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES AND MAY VARY WITH LOCATION. ALL FURS LABELED AS TO COUNTRY OF ORIGIN.

The high-spirited Brentwood wig
and the after-five pantsuit
by Anne Fogarty

Fashion complements for little evenings—
the highlight, a flirtatious wig of Kanekalon®
that has a certain joie de vivre all its own.
Making fashion headlines here:
the Brentwood 'Sugar' wig.

Wig available at:

Meier & Frank • The May Co. • Jordan Marsh • The Crescent
O'Neil's • The Hecht Co. • Wieboldt Stores, Inc. • H. C. Capwell Co.
Liberty House • Forbes & Wallace, Inc. • Buffums' • Winkelman's

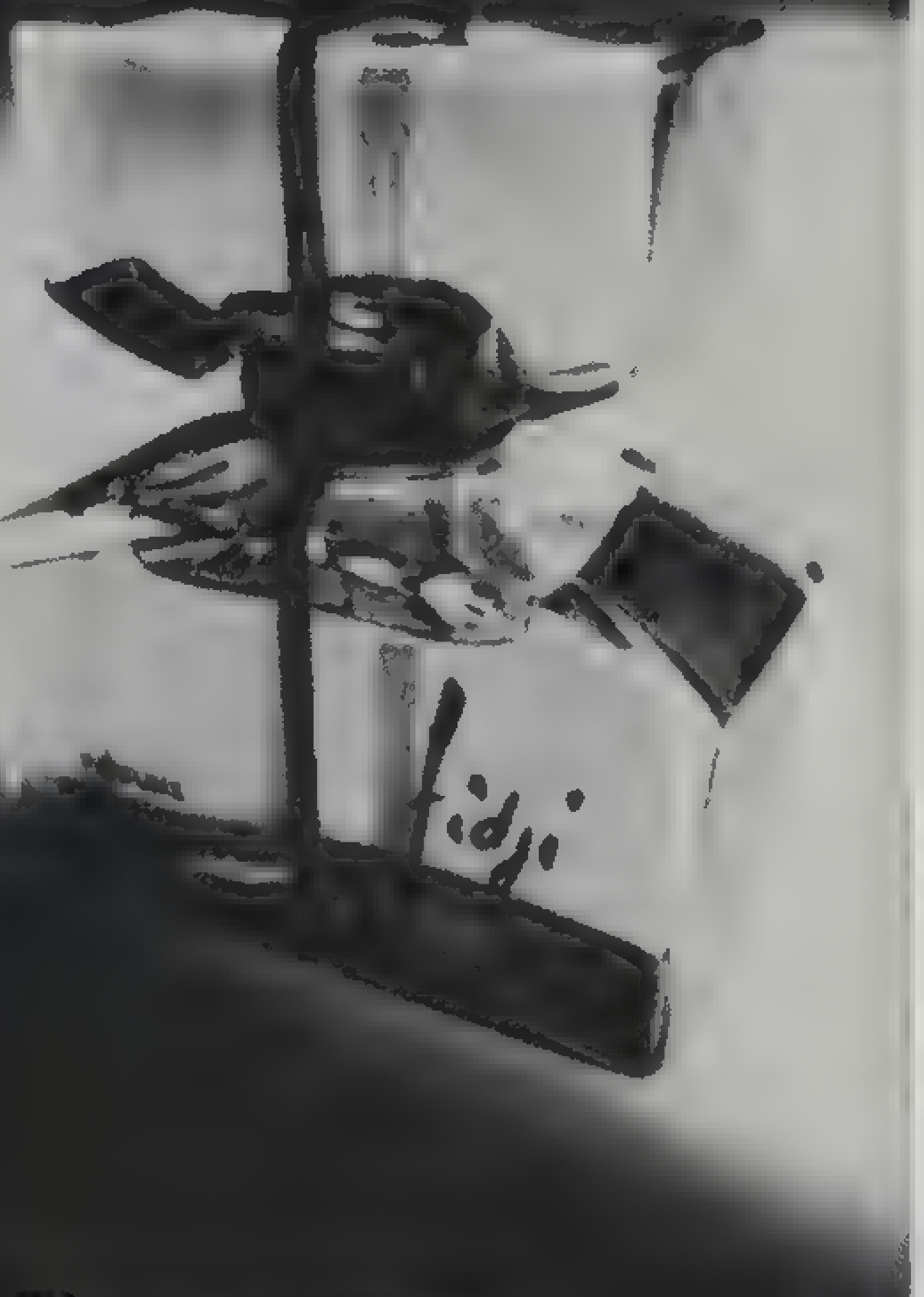
Even this close it looks like hair

Kanekalon®

®Kanekalon is the registered trademark for modacrylic fiber created by Kanegafuchi Chemical Industry Co., Ltd., Osaka, Japan.

Vetiver,
Jasmin,
Ylang Ylang,
Clavel,
Sandalwood,
Orris,
Myrhh,
Musk,
Ambergris

(We think today's woman wants to know the facts about the fragrance she buys.)



There's more to a fragrance than meets the eye. Or nose. Fidji is a blend of many scents. Some to make it rich and lasting. Some to make it lift your spirits. Some to make it flower and bloom. Each one doing its own special thing. Beautifully.

fidji

The modern
French Fragrance
by Guy Laroche

Perfume. Purse Spray Perfume.
Toilet Water. Spray Cologne.

© 1972 COSMAIR, INC., CLARK, N.J.

VOGUE BEAUTY
Checkout

Perfume news

(Continued from page 60) lining of your coat—and may even last longer. . . . Four reigning perfume favorites, newly arrived in spray form: *Bal à Versailles*, all its magic throb of jasmine and roses, patchouli and other enchantments intact, now available in a delicately evocative daytime spray, L'Eau Bal à Versailles from Jean Desprez. . . . *Cabochard*, Mme. Grès's worldly salute to the fresh delight of forest ferns and flowers, is just in from Paris in two new sprays: Cabochard Parfum Atomizeur in a porcelain enamel case, and Eau de Toilette. . . . Joy is, of course, a joy forever. The precious stuff of roses and jasmine, Eau de Joy is now available in a black-and-gold octagonal case with a twist-lock spray so you never waste a droplet. . . . *Vivre* is the mystery scent by Molyneux that adds a secret spice to the essence of roses and fragrant woods for a warm, lively marvel. So that one lucky lady can really Vivre it up, Molyneux have made only one copy of the 32-ounce Baccarat crystal decanter of Vivre presented to the Empress of Iran last year at Persepolis. On sale at Neiman-Marcus, $4,500 takes it away. For everybody else, three ounces of Vivre Eau de Toilette newly offered in a flame-patterned bottle of frosted glass. . . .

New beauty oasis in California

In Beverly Hills, the Jon Peters beauty salon at 400 North Rodeo Drive is new, successful, In . . . with some of the film and TV colony's most attractive women, and men, too, likely to turn up there. Its twenty-seven-year-old manager and top haircutter, Jon Peters—who's also a theatrical producer and the husband of actress Lesley Warren—cuts hair superbly for either sex; among the charismatic men whose hair he cuts are Warren Beatty, Rick Nelson, Jack Nicholson, Anthony Newley, George Chakiris. He also makes a marvelous conditioner called "4 in 1" which is applied to everyone's hair with fine impartiality. . . . Besides Jon himself, some of the best hairdressers in town are on hand—and there's an outstanding makeup woman, Bobbe Joy, who uses her own natural beauty preparations and is a whiz at doing individual eyelashes. Another drawing-card is Sheri Chapman, the manicurist, whose loyal following includes Dinah Shore, Margo Silliphant, Diana Ross. . . . The ambiance of the place is pleasantly garden-y: natural brick walls, airy trellises, masses of fresh hanging plants. Best of all, almost, is the small luncheon bar, like a mini English pub. The chef, Doug, will serve you a delicious health salad of spinach, mushrooms, tuna with alfalfa sprouts, or other fresh goodies—plus red or white California wine, if you like.

A doctor's pre-holiday tips

A woman doctor we know has some sound advice for this time of year. If you want to eat-drink-and-be-merry during the holidays without facing an overweight problem afterward, start easing up on your eating now. Lose a few pounds, painlessly. . . . Substitute tomato or grapefruit juice for orange, skim milk for regular, veal for beef. At meals, cut down on portions. In an Italian restaurant, skip the pasta; in a Chinese one, the rice. . . . Do everything possible about Christmas and holiday preparations ahead of time; don't procrastinate—it just builds tension. (Much overeating is caused by nervous tension, fatigue.) Then, later, you can relax and enjoy the good cheer—with no bulge-y post-holiday aftermath. . . .

Let there be woman

COLE
of california.

Nylon & Lycra® spandex.

I'll drink to that

KAHLÚA
Splash. What a fresh idea.

An ounce of Kahlúa, a splash of soda, a squeeze of lime on the rocks. No simpler way to give the cocktail a whole new twist.
Do send for the Kahlúa Recipe Book. Our treat. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico.
53 Proof. Jules Berman & Assoc.,
116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

VOGUE TRAVEL

BY LADY DIANA COOPER

How one of the world's famous charmers traveled her exuberant way around Kenya and Tanzania before that part of Africa was shaken by recent fighting

SAFARI
by eye

DAY 1: I'll start tonight on my diary. "At sea" I am, or rather in the center of Africa.

We are a fortunate five, all new to the game, surprised at everything strange to us. It started not too confidently with Anne drugged against flying fear and my feeling old, crippled, zestless, and air-scared, too, piling into a super-something plane at 7 P.M. yesterday.

The photographer Costa Archilopollo and I were both in seats by the portholes and the aircraft was over-hot. Nothing controllable, because all switches just out of reach. In an hour or so I could bear it no longer and was obliged to remove my thin jersey, leaving me in a see-through mini vest. It didn't matter, because all the lights were put out for general convenience—not for mine, as I cannot sleep much and not at all without reading. In the dense immovability of bags and dinner trays, coats and bigger bags, my specs had gone astray. No light, no specs, no sympathy, only a useless moon and dawn never breaking. It came, of course, and we were on the equator coming down at Nairobi. Happy landing. Costa and I to our shame found rebooting and shoeing ourselves after a shoeless night to be impossible. So there we both were carrying our footwear in our hands. He at least wore discreet socks, but my puffed naked white feet nailed with scarlet caught all eyes.

It took 1½ hours to collect luggage, stamp papers and passports, then we got off in two luxurious taxis to land up at the Norfolk Hotel—delightful. My spirits rose; the flowers planted municipally in great quantity are profuse, the birds caged in the court of great beauty, no fault with the room. It became past midnight, so to bed, and up again before the shops shut, to buy rations.

We are to be VIP guests to the unknown Warden of Serengeti National Park called Miles Turner.

DAY 2: Sunday and my feet still dropsical but my get-up not too dusty (though it soon will be)—slacks, discreet printed voile top, straw hat, the whole decidedly let down by bright-green old sling-back slippers. We motored for 1½ hours through ravishingly beautiful suburbs and countryside, pausing at the staggering revelation of the Rift Valley which starts at Aleppo, taking in the Red Sea, and blasts through to Lake Tanganyika.

Were soon on the shores of Lake Naivasha, to which lake I have so often addressed Box 20 for my dearest Martha Gellhorn, the writer. She lives half an hour from the water up a mountain with a road like a riverbed. Martha has put "Gellhorn" on some but not quite all of the turns, but we got there at last to find this fantastic creature in her spotless, gleaming, flowery three-roomed mini house.

Martha filled a basket with all forms of spirits, and down we boneshook to a rich house on the lake shore: blocks of ice and a swimming pool, exotic plants, tall tall acacias or fever trees that I admire extravagantly. Their boughs appear

(Continued on page 70)

Pierre Cardin's
Saga Mink coat
available at:

Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Joseph Magnin, West Coast
Les Champs At The Watergate Washington, D.C.
Bonwit Teller, Chicago, Ill.
L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.
Rhomberg's, Dubuque, Iowa
Dupler's, Denver, Colo.
Hovland-Swanson, Lincoln, Neb.
Tarnopol's, Philadelphia, Pa.
Leppert-Roos, Clayton, Mo.
Ludwig's, Boston, Mass.
Lewin's, Wichita, Kan.
Boston Store, Ft. Smith, Ark.
Lord & Taylor, New York, N.Y.
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Life is too short and winter's too long
to go without mink.

Pierre Cardin's coat designed in the finest mink from Scandinavia at Joseph Magnin

SAGA
MINK

Douching vs. Norforms

"Please, let's go home."

6 PM: Before the party, you douche to stop internal odor. (What a mess!)

9 PM: Oh, oh. What's that unfresh feeling? All that trouble douching—and you can't even be sure how long it'll work. If only you could leave the party now.

"Let's stay out until sunrise."

6 PM: You've used Norforms® The Internal Deodorant.™ (You just insert it—how easy!)

9 PM: Still feeling fresh and clean with Norforms. They stop odor up to ten full hours. Hours longer than any douche. Norforms can get you to the party, keep you there and bring you home again still odor-free and confident.

This tiny Insertable™ kills odor-causing bacteria, stops internal odor no bath, shower or feminine spray can reach. With no douching mess or fuss. And unlike douching, Norforms are safe to insert and easy to use daily... anytime, anywhere.

Norforms
Antiseptic · Deodorant

Protect against odor hours longer than any douche!

FREE BOOKLET: "Answers to Questions Women Ask." Write: Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. VO-211, Norwich, N.Y. 13815

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Don't forget your zip code.

Norwich Products Division, The Norwich Pharmacal Co.

VOGUE TRAVEL

(Continued from page 68)

In Kenya: "Breakfasts are to dream of all night"

to be golden and smooth as flesh, and their elegance of growth gives them an air of having been set in the earth like flowers in a vase. To the Naivasha Club to have a delightful lunch in the open. Our fellow eaters wore wonderfully British Empire clothes, with manners oblivious, I think, of the wind of change. Back to the Norfolk, for rest in our white minibus to which we have grown very attached. Driven by George the Kikuyuan, who speaks fair English, understands less, and treats us in a lenient shepherdly way, yet not trusting his flock not to shame him, lose status, or put him on the wrong road.

Talking, storytelling, reciting, singing, above all informing, bragging of adventure and foreign lands, we blaze on in the jolting laughter-filled vehicle. Dinner at the Country Club outside Nairobi, center of the famous Happy Valley set in the '30's. Its atmosphere still to be found today, liveried servants obsequiously serving black-tied men, loud-laughing décolleté women under rather crumbling dated decoration.

DAY 3: Off at 9:00 A.M. to Cotters' Camp, some three hours' beautiful drive from Nairobi. The camp is ravishing. Elegant tall fever trees along the verge, very green grass with a multitude of brilliant iridescent blue "getaway birds," alternatively "superb starlings."

The camp consists of a dozen or so double-bedded zip-up green canvas tents over which is a tile roof on supports, the whole settlement admirably run by a fine looking German. A delicious lunch on the river bank. Behind rises a vast escarpment, the base hiding a minute airstrip. There had just landed a couple known to us. Maurice and Monique Baird-Smith, flying a one-engined midget plane on whose bat's back they cover five continents. We lunched together and drove, all seven of us, to the top of the escarpment in search of game. Good dinner on riverbank followed by, for me, an unusually peaceful night.

DAY 4: Early drive into a broken primitive world. The scene changes from soft to cruel every few jolting miles. We were in a Land Rover driven by a Pathfinder who need not stick to the track but may veer off to circle game. After lunch by our lovely river we were off in our bus to Ngulia Lodge, Tsavo, via Mzima Park. A very worthwhile reserve, without a lodge, in which you walk down vegetation like that painted by Douanier Rousseau to a lake dotted with hippos' ears and snouts. The air was bright with blue birds and yellow and black ones with long tails turning to a curl at the end. Beneath the lake lurks a little glass-walled room in which we sat and watched the dull seething fish glare at us.

So on to Lux Princier, a lodge that looks formidably like a reformatory but has a splendid terrace.

DAY 5: Breakfasts in these lodges are to dream of all night. The buffet loaded with jugs of cold juices—pineapple, grapefruit, and orange freshly squeezed—slices of pawpaw and thick circular chunks of fresh pineapple (my chief fare), tempting bowls of cereals, sugar and milk, eggs in various forms, sausages, hot toast and excellent local strawberry jam. You settle to it while watching posses of marabou storks grouped like gloomy politicians round the water pool below the terrace.

All aboard! Cameras, binoculars, baskets of extras, bird and animal books, maps, different weights of coats and wraps, a bit of booze, and very high spirits. Off we set on a magnificent drive.

(Continued on page 72)

KENNETH JAY LANE® SIMULATES PEARLS OF THE GREATEST BEAUTY FOR MARVELLA®

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BAL à VERSAILLES
JEAN DESPREZ

Jean Desprez
PARFUMEUR
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NEIMAN-MARCUS
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AND OTHER FINE STORES

PERFUME ONE OUNCE EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS

VOGUE TRAVEL

Continued from page 70

On Kilimanjaro: "Not so lighthearted for years"

Through Tsavo to the beautiful jungles and plains literally stiff with impalas, elephants dyed in orange earth, warthogs, gazelle, topi, waterbuck, baboons of unusual ugliness, giraffe, and buffalo.

Next stop Moshi, a grim little town where we had great difficulty in locating the smart hotel and lunched jollily on hamburgers and beer in a local snack bar, letting the status of George, our driver, down with a bang. He was at first loath to enter such a place, but two-o'clock hunger won and he ate alongside.

On again, many miles of smoothish tarmac—swing then to the right looking all the time at snow-capped Kilimanjaro, gently climbing it on a dirt road, in cloud, to reach Bill Stirling's house in the foothills. A cottage is to be ours for three nights—three bedrooms, three baths, sitting-dining room, kitchen, a chef, butler, cigarettes, drinks, good books, light books, folders, maps, storerooms of food fresh and tinned, charming furniture and lighting—the whole surrounded by an Anglo-tropical garden dense with flowers. On our terrace lounges a young Massai draped in cloths of his own bronze color, bronze plastered braided hair, powdered bronze brow—earringed, bejeweled, bespeared, bebludgeoned, toothy, and terrifying. He is there to guard us. He cuts off the electric generator when *he* feels drowsy around 10:30 P.M., plunging us into total darkness, and sleeps like a log under a thick military cloak.

DAY 6: Our cottage, though unlit at night, provides a blazing fire, for on the equator to my surprise one is grateful for the glow. Today is to be a quiet day—allowing us to delight in everything. I'm writing a week later. I can't keep up this beastly—I mean Beastly—diary, what with lights out at 10:30 P.M. and early rising and the fatigue of joy. We fell upon a Swahili phrase book. "Don't loiter on the way," "Don't argue with me," "Do not pretend to be ill," "The wild pigs are very troublesome." Nigel Ryan, the editor of Independent Television News, reminds me of the most useful of phrases, "My friend will pay."

DAY 7: At 6:30 A.M., we left in two Jeeps, clothed in our thickest for the snow line of Kilimanjaro—first on what can hardly be called roads through jungle green forests with a pause to wonder at Columbus monkeys, with their long tails like beautifully combed white fox brushes, literally flying from high branches to higher ones.

On and on, up and up, through craters and fissures for what seemed two hours at five miles an hour to our goal, i.e., giant groundsel and Tanzanian lobelia. The weather was intensely cold. A picnic had been brought, also alcohol for Primus stove and for people. Impossible to find a sheltered spot, but we made a determined effort and partly succeeded in cooking thick rashers of bacon, too-fat sausages, etc., in one frying pan. Meanwhile the drink was flowing and, with the altitude, was promoting a renewed hilarity—those who could sang songs of all nations and accents. I felt I had not been so lighthearted for twenty years.

DAY 8: Arusha lies a long way to the SW and there we found a suburban market and bought brilliant colored cloths and three huge fruits called soursops. We moved on to Lake Manyara where flourishes a grand hotel with swimming pool and coiffeurs and carloads of Germans and French and Americans and hippies of all countries. Sandwiches in the bar and back to our home bus and on, eager and excited, to Ngorongoro Crater. Views never imagined—

(Continued on page 86)

the valentino wig...a smooth neo-classic, and the romantic ruffled dress

...a stunning evening look from Valentino Boutique. Reflecting the mood of fashion today, a sleek wig of Kanekalon®, noted for its natural sheen. Making fashion headlines here: the Valentino wig, 'Ninfèa'.

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Even this close it looks like hair

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FROM NOVEMBER 1 THROUGH NOVEMBER 15

Vogue HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

In their charts: who wins?

R. SARGENT SHRIVER, JR.

Both candidates for Vice-President of the United States were born on November 9: Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., in 1915; Spiro T. Agnew, in 1918.

Sargent Shriver, with only the Sun in Scorpio at his birth, should not be strongly power-seeking. His chart shows executive competence and personal popularity, a generous and hopeful personality. The Sun is in a good aspect to the planet of government, Saturn, showing steadfastness in service to his country; but Saturn now afflicts his Moon (the people) and Jupiter (their judgment).

On Agnew's birth chart the Sun in Scorpio is joined by Venus, producing an indomitable determination to win; and two planets exactly match two in the United States' birth chart: his destiny is bound to the country's. Even more amazing is the unusual matching of his Moon to the Sun on Richard Nixon's birth chart, linking their lives in serious endeavor.

SPIRO T. AGNEW

ARIES, March 21–April 19

Love: *steadfast*
Work: *competitive*
Money: *new sources*
Health: *stimulated*

The Arian's interest in starting a new project often wanes, letting others seize the advantage. Now, with your ruler, Mars, in Libra, your idea stirs others to action. Do not let an associate provoke you into leaving before the plan's revealing outcome.

April 20–May 20, TAURUS

Taurians draw things together by gentleness and refinement of spirit; now Venus in Libra emphasizes this. Two ideas will come to your consideration: One will end quickly; one takes time to develop but has an enduring aspect worth the waiting time.

Love: *new*
Work: *new partners*
Money: *good*
Health: *happy*

GEMINI, May 21–June 20

Love: *two new*
Work: *busy*
Money: *promising*
Health: *easy*

Your ruler, Mercury, now in Sagittarius, the idea sign, will stimulate you in creative thought. At new moon, November 6, sign up those needed (as many as four key partners) to put your program over. This is a beneficial time for you.

June 21–July 22, CANCER

The Moon, your ruler, stimulates growth. You will speculate on an important project at new Moon, November 6: reorganization of an old firm for new production on the advice of a new partner will be successful if started then.

(Continued on page 78)

Love: *rivals*
Work: *challenging*
Money: *competition*
Health: *nervous*

Jewellery Finds!
Crystal necklaces from Dubaux:
Flat cabochons in clear or turquoise, $40. Two-strand choker in combos with pearls: clear, peach, wisteria, $50.

Bracelets by M. & J. Savitt:
3 strand in gold w/silver, $130.
His/Hers I.D. gold & silver, $85.
Lover's Knot, sterling silver, $75.
Elizabeth Arden

Real jade bracelets—
Cuff, with gold closing, $50.
Plain jade bangle, $33.

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Att: Ms. Claus
(Add tax and $1.00 handling)

A Bag for Everyone!
The "Shopper", incredibly expandable, in red or black vinyl, belt-buckle handle, $15.
Minaudiere in gold-look basket-weave, rhinestone closing, $85.
Black peau de soie evening shoulder bag, $26.

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BEVERLY HILLS CHEVY CHASE CHICAGO CORAL

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Lois Gean's, Magnolia
M. M. Cohn, Little Rock
Pfeifer-Blass, Little Rock
The Donnis Shop, Jonesboro

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
Bullock's, No. Calif., Stanford
Goldman's, All Stores, No. California
Gottschalk's, Fresno
Intimates For Milady, Napa
Levy Bros., San Mateo
Liberty House, Sacramento
Modern Eve, San Rafael
The Emporium Stores, No. California
Weinstock's, Fresno • Sacramento • Stockton

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May D-F, All Stores

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G. Fox & Co., All Stores, Enfield • Hartford • Meriden • Waterbury
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Musler Liebeskind, All Stores, Waterbury
Sage-Allen, Hartford & Branches

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Raleigh's, Washington
The Hecht Co., Washington

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Chic Parisien, Coral Gables
Corenes, Winter Park
Darley Shop, Ft. Lauderdale
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Jean Rose, Hallandale • Miami Beach
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Mildred Hoit, Bal Harbour • Palm Beach
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Purcells, Jacksonville
Sam's Style Shop, Pensacola
Turners, Tallahassee
Wilson's Fashions, Ft. Walton Beach

GEORGIA
Connie's Intimate Apparel, Albany
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Rich's, Atlanta

HAWAII
Liberty House, Honolulu

ILLINOIS
Ann's Shoppe, Highland Park
Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago
Chas. V. Weise Co., Rockford
Chips Casual, Glenview
Petticoat Junction, Flossmoor
Red Garter, Glencoe
The Little Shop, Naperville
Undercover Boutique, Wilmette

INDIANA
Frances Shop, South Bend
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis

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Petersen's, Davenport

KANSAS
Gordon's, Newton
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The Fashion, Wellington

KENTUCKY
Stewart's, Louisville
The Smart Shop, Pikeville

LOUISIANA
Dillard's, Shreveport
Gus Kaplan, Alexandria
Palais Royal, Shreveport
Riff's, Lake Charles
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MAINE
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Hutzler's, Baltimore
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Nettie Greene • Belmont • Newton Centre
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Jacobson's, Michigan

MINNESOTA
Dayton's, All Stores
Field-Schlick, All Stores
Marvin Oreck, Edina
Young Quinlan, All Stores

MISSISSIPPI
Gayfer's, Jackson
Ruth's, Columbus
The Gilt Edge, Jackson
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MISSOURI
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Einbender's, St. Joseph
Newman's, Joplin
Newman-Netter's, Springfield
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Bamberger's, All Stores
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Lady Fair, Maplewood • Nutley
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Bessies Bloomers, Gastonia
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Jackson's Ltd., Clinton
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Tobias, High Point

OHIO
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Halle's, Cleveland
Lasalles, Toledo

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OREGON
Nordstrom Best, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Kaupmann's, Pittsburgh

RHODE ISLAND
McCarthy's, Woonsocket

TENNESSEE
Goldsmith's, Memphis
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Joske's, Austin • San Antonio
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Binn's, Williamsburg
Chez Marie, Staunton
Garfinckel's, All Stores
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Miller-Rhoads, Newport News • Norfolk • Richmond • Virginia Beach
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WASHINGTON
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HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 74

LEO, July 23–August 22

Love: *patience*
Work: *new interest*
Money: *promising*
Health: *spritely*

The Sun, your ruler, is in a potentially strong sign now. Two new exciting friends will influence you to join them in an investment. Wait one week after new moon, November 6, before agreeing; investigate all facts before making any commitment.

August 23–September 22, VIRGO

Virgoans are inclined to live in day-to-day detail, rather than planning for the future. With your ruler, Mercury, now in a Fire sign, Sagittarius, a romantic plan for a long-range program starting at the new moon, November 6, could bear fruit.

Love: *uneasy*
Work: *abundant*
Money: *secure*
Health: *uneasy*

LIBRA, September 23–October 22

Love: *two new*
Work: *plenty*
Money: *many choices*
Health: *too tense*

Now your ruler, Venus, is in your own sign: your strength and importance are high. Press your advantage in every field: love, work, money. The new moon, November 6, is a positive day for money matters and for a romantic choice.

October 23–November 21, SCORPIO

The new moon in your sign on November 6 brings you power and opportunity to start a new cycle; your ruler, Mars, in Libra —sign of partners—makes new associates important. Contracts signed at the new moon bring permanence and success.

Love: *secret dates*
Work: *in preparation*
Money: *contracts*
Health: *challenging*

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21

Love: *new interest*
Work: *unsettled*
Money: *possibilities*
Health: *optimistic*

Sagittarians are quick to understand abstract ideas. Your ruler, Jupiter, now in Capricorn shows your value to an organization as an idea person. From new moon (November 6) on, send out all ideas; three planets in your sign show the possibility of three winners.

December 22–January 20, CAPRICORN

Saturn, your ruler, is an extraordinarily good aspect to the planet of change, Uranus. If you wish to change your life-style, the time has come. Initiate plans at the new moon, November 6. You now have everything you need: power, protection, partners.

Love: *excellent*
Work: *catch up*
Money: *sound*
Health: *splendid*

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19

Love: *many choices*
Work: *three opportunities*
Money: *good*
Health: *apprehensive*

Your ruler, Uranus, brings sensational changes in history; it gives you flashes of insight that you can translate into material results. Now in Libra, Uranus can bring solution of complications, beginning at the new moon, November 6.

February 20–March 20, PISCES

Neptune, your ruler, gives the power of second sight—hunches. Now in Sagittarius, Neptune influences you to put your perceptions in some material form. Since Mercury, the writing planet, is joined to your ruler, your communication could be written.

Love: *worthwhile*
Work: *resolve it*
Money: *possibilities*
Health: *good*

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A *NEW SKIN
IN 7 DAYS"

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DERMABRASE/35, with its Patented Applicator, was developed in concert with a leading Dermatologist. Used as directed—it has reduced, often eliminated excess oiliness, clogged pores, skin blemishes, such as whiteheads, blackheads.

REMARKABLE RESULTS

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New ways to look and feel better, by

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Why are health spas good for your health? Mineral-water baths and massage are two big reasons. Now, you can have a health spa in your own bathtub—with Vibra-Spa Effervescent Crystals in the water, a Vibra-Spa Massager in hand. They're made by a new company, one of whose moving spirits is Gunilla Knutson, the Swedish beauty and health expert. The Massager is waterproof, shockproof, completely safe to use in the tub; runs on low-voltage batteries, doesn't plug in anywhere. Together, the warm, mineralized water and massage tone muscles, help circulation, melt away tension. . . . If you still have trouble getting to sleep after all this, woo Morpheus with Evelyn Marshall's new Tranquility Pillow. It's baby size, cased in white ruffles, and stuffed with herbs that are known to induce calmness. Among these are hops, an ancient remedy for insomnia. . . .

. . . giving your hair a helping hand

It's protein that bolsters thinning, troubled hair, keeps healthy hair shining—and new Ego hair preparations are out to give hair a real jolt of the stuff. The two basic helpers are Ego Organic Emulsion, a shampoo-conditioner, and Ego Protein Hair Groom, a totally greaseless cream that also conditions. . . . A new power detangler called Purrr gets through the thickets of snarled, tangled hair without breaking or damaging it. (Yanking at tangles with a comb or brush weakens hair—especially if it's long, wet, or both.) Two parallel rows of teeth, vibrating rapidly but gently, separate strands, straighten out tangles, leave hair silky and serene.

. . . picking peaches, grapes

Think of plump, ripe peaches, peeled, sliced, and swimming in heavy cream . . . and you'll have a fairly clear idea of what happens when you open a jar of Pond's new Peach Cold Cream. A summery fresh-peach scent arises—and what it arises from is still the rich, gentle, efficacious cream so many women rely on, now made with added emollients and moisturizers. . . . From California (our own Provençe) comes a cluster of new bath and after-bath delights called Vino de Baño, made from the natural juices of wine grapes. This *vendange* has produced a crop of refreshing soaps, bath oils, after-bath lotions and splashes, in a regular wine-list of scents: Chablis Bouquet, Beaujolais Bouquet, Rosé, Sauterne . . . flowery, faintly grape-y, and delicious.

"For the woman who
wants to look younger—

NO OTHER
COSMETIC
CREME IS
AS EFFECTIVE
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Irma Shorell's
CONTOUR/35

IRMA SHORELL

The little known, highly beneficial natural ingredients in CONTOUR/35 have been used and recommended for many years by a famous Plastic Surgeon to help firm the contours, improve color and appearance of skin of face and neck. I have had them combined into this unique night creme for the over-35 woman.

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Using CONTOUR/35 nightly as directed, their contours appeared tightened, dryness lines seemed erased, and a firmer, more youthful-appearing complexion emerged.

CONTOUR/35 — containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS — goes on easily . . . penetrates deeply . . . disappears quickly . . . marvelous for sensitive or delicate skin. Start today — and see for yourself.

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MACY'S, California
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Countess Isserlyn Make-Up isn't just something to be dabbed on to help cover your face.

Rather, it is something to *find* your best face with.

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Countess Isserlyn slips on that smoothly and that evenly.

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Countess Isserlyn. Without it you may never find your best face.

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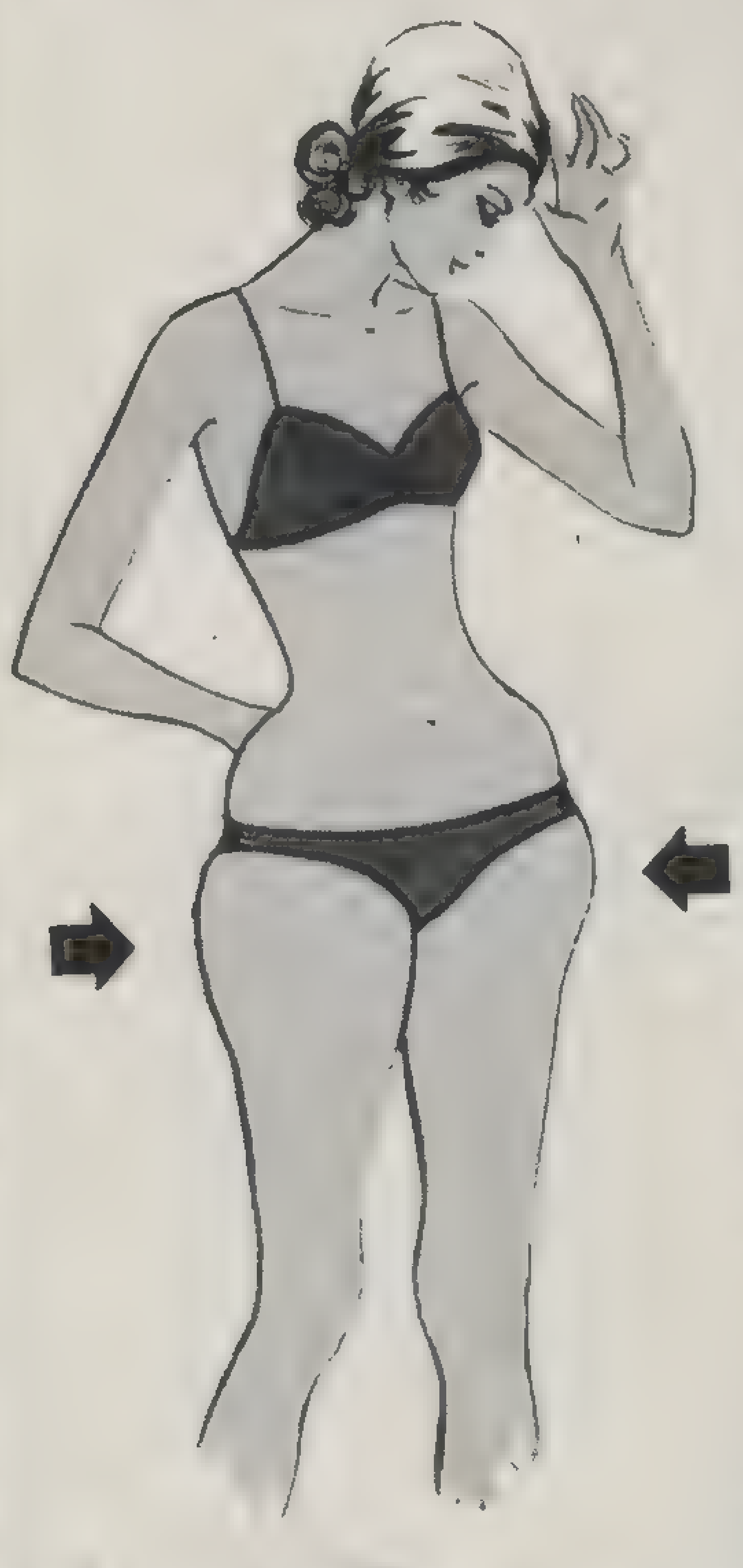
DON'T LIVE WITH YOUR BULGES!



Those lumps or bulges that look like fat but do not disappear with dieting are probably caused by ***cellulite.*** These cushions of "fat-gone-wrong" can be found on the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and inside the knees—on 8 out of 10 women, thin or heavy—regardless of age.

Here's how to test for ***cellulite:*** ripples will form when the skin is squeezed between thumb and index finger. Advanced ***cellulite*** are doughy dimpled patches of flab.

For the first time in America a firm, taut figure and the freedom of a beautiful body IS possible with custom-designed methods uniquely for ***cellulite*** bulges.

SALON TREATMENTS

The Salon treatments (available to residents within the New York metropolitan area) are based on scientific and mechanical means of breaking down the ***cellulite*** lumps. For this purpose, Mme. Ronsard utilizes European-developed machines; one emits a pressure-controlled stream of warm air that is directed to the areas being treated. Another enacts an automated suction massage. Circulation is stimulated and ***cellulite*** loosened for elimination. The effect is pleasant and relaxing.

The ***cellulite***-controlled methods being pioneered in America by Mme. Ronsard are earning quickly the same praise and success they have always had in Europe.

For consultation in New York, for Salon treatments, just phone **(212) 535-8550**

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Nicole Ronsard, international consultant and body contouring expert, featured in leading magazines, is offering through her New York Salon *only*—the exclusive body toning method that has *achieved permanent loss or prevention of flab and lumps.*

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Ready VOGUE BEAUTY

Face creams, warm and cozy—a new direction in skin care

Hot (or at least warm) off the wire: news of a neat small appliance with a streamlined Aladdin's-lamp shape, that provides a great new way to pamper skin—by serving up face creams *warm* instead of cold, thereby making them more effective, more pleasant and luxurious to use. This warmer can plug in anywhere (could stand right next to your electric toothbrush), works quickly to bring its contents to whatever degree of warmth you like (flick the switch to Low, Medium, or High), then neatly dispenses those contents into your hot little hand. Contents can be either facial cleanser or moisturizer, both of which come with, and fit into, the warmer. Whole idea turns out to be the beauty secret of Loretta Young—she of the dreamy good looks—who says she has always used warm creams and used to heat them, back in her movie days, in a saucepan; this, probably, one good reason for the camellia-like clarity of her skin which, even now, seems no more than age 22. Recently made president of the new Loretta Young Division of Schick, she has worked on this idea from start to finish. Ready now, it's known as the Lady Schick Warm 'n Creamy; refills for the cleanser and moisturizer—both delicious—will be available. All adds up to a wonderful thing to have, especially now that cold weather's coming; could also be a bright idea for a present. Incidentally, dermatologists agree with Loretta—warm creams *do* turn in a better job. . . .

Skin forgetting its lines—overnight help

It's the season when the weather, with its cold and wind, tends to dry you up in your tracks. Time, then, for extra skin-care to keep a face smooth. One overnight caretaker could be 2nd Début Nite-Lift with CEF, an energetic moisturizing cream that goes after lines in two ways: by supplying moisture that seems to plump up skin where lines are starting (this accounts for the CEF which stands for Cellular Expansion Factor); and by stripping away flaky dead cells that can make a skin look and feel dry. With Nite-Lift and a good night's sleep, you're faced with fresh skin in the morning . . . all the better to wear the exciting makeup that goes with this year's clothes.

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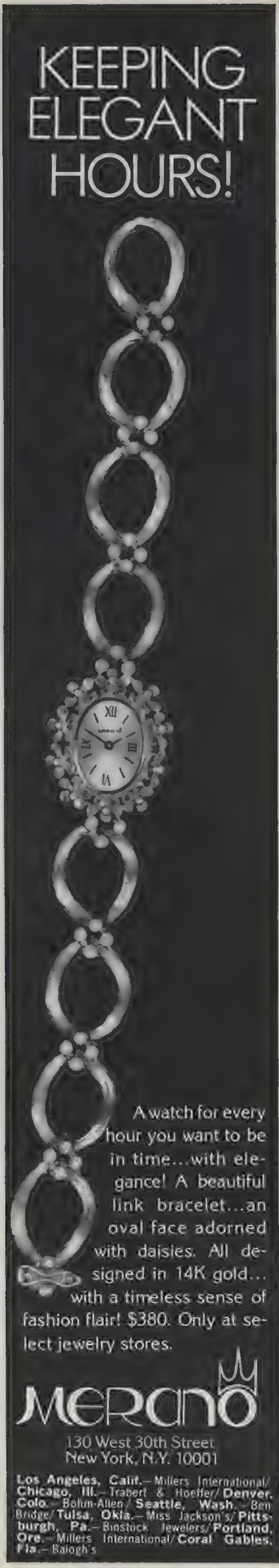
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VOGUE TRAVEL

Continued from page 72

Ngorongoro Crater: "How one imagined the moon"

Christ's-crown-of-thorn tree, gazelle and giraffe, and zebra crossings—and this afternoon we had the thrill of seeing our first three lionesses draped in a tree, fubsy, sleepy, totally relaxed, and completely indifferent to us in our wagon fifteen yards away.

The panaroma on each side made us, as usual, gasp. Especially the one looking down into the 100-square-mile crater's mouth: another world! Not very deep—a still lake, pearly pale in the center—a fairy mirror, and what one hoped the moon would look like until we knew it didn't.

The camp as usual original and pleasing. Our three rooms are in a row in a hut. Dinner in the eating house.

DAY 9: It is C for Crater day—sunny and still and we pack ourselves into a Land Rover and at 8:00 A.M. make our way slowly to the lake shore where creaked a half-million flamingos—wonderful but not, alas!, wonderfully pink—not pink enough, poor things. The camp has provided us with little picnic bags containing sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs (my anathema), cheese; mine had pineapple and biscuits only, sealed with a fresh red rose—delicate attention. These collations we took to a kind of fenceless corral where we were warned against predatory vultures.

Late afternoon we came to the VIP house lent to us by the Warden, Miles Turner. Breakfasted on the terrace and dined cozily. We shall be jargon bores when we get home with our "prides", "impala", and "topi."

Zebras, antelopes, and giraffes are what we see most of—singly and in battalions—but today we witnessed a dramatic sight of about six zebra deepish in a water hole taking fright and galloping in their panic through the waves and spray they created, for all the world like the Bassin d'Apollon at Versailles.

DAY 10: Today was Cheetah day—a very necessary animal for our list. What a sight it was! Crunching its kill twenty yards away; round and round him we stole, snap-snapping every angle of his beautiful tear-stained face and weirdly proportioned shape. Among some light greeneries he feasted—his victim, I fear, a pretty Thomson's gazelle.

DAY 11: A visit to the laboratory of Serengeti Research Institute, then off we sped to Keekorok passing lazy emaciated lions reluctantly removing themselves from the road to let us pass.

Next delight, a little procession of water hog, the mother trotting her four children through sparse vegetation, and we stopped to admire her well-ordered leadership. She reminded me of Freddie Ashton dancing Mrs. Tiggywinkle in the Beatrix Potter ballet, trotting with so much purpose across the fields.

The lodge at Keekorok is perhaps the most luxurious, the most pleasurable we have camped at.

DAY 12: Leave for Lake Naivasha.

DAY 13: To Lake Nakuru some hours away. After a delicious picnic, we sat on the wide steps of President Kenyatta's Pavilion on the lake shore and started sighing about the last day or nearly, for we were to return to Nairobi the following day and fly home on the next.

DAY 14: Actually the last day and we're off, minus Costa who's emigrated like the gnus to postures gnew. The journey was better by day, and I didn't risk taking the shoes off, so no swellings. The pilot said, "Your pilot speaking—we are now flying . . . at . . . 3,000 feet . . . I . . . regret . . . to have . . . to . . . tell . . . all passengers . . . that we are running . . . out . . . of (one could hear the hearts rushing to throats or boots) . . . foreign exchange. . . ." ■

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Lafayette	Salcom's
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Monroe	The Fashion
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Kansas City & Branches	Jones Store
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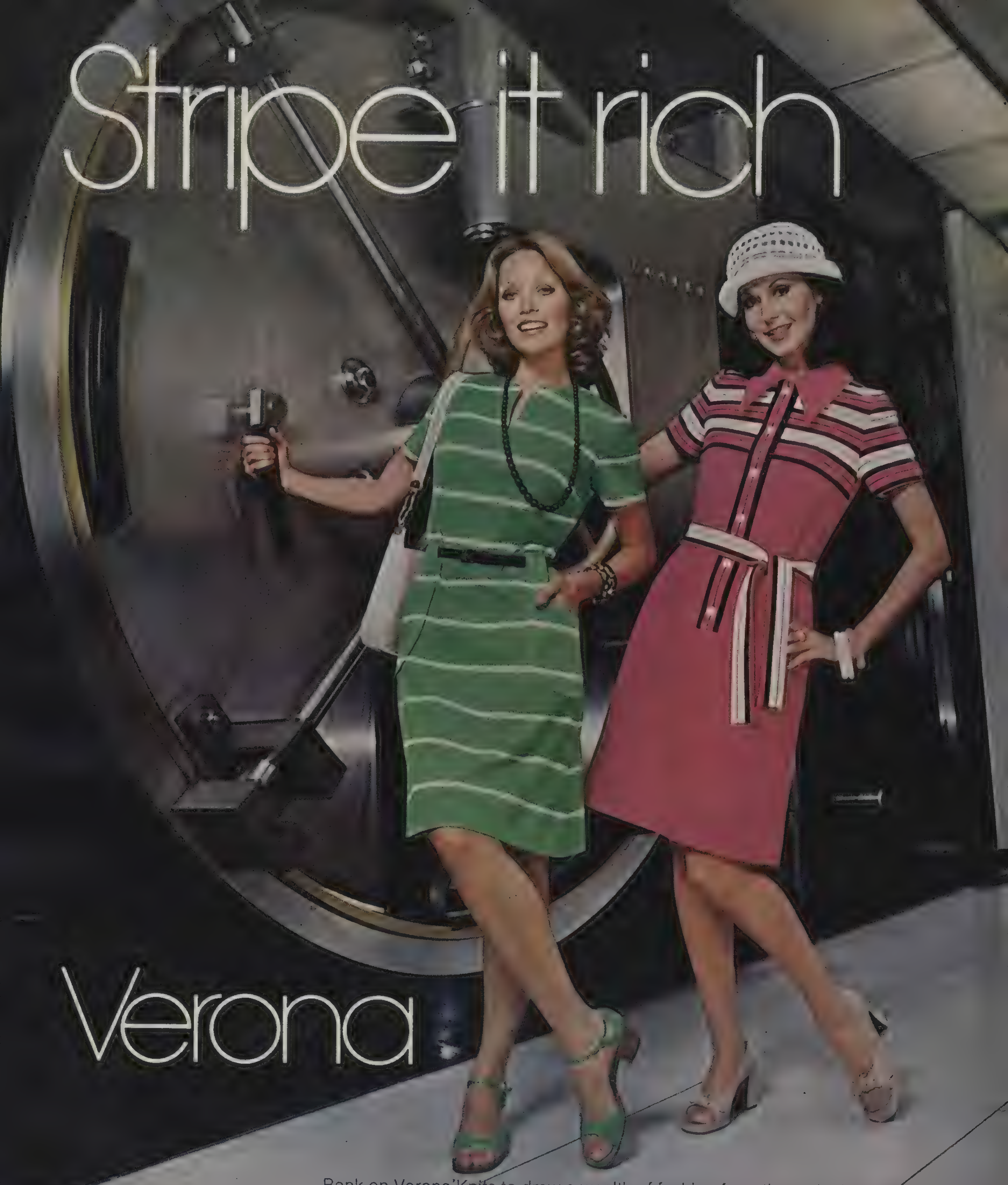
Oklahoma City	Street's
Oregon	
Portland	Rhodes
Portland	The Brass Tree
Pennsylvania	
Allentown	Hess's
Charleroi	Miller's
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
York	Jack's
Rhode Island	
Providence	The Outlet
Providence & Branches	Cherry & Webb
South Carolina	
Myrtle Beach	The Looking Glass
Tennessee	
Chattanooga	Miller Bros.
Kingsport	Nettie Lee Shops
Johnson City	Nettie Lee Shops
Knoxville	The Smart Shop
Memphis	Goldsmith's
Nashville	Harvey's
Oakridge	Hansom House
Texas	
Dallas	Sanger Harris
El Paso	The Popular
San Antonio	Dillard's of Texas
Austin	Dillard's of Texas
Corpus Christi	Dillard's of Texas
Tyler	Myron Smith
Virginia	
Harrisonburg	Leggett's
Richmond	Flair
Richmond	Worth's
Washington	
Centralia	Proffitt's
Olympia	Proffitt's
Everett	Chaffee's



100% DACRON* Bank on Verona Knits to draw a wealth of fashion from these double-knits of polyester, with knit stripings to compound the interest. 8-18. Left: green, red, navy, about $34.** Right: strawberry, green, navy, about $32.** Verona Knits, a division of Paraphernalia, Inc. 1400 Broadway, New York 10018. *DuPont's Reg. T.M. **Prices may vary according to region.

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MOVIES

Our choices, each with its Vogue ▼-rating

▼▼▼½ THE EMIGRANTS, with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. A sprawling, novel-like movie about nineteenth-century Swedish emigrants to Minnesota. The pace is slow, the detail more revealing than the talk; but it is Liv Ullmann's convincing beauty as a less than heroic pioneer woman that stands out.

▼▼▼ THEY ONLY KILL THEIR MASTERS, with Katharine Ross, Peter Lawford, James Garner, Ann Rutherford, and June Allyson. This tightly made mystery is set in a small New England coastal town. The cast is right with some great old faces, but the dialogue and direction miss. Hollywood needs a surer ear for how people talk. Remember *The Maltese Falcon*?

▼▼▼½ THE KING OF MARVIN GARDENS, with Jack Nicholson. Bob Rafelson directed Jack Nicholson in *Five Easy Pieces*. Marvin Gardens is, of course, the famous low-cost address on the Monopoly board and the film is a highly imaginative account of the reunion of two brothers—one a radio monologuer and the other a down-at-the-heels entrepreneur. Splendid.

▼▼▼ 1776, with most of the cast from the hit Broadway production. The high-jinks at the signing of the Declaration of Independence set to music: Independence Hall was hardly a smoke-filled room. Not exactly songs to whistle as you leave the theater, but it's hard to top "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

▼▼ WHITE AND RED, with Sophia Loren. Anything with Sophia Loren is worth seeing, even a chancy film about a nun who has bad connections with the outside world. Where is the gold of Naples of yesteryear?

▼▼▼ PLAY IT AS IT LAYS, with Tuesday Weld and Anthony Perkins. Frank Perry has made—from Joan Didion's best-selling novel—an arresting movie about the almost-successes of a floating West Coast world centered around the movie compound. Tuesday Weld is perfect, Anthony Perkins a convincing decadent mess.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = the best of movies

FILM ANGER

George C. Scott
directs
George C. Scott

in Rage, a film that boils with impatience at the stupidities of *life* "at the hands of idiots." Already a controversial actor, some say the best in America, George C. Scott, directing his first movie, has made a film about a Wyoming rancher and his son who become fatally ill when a nerve gas is accidentally released by an Air Force jet. Scott's acting portrait of the rancher is compelling, taut, shot through with the tragedy. About the film, George C. Scott said, "I put it on the line. I said all I have to say in the movie."

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Rike's, Dayton, Ohio
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Lipman Wolfe, Portland, Oregon
Royer's, Greensberg, Pennsylvania
Deisroth's, Hazelton, Pennsylvania
Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila., Pa.
Julius Lewis, Memphis, Tennessee
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VOGUE LIVING

BY MARY SCOTT WELCH

RIGHT ANSWERS, ROUND DINNERS, AND HOUSEPLANTS THAT WON'T GIVE UP

Clean up the cleaners

When the dry cleaner ruins or loses a favorite dress (or your husband's shirts), you needn't accept a shrug as an answer. In seventy American cities, Better Business Bureaus have set up mediation or arbitration panels where claims and counterclaims can be argued in front of disinterested appointees acceptable to both sides. No charge, no legal counsel, no delay. Small Claims Court (sums up to $500) is an alternative, not so difficult to use as you might suppose. Go to the court, ask that a summons be issued against the cleaner, wait until your case comes up (court calendars are crowded, it will take time). You may not get your dress back nor even the cost of its replacement (especially if you haven't kept records to prove its value), but taking time to defend your rights may help to make the tradesman careful next time.

In your future . . .

Custom-made houseplants: *Neglect-proof beauties of luxuriant growth, many-colored blooms, vigorous health? Such plants are a possible spin-off from the plant hybridization work by Dr. Peter S. Carlson, Dr. Harold H. Smith, and Rosemarie D. Dearing, biologists at Brookhaven National Laboratory on New York's Long Island. They have burst free of the usual sexual limitations on creating hybrids and have produced a new plant without using cross-pollination. Using their new method, widely different plant species could be crossed, combining in one plant the best traits of several.*

Good-for-you candy: *Sweet treats that not only will provide quick energy but might lure young eaters into a happier attitude toward vegetables are on their way from Dr. Roy Morse, professor of food science at Rutgers University in New Jersey, and his assistant, Maria Edelberg. They've been soaking sliced carrots and corn kernels in sugar solutions to preserve and flavor them, keeping bright colors and right vitamins but suiting the sweet tooth, could make the corner candy store a vegetable stand.*

How to be a mental whiz (it's in the box)

Remembering not only the names of people you've met just once before but their hobbies, children, work, hometowns—even what they like to drink—makes party talk vastly more interesting, follow-ups easier. Tess Durgin (wife of Donald Durgin who is president of the NBC television network) said her ability to put the name to the face, even at once-a-year business conventions, and move on from who-are-you small talk to deeper conversation is "not really a gift but a little card file." Making notes after the party, as she does, on three-by-five-inch cards, recording names and remembered details, identifying characteristics—"hooded eyes, Southern accent"—will help to fix these first facts in your memory. A quick run-through before you expect to see the same group again brings the information up front in your mind.

Dinner in the round

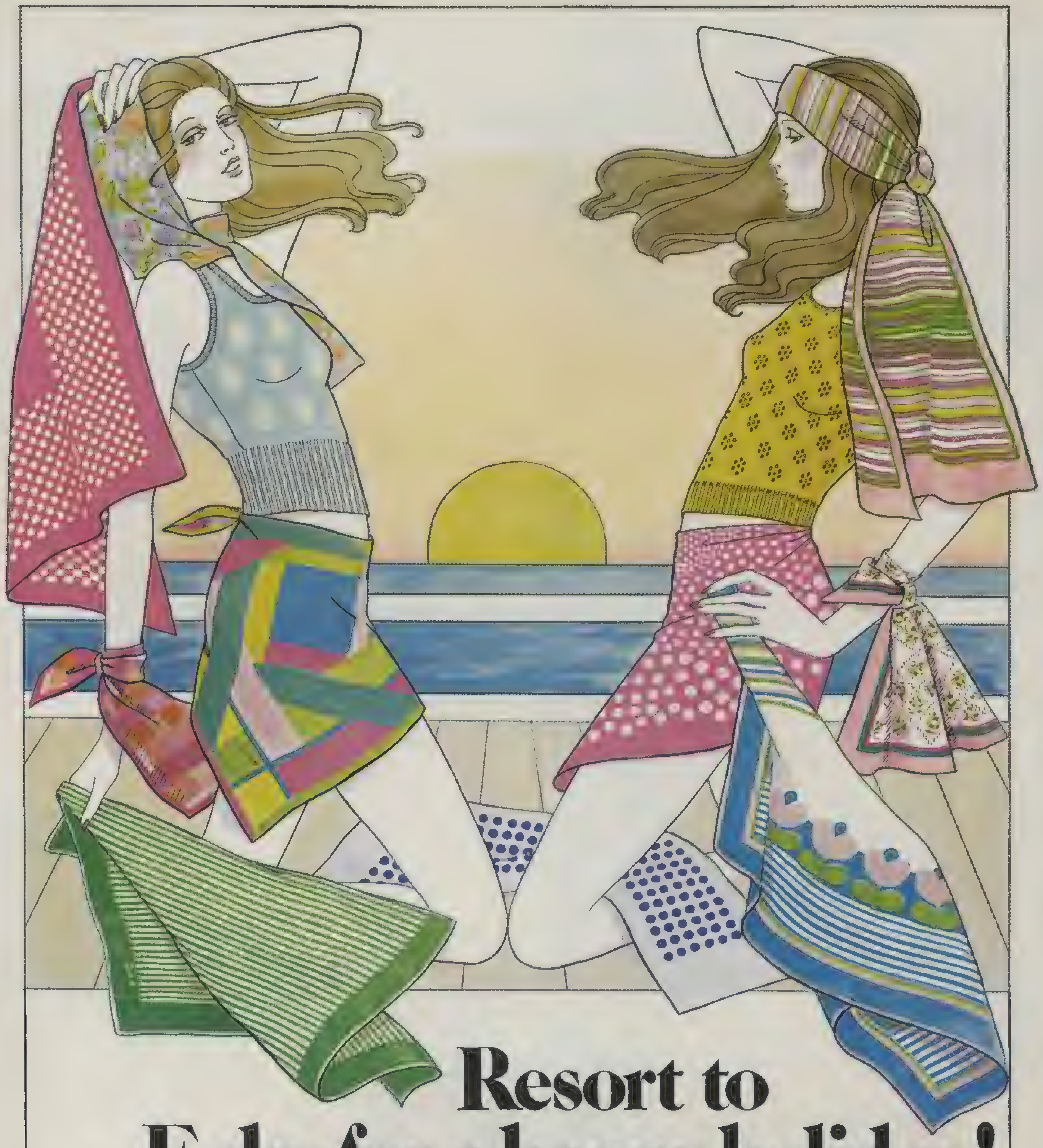
Seating a dinner party is simplified when you use round tables instead of rectangular shapes, especially if the numbers of men and women aren't equal. At a round table, there's no "head" or "foot"—no particular place of honor; and since it's easy to talk across the table in a general conversation, it matters little who sits next to whom. Dividing a party of eighteen into three round tables of six has a further advantage, said one New York hostess: "I can use three different sets of china, and I don't have to hunt up eighteen glasses that match each other."

★ NOW TRY THIS ★

Hang long chains and necklaces on a belt rack in your closet: no tangles in the jewelry box. ★★★ *Wrap yourself in a pre-warmed towel when you step from your tub; this sybaritic notion from old European hotels is easy to arrange now with a plug-in electric towel rack in your bathroom.* ★★★ *Romantic fall bonfires pollute the air and waste potential plant food. Use raked-up leaves, instead, as a protective mulch, patting layers of them around the roots of bushes and trees. Or compost the leaves (directions in any good book on organic gardening), have natural fertilizer ready for your plants next spring.* ★★★ *Use a waterproof marking pen to outline your kitchen tools on their pegboards or in the drawers and cupboards where they're stored; even a first-time kitchen helper will be able to see where they belong, you'll find your salad basket, egg beater, or wooden spoon in its own spot without rummaging.* ★★★ *Pick up an old Dutch custom and wish a happy birthday not only to the child but to his mother. Recognizing that the birth day was a celebration for the mother, too, Hollanders congratulate her first.*

Ring for the environment

If you pass up disposable tree-using paper napkins in favor of washable cloth ones, you may save the forests and ease the trash collection; but what about the extra power and water for the washing machine, not to mention the quandary over the effects of detergents? One way to keep a low profile environmentally is to return to napkin rings—wood, silver, straw, bows of bright ribbon—for family meals, letting each napkin serve several times.



Resort to Echo for a happy holiday!

Have a wonderful time! Fling on the fresh look of childhood—the bright penny-candy colors, and the soft ice cream tints. Be young again in our little sweater vests, cleverly checked and plaided. Have a whole wardrobe of holiday squares and oblongs, striped, dotted, flowered—pure and pretty, feminine and fragile, all in 100% pure silk twills and chiffons. See our brand new spectator look in sparkling colors on white for a gala feeling. Our resort collection this year is a holiday all by itself. It's delicate, but bright – cool, but exciting. See it for yourself – and – happy holiday! Echo.®

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BOOKS

Our choices, each with its Vogue ▼-rating

▼▼▼½ **THE CAMERONS,** by Robert Crichton (Knopf, 448 pages, $7.95). A rich, meaty novel on the order of *How Green Was My Valley* that for once is long and full enough to be satisfying, a portrait in vivid color of Maggie Drum and her fight to bring her family above a small Scottish mining town.

▼▼▼½ **THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER,** by Walter Langer (Basic Books, 270 pages, $10). Psychohistories, the analyses of historical figures from secondhand reports, often make for dim reading. This one is first rate, a diagnosis that if made sooner might have prevented the Second World War.

▼▼▼ **HENRI MATISSE,** by Louis Aragon, translated by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 2 vols., $75). An art book that is also a novel about one of the twentieth century's greatest artists as seen by a poet. The reproductions of Matisse's work are glorious, the text is fascinating but inadequate, a slow coda to the surging images, a voluptuous, rich visual world.

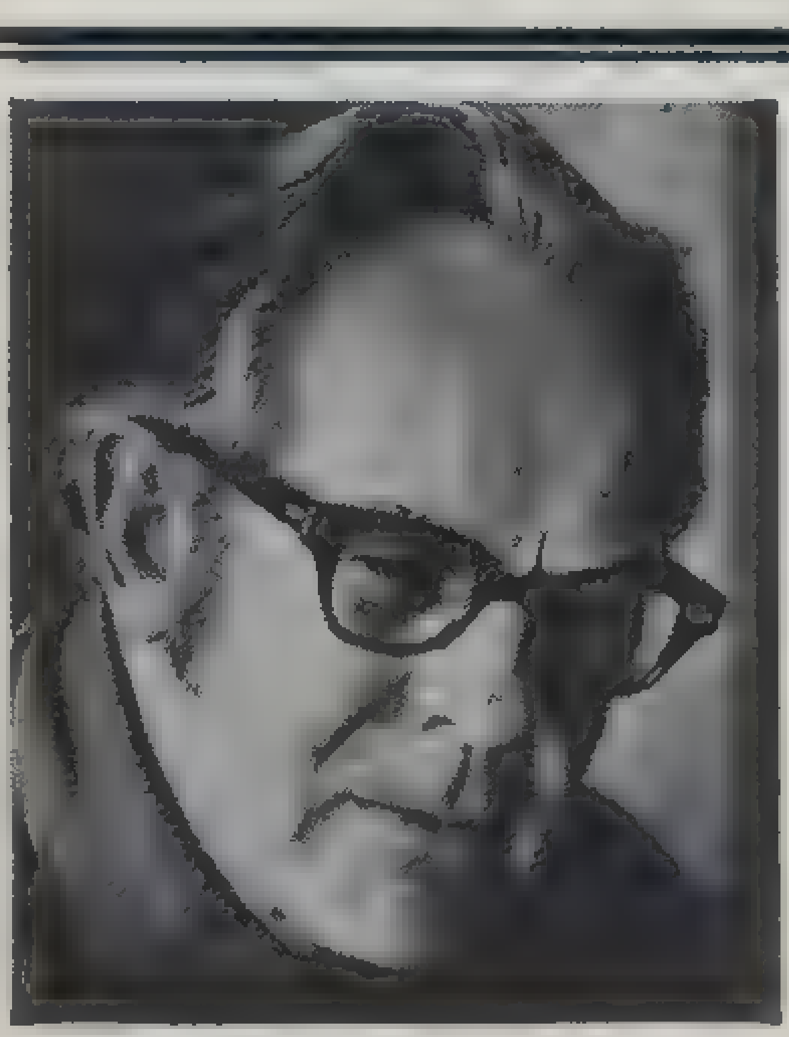
▼▼▼ **NIJINSKY,** by Richard Buckle (Simon and Schuster, 482 pages, $12.50). An extraordinary book stuffed with the splendor of the great years of the Ballets Russes, curiously lacking a psychological grasp of the spurting energy that made Vaslav Nijinsky the first truly great male dancer and a towering influence as a choreographer, ultimately drove him mad.

▼▼▼½ **NEW YORK TIMES HERITAGE COOKBOOK,** by Jean Hewitt (Putnam, 840 pages, $12.95). A trifle dowdy but very trustworthy, over 2100 recipes from everywhere with all the shortcuts and special tricks that make them eminently worth trying.

▼▼▼▼ **TRANSPARENT THINGS,** by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill, 128 pages, $5.95). A trifle compared to *Lolita* and *Ada*, a new novella that is both funny and scarifying, the shimmering surface of its style a deadly and humorous trap.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = the best of books

BEYOND INNOCENCE



Straight to the dark heart of violence:

Power and Innocence, A Search for the Sources of Violence, by Rollo May (W. W. Norton, 283 pages, $7.95). Dr. May, a New York psychotherapist who seems to have answers to many of the biggest problems that trouble American life, has written what may well be the first study of violence that provides a comprehensive understanding of its roots in the disappointment of childish hopes in all of us. In looking for the positive *meanings* of violent actions, Dr. May seeks a way out of paralyzing fear and what he sees as a growing apathy. "Life consists of achieving good not apart from evil but *in spite of it*," he wrote in summing up.

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TV

Our choices, each with its Vogue ▼-rating

▼▼▼▼ **THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION,** November 7, all networks. NBC came off best at the conventions; will they win election-night sweepstakes with David Brinkley and John Chancellor putting the finish of the campaign in perspective with their combined ironic cool? Once again, the networks are placing their bets on the stored-up knowledge of their computers, hoping to have a prediction of the results shortly after 11 P.M., EST.

▼▼▼▼ **AMERICA,** a thirteen-part series with Alistair Cooke as host, 10 P.M., EST, starting November 14, NBC. One of America's most genial critics, the well-remembered host of *Omnibus*, Alistair Cooke returns with a wry, brilliant look at American history, personal, revealing.

▼▼▼ **FLIP WILSON/GERALDINE,** November 12, 7:30 P.M., EST, NBC. Flip Wilson backs up an animated-cartoon special with his city block of voices and impersonations, talking for a New York school kid, Geraldine, and Flip as a boy, among others.

▼▼▼ ½ **THE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE,** Bell System Family Theatre, November 12, 9 P.M., EST, NBC. Neil Simon, the Broadway-hit playwright-producer, returns to television with a five-sketch original comedy with George C. Scott, Alan Arkin, and James Coco lined up to supply the laughs.

▼▼▼ **MACMILLAN AND WIFE,** with Rock Hudson, Susan Saint James, 8:30 P.M., EST, every fourth Sunday, NBC. A mystery-thriller, in its second season, about the San Francisco police commissioner and his wife: a little of the Norths and a little of *The Thin Man*, cozy, often charming.

—▼▼ **TV SURVEYS.** The surprising result of many recent industry surveys seems to indicate that there is a falling public interest, recognition, and favor for women performers on television. Lucille Ball remains at the top, but she is in lonely company. What these figures indicate is hard to say. Women watch more hours of television than men, don't seem to want to watch women.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = the best of television programs

ARCHIE'S COUSIN

Slightly left of the rest of the Bunkers, very funny, Bea Arthur in *Maude*, Tuesdays, 8 P.M., EST, CBS, takes up where *All in the Family* leaves off. Bea Arthur, who made one wild guest appearance on the Archie Bunker series, is the new hit of the season, a sort of *Daughter of Dingbat* spin-off that has the gritty good humor of its sire. Strictly serious, until now, Bea Arthur has played mainly heavies, big parts in big plays. "Maude isn't much—a wife, a mother, a woman. That's where the humor comes. She knows what's going on. Archie may be a bigot because he's scared. Maude isn't scared of anyone."

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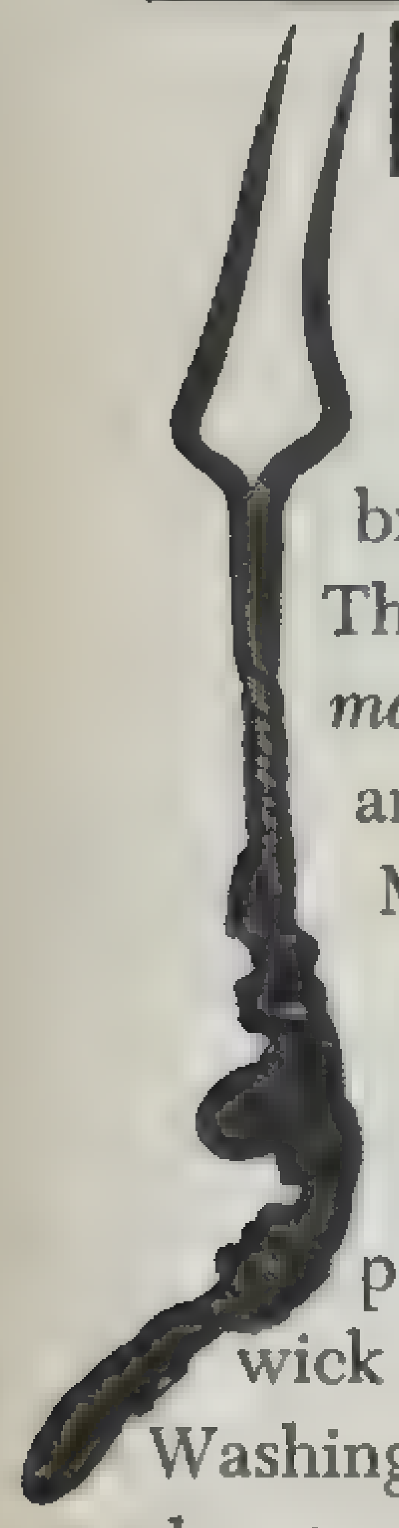
VOGUEFOOD

CRAFTY: WHAT TO COOK—AND COOK WITH

BY MAXIME McKENDRY



Invention; sensitivity to materials, textures, colors; curiosity about other cultures—craftsmen need these, and so do good cooks. Here, a dinner menu, with recipes for two of the dishes, and a bonus breakfast recipe from American craftsmen. The recipes were adapted from *The Craftsman's Cookbook*, prepared by Lois Moran and sold for $5.95 plus tax at New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts, which is exhibiting until January 1, 1973, old and newly crafted "Objects for Preparing Food," including those shown on this page. The show will go next to the Renwick Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. (February 9 to April 19), then travel the United States. (The book may be ordered by mail—enclose a check—from the Publications Department, American Crafts Council, 44 West Fifty-third Street, New York 10019).

MENU

"Ooshiwalla" crab soup*
Fruited lamb shanks
Rice Green salad
Chocolate silk pie*
(Recipes given for starred dishes)

OOSHIWALLA CRAB SOUP, four servings
from Harris Barron, maker of ceramic reliefs

½ pound fresh crab meat
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
¼ teaspoon ground mace
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
2½ cups chicken stock
1 egg yolk, ½ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill

Pick over crab meat. Melt butter, add crab, seasonings, stock. Heat over medium flame. Beat egg yolk into cream; add slowly to soup, stirring constantly. Remove soup from heat before it reaches the boiling point. Sprinkle with dill.

CHOCOLATE SILK PIE, eight servings
from Jean Delius, metalsmith

7-inch prebaked pie shell
½ cup butter, softened
¾ cup confectioner's sugar
3 ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted
2 eggs
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped

Use an electric mixer (do not scrimp on time): Beat butter at medium speed 5 minutes. Gradually add sugar, beat 5 minutes. Add chocolate, beat 5 minutes. Add eggs, one at a time, beating each 5 minutes. Pour into pie shell and chill 2 hours. Top with cream using pastry tube or spatula.

BREAKFAST FLASH: DUTCH BABIES, four servings
from Jack Lenor Larsen, textile designer, collector of primitive and contemporary crafts

2 tablespoons butter
3 eggs, ½ cup flour
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt

Heat oven to 425°; melt butter in heavy 10-inch skillet in oven. Beat eggs vigorously 30 seconds, gradually beat in flour. Mix in milk and salt. Tip heated pan to coat with butter, pour in batter; bake 20 minutes; lower temperature to 300°, bake 5 minutes. Cut in wedges; serve with maple syrup or with melted butter, lemon juice, and confectioner's sugar.

WINE FINDS

Choose red: Cotes du Rhone, 1971, Chateau Saint-Justin—fine, heart-warming flavor, medium dry, well-balanced.

Choose white: Muscadet, 1971, Chateau de la Sébinière—dry, light, a grand wine of Brittany.

LET THEM EAT BEEF

Here is a 1914 flank-steak recipe, clipped from an American newspaper by an English immigrant—the grandmother of Nancy Hoving, *above*, who is an active worker at Phoenix House (a New York drug rehabilitation center) and wife of Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Nancy has "fooled around with this dish," prefers the original.

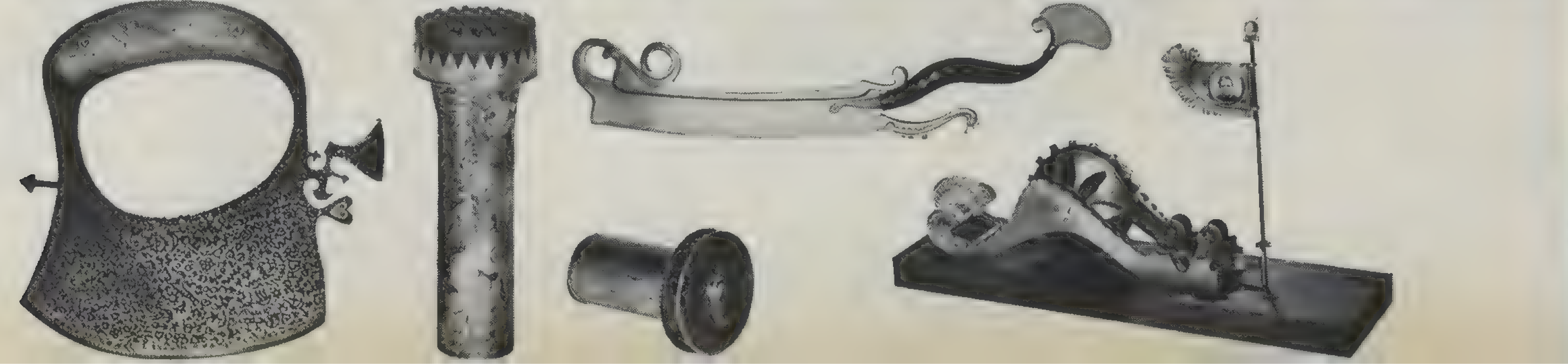
FROM NANCY HOVING: GRANDMOTHER'S FLANK STEAK, four servings

1 large flank steak
Salt and pepper, flour
3 tablespoons butter
2 large Bermuda onions, peeled, quartered, and sliced
1 quart can stewed tomatoes

Season and flour steak on both sides and place in shallow roasting pan; dot with butter. Preheat oven to 550°, bake steak about 5 minutes; when sizzling, turn; bake 5 more minutes.

Add onions; allow them to soften and brown in pan juices, then pile on top of steak. Drain tomatoes; reserve juice and spread tomatoes on top of onions. Reduce heat to 325°, bake 1 hour, basting occasionally with pan juices and juice from tomatoes, repiling vegetables on meat when they slip off. After 1 hour, reduce heat further; meat can be kept warm "almost indefinitely."

OBJECTS DESIGNED AND MADE BY CRAFTSMEN FOR PREPARING FOOD *Top left:* Wrought-iron fork by Albert R. Paley. *Below, left to right:* Vegetable chopper by Gary Noffke; meat tenderizer and seasoner by Jamie Bennett; dicing knife with case by Albert R. Paley; knife sharpener by Robert Ebendorf.



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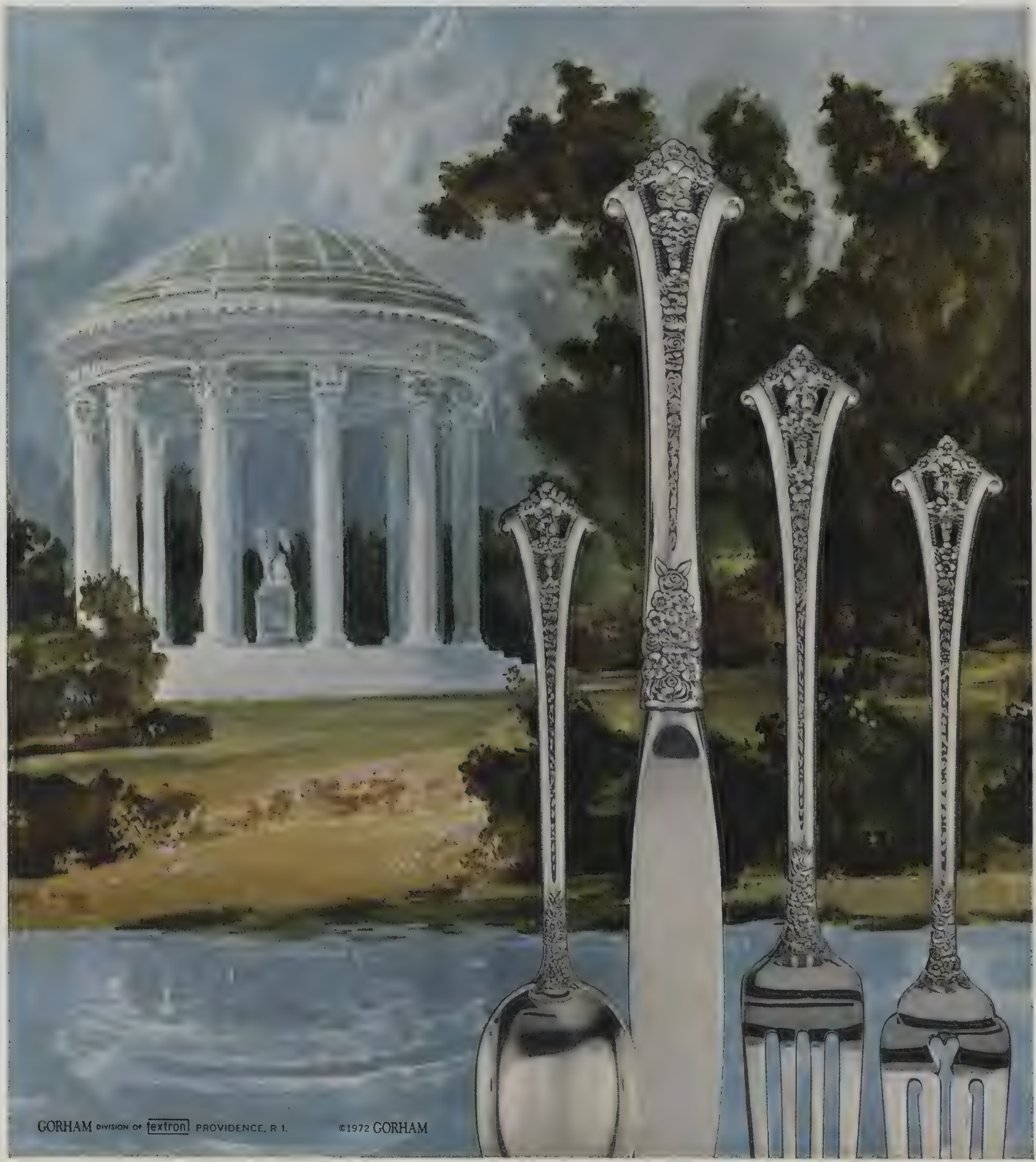

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VOGUEHEALTH

BY MELVA WEBER

Speed reducing . . . sex and smoke . . . vitamin E rescue

IS IT SAFE TO "SPEED" WEIGHT LOSS?

Appetite-suppressing amphetamines (called "speed" in drug-culture slang) are under government investigation. The questions: do these drugs really work in reducing excessive weight or not and how safe are they? One recent survey showed that only one-third of the doctors who answered thought that the use of amphetamines as part of a weight-curbing program with an informed physician in charge is both helpful and safe. Dr. Louis Lasagna, a University of Rochester (New York) professor, said that of the 450 doctors questioned on using drugs for obese patients, 150 find them a good thing—but only when used as adjuncts to diet and exercise and only for selected patients who are not likely to get "hooked" by the pills. Dr. Theodore Van Itallie of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York said appetite-lowering drugs should be used most often to help the patient to adapt to a diet and should be prescribed for no more than six weeks. The University of Maryland's Dr. Edward Kowalewski said amphetamines should be given only to patients who are serious about meeting the diet and exercise instructions. He said that patients whose overweight is caused by anxiety and unhappiness will not be helped by amphetamine treatment, and they are in greater risk of drug dependency.

ABORTION: THE WORLD VIEW

Clinical abortion is available now in almost all the major nations of the world. A Yugoslavian family institute studied reports on almost eleven thousand women who applied for abortion in their country last year. Although 96.5 percent of the requests were approved, almost five hundred were refused, mostly because the pregnancies had gone beyond the third month. Follow-up reports showed that about four out of five of these women were able to obtain abortions in other ways.

Swiss researchers have assembled abortion statistics from all over the world. They reported that Turkey has fourteen induced abortions for every hundred live births. In the Netherlands, about one-third of thirty-three thousand requests for abortion were approved. In Japan, the abortion figures show a downward trend, decreasing as contraceptive knowledge grows. In West Germany, one-third of the women of childbearing age are using intrauterine devices or contraceptive pills; the number of women using oral contraceptives has doubled there in the past year.

In our own country, the surveys produce this analysis of attitudes toward abortion: Fifty percent of those surveyed think that the abortion decision should be a matter between the woman and her physician; 20 percent think that abortion should be permitted in special conditions; about 3 percent are against abortion in any circumstances.

New York City, where liberalized abortion laws have been in effect for two years, has seen a dramatic reduction in the number of complications and deaths resulting from abortions, a sharp drop in the number of out-of-wedlock births, and a rise in the rates of survival and birth weight of new babies. A big gap still exists between the relative risks of early abortions and those beyond the three-month stage of pregnancy: chances for serious complications are eight times greater when the pregnancy has gone three months or more.

TEETH COLORING: THE TINT TELLS

Dentists have devised a new helper in the daily fight against plaque—that invisible, un-feelable gelatinous film of germ colonies that leads to tartar buildup, gum disease, and tooth decay. The new trick described by Dr. Jerome Mittelman in New York is called a "disclosing solution"—a coloring fluid that slides right over the clean areas on teeth but sticks to plaque and dyes it, making it easy to see the plaque and to remove it by brushing and flossing. Twenty-four hours are needed for the bacteria to reorganize and form new plaque.

VITAMIN E AGAINST THE SMOG

If you breathe polluted air every day and at the same time are cutting your cholesterol count by using only polyunsaturated fats, you could need more vitamin E. Doctors Daniel B. Menzel of Duke University, Jeffrey N. Roehm of Battelle-Northwest in Washington, and Si Duk Lee of the Environmental Protection Agency in Cincinnati think that air pollutants speed up the oxidation of polyunsaturated fatty acids in the body to form poisonous peroxides but that vitamin E protects against this oxidation, at least if you're a rat. Studying rats that were on polyunsaturated diets and exposed to two common air pollutants—ozone and nitrous oxide—these doctors found that those given extra vitamin E lived twice as long as those without it.

SMOKING . . . HAZARDOUS TO BONES AND TO SEX?

A California physician, Dr. Harry W. Daniell, has theorized that heavy cigarette smoking may increase the risk of bone disease and cause a sexual slowdown. In a study of the medical records of seventeen women with severe osteoporosis—a bone-weakening disease that causes compression fractures and, often, the collapse of the upper spinal column—Dr. Daniell found that fifteen of them were heavy smokers and almost all of them had respiratory ailments. Dr. Daniell's theory of the cause: smoking is known to increase acidity in bone tissue; this may allow structural minerals to drain away. Another clue: after smoking three cigarettes, most patients show greatly increased calcium in the blood. Dr. Daniell also found that menopause occurred several years earlier in a group of smokers as compared with nonsmokers, suggesting that smoking affects the sex hormones.

NEAL BARR

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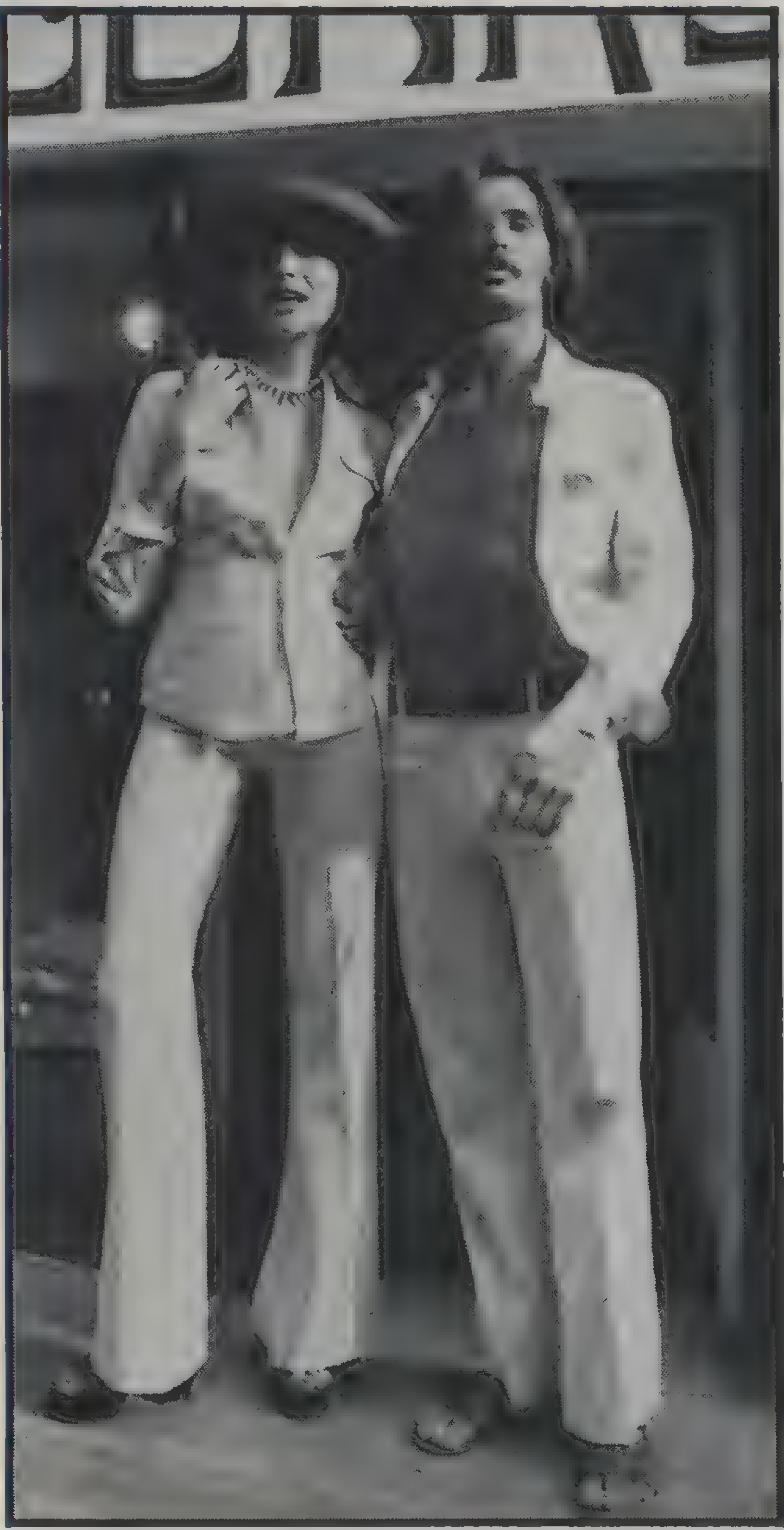
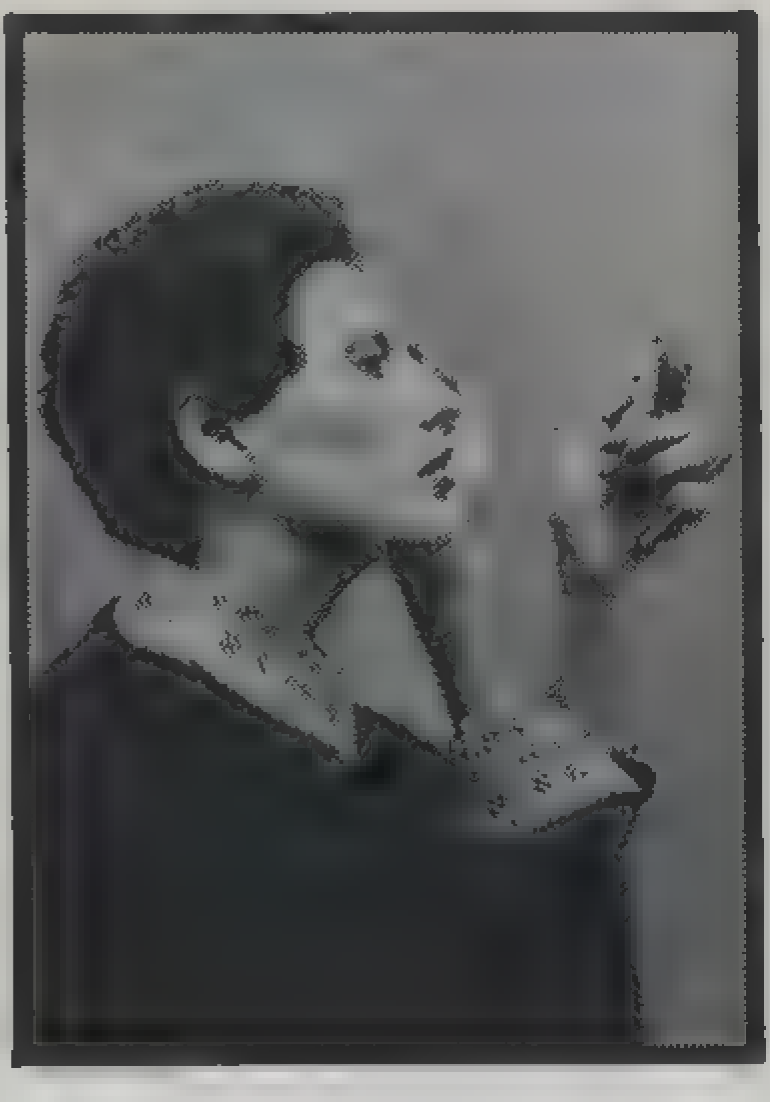
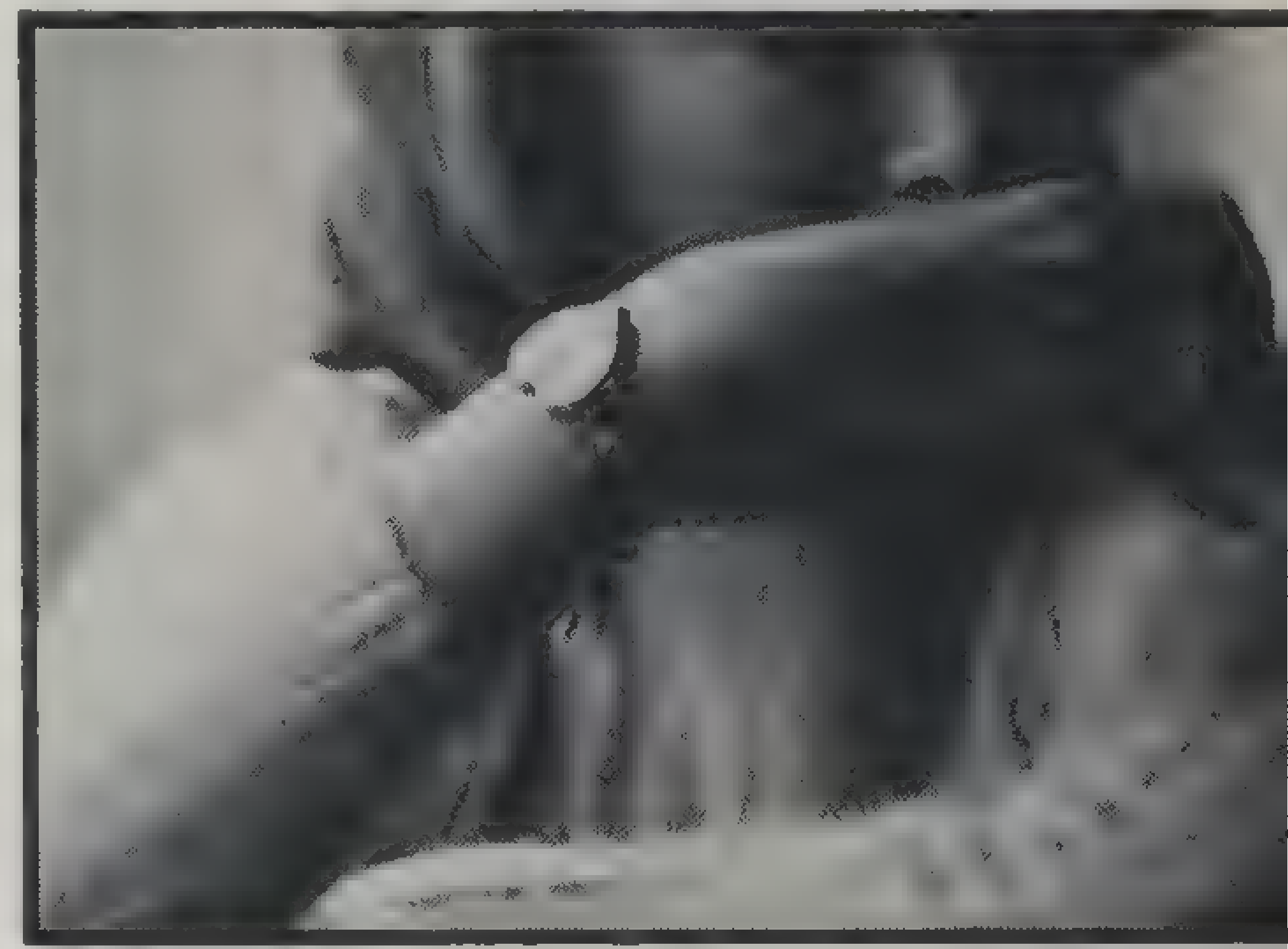
VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



WHAT THEY'RE WEARING . . .



HAIR CROPPED REALLY SHORT: It's something a very few pretty girls have been doing the last few months (remember, we showed you Berry Berenson with her school-boy cut in August 15). But now we're seeing it more and more. Virginia Hubbard, left, is one of the good-looking New York girls who models in lots of fashion shows for stores and designers. She cut her chestnut hair from a swinging shoulder length to this curly cap . . . and loves it. . . . **BLUE JEANS PLUS:** In Rome, the girls are carrying huge umbrellas made of blue-jeans fabric—teamed with their jeans and rubber-soled clogs—what a way to brave the rain! . . . In London and New York the young girls are adding the glitter of Lurex to their jeans getups . . . Lurex-y sweaters or lamé blazers (in New York, they get them at Granny Takes a Trip). . . . What's interesting about this trend—it shows everybody's got this urge to look a bit more glamorous—even if they're not giving up their basic beat-around blue jeans. . . . **WILL THESE REPLACE THE BLUE JEANS AS NEXT SUMMER'S FASHION STATUS?** (left)—maybe. It was the "sneaker" fashion running through St. Tropez this past summer—while the mob was engulfing itself in star-studded pale-faded jeans, the few who were ahead of the game were ordering these well-cut shirts and pants at the Avida Dollars boutique. The fabric is the stuff we used to think of as "belonging" to Brooks Brothers—pale-blue or white Oxford cloth woven in narrow red or blue stripes. It's a very good and practical look that may be coming our way. . . . **THE DELICATELY CHAINED WRIST.** With so much emphasis on wearing bracelets, it's interesting to see that girls in New York, Rome, and Paris are beginning to wrap their thinnest, wispiest gold chains around their wrists—a switch from the refined sexiness of slipping them against bare skin around the waist, or the throat and downwards. . . . Some of the newest bracelets are as delicate as chains, like this one centered with an ivory heart. $60. Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Ave. . . .



SUCCESS STORIES—THEY SOLD BY THE THOUSANDS

THE SUÈDE SHIRTDRESS OF HALSTON

Remember this photograph of Halston's butter-soft Ultrasuède shirtdress from August 15 Vogue? Since then it's become a runaway success in stores across the country. At last count, over 4,000 had been sold. Not bad at $180. . . .

THE WRAPAROUND SKIRT AT LORD & TAYLOR

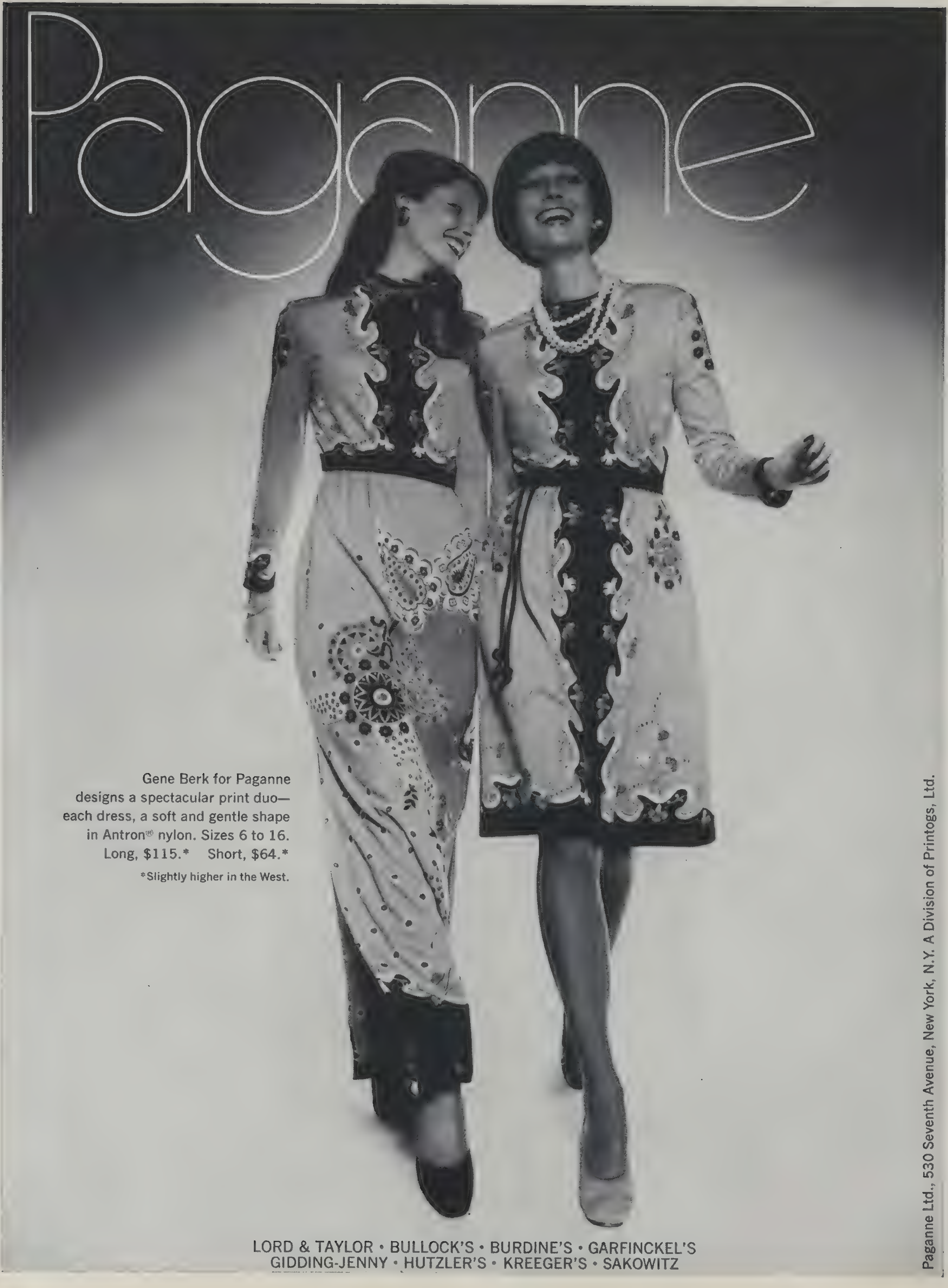
Remember this snapshot in June Vogue of Gloria Cooper swinging down the street in a printed wraparound skirt she found at Lord & Taylor for $20? Since then the store has sold 8,000 more. And they plan to continue selling it on and on and on. . . .

THE CURVED-SEAM JEANS BY WILD MUSTANG

Remember this picture from last May Vogue, of Kitty Hawks wearing the curved-back-seam jeans everyone wanted? Imported from England by The San Francisco New World Clothing Trust, they walked out of boutiques across the country by thousands. . . .

WILL THESE JEANS BE THE NEW SUCCESS STORY?

Now, Wild Mustang has come up with another variation on the basic blue jean—this version has a much wider leg, same stitching-seam design but finer, less obvious. They're $24 and again The San Francisco New World Clothing Trust is selling them to stores all over . . . will they too move on to fame and fortune?



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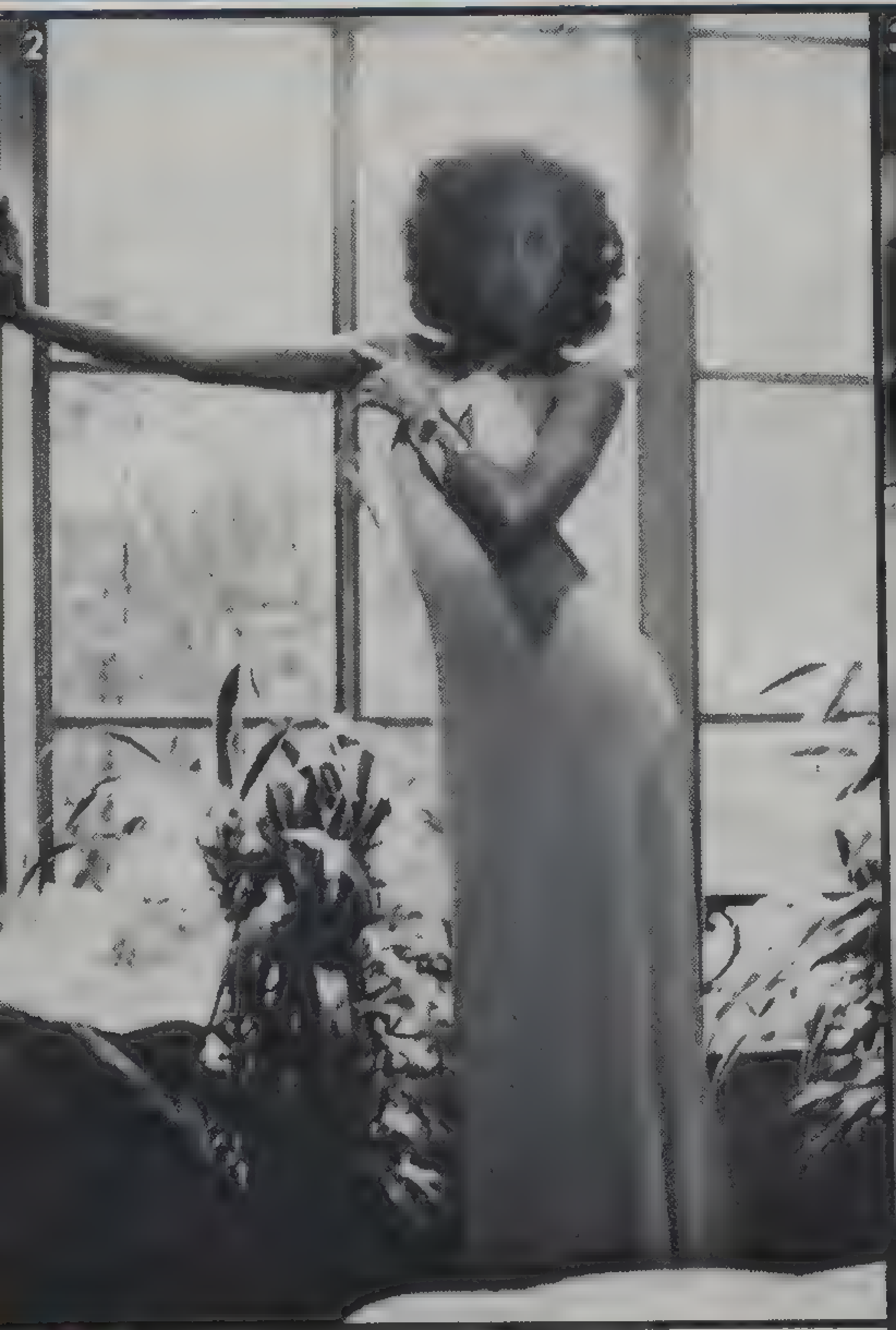
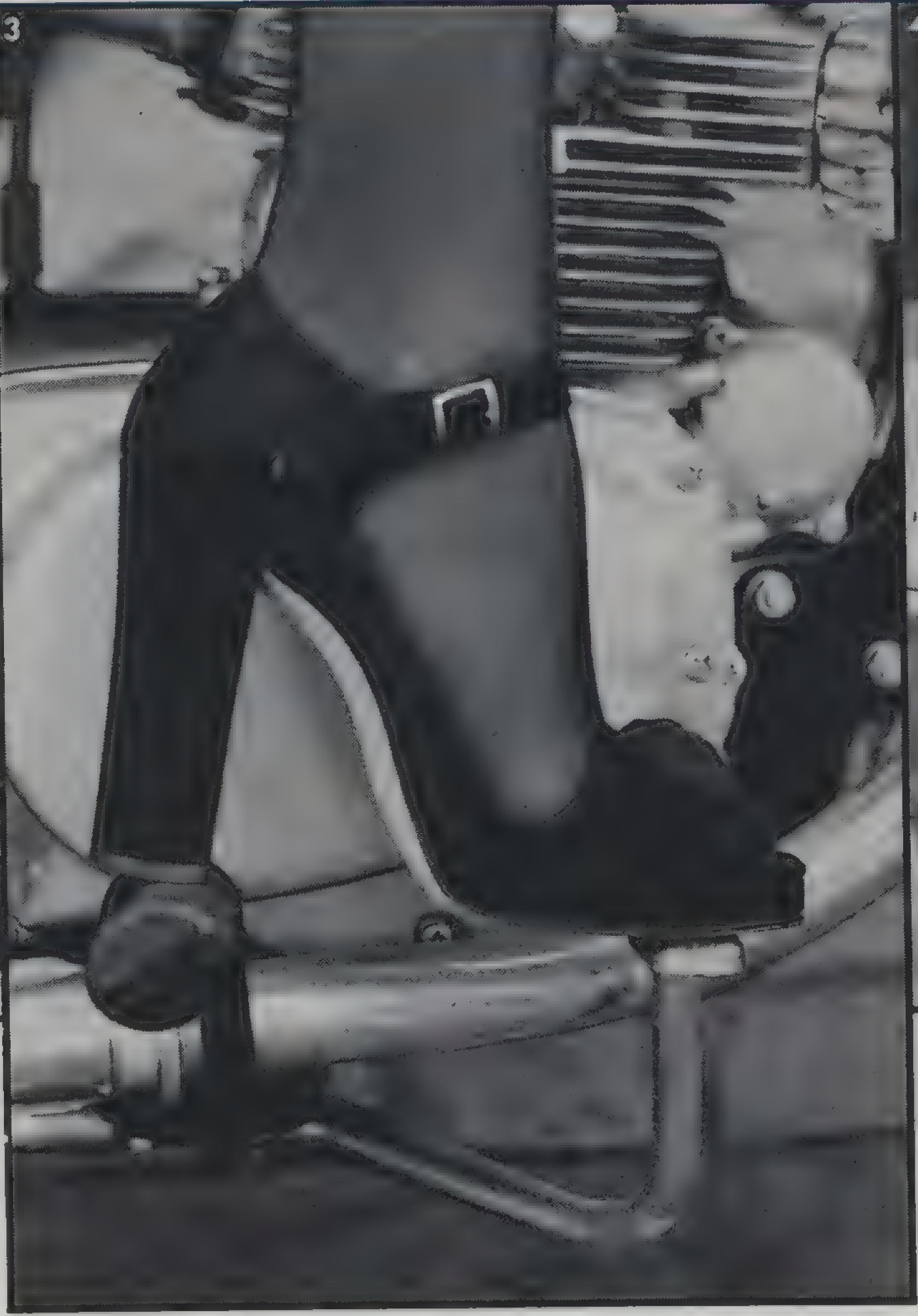
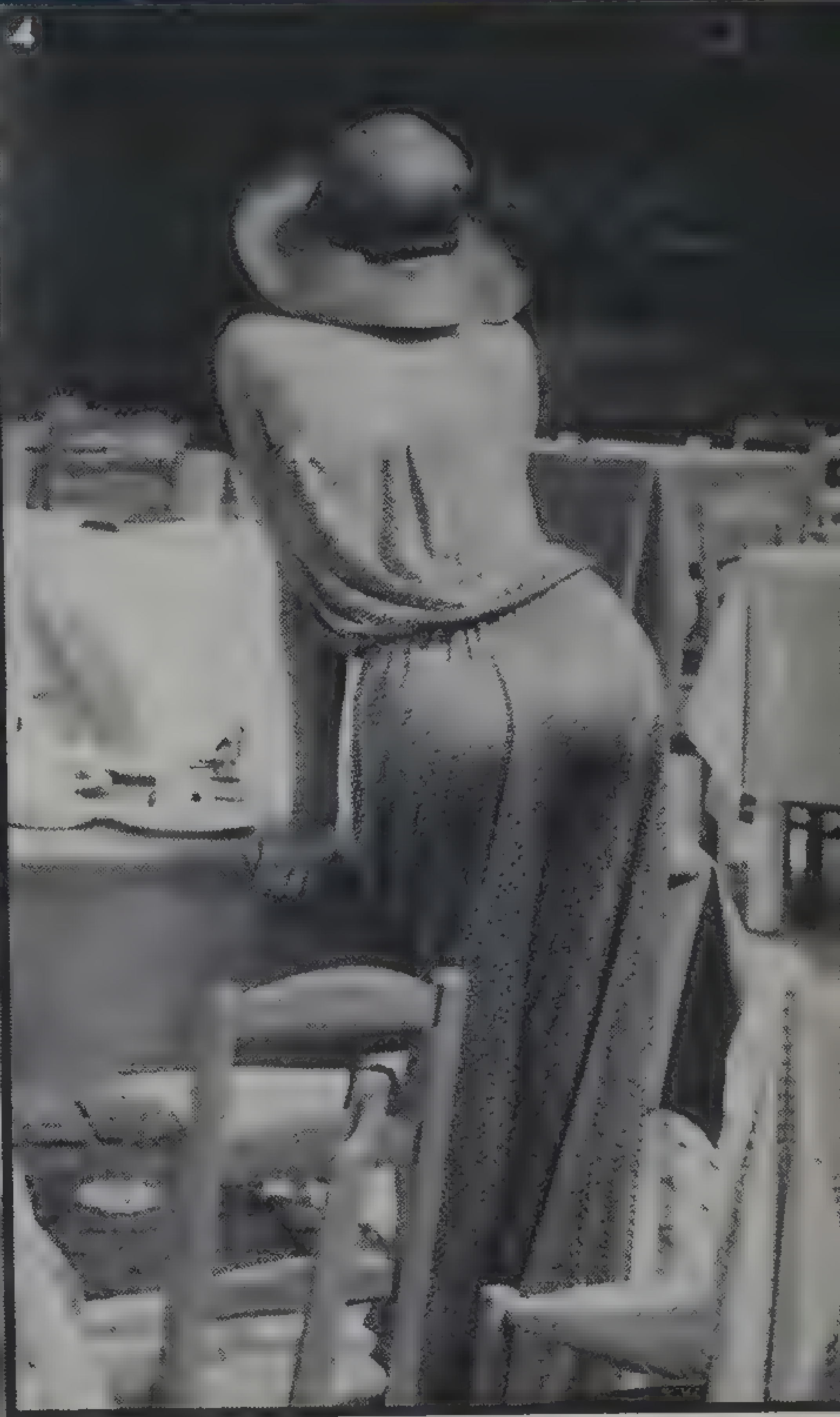
VOGUE BOUTIQUE

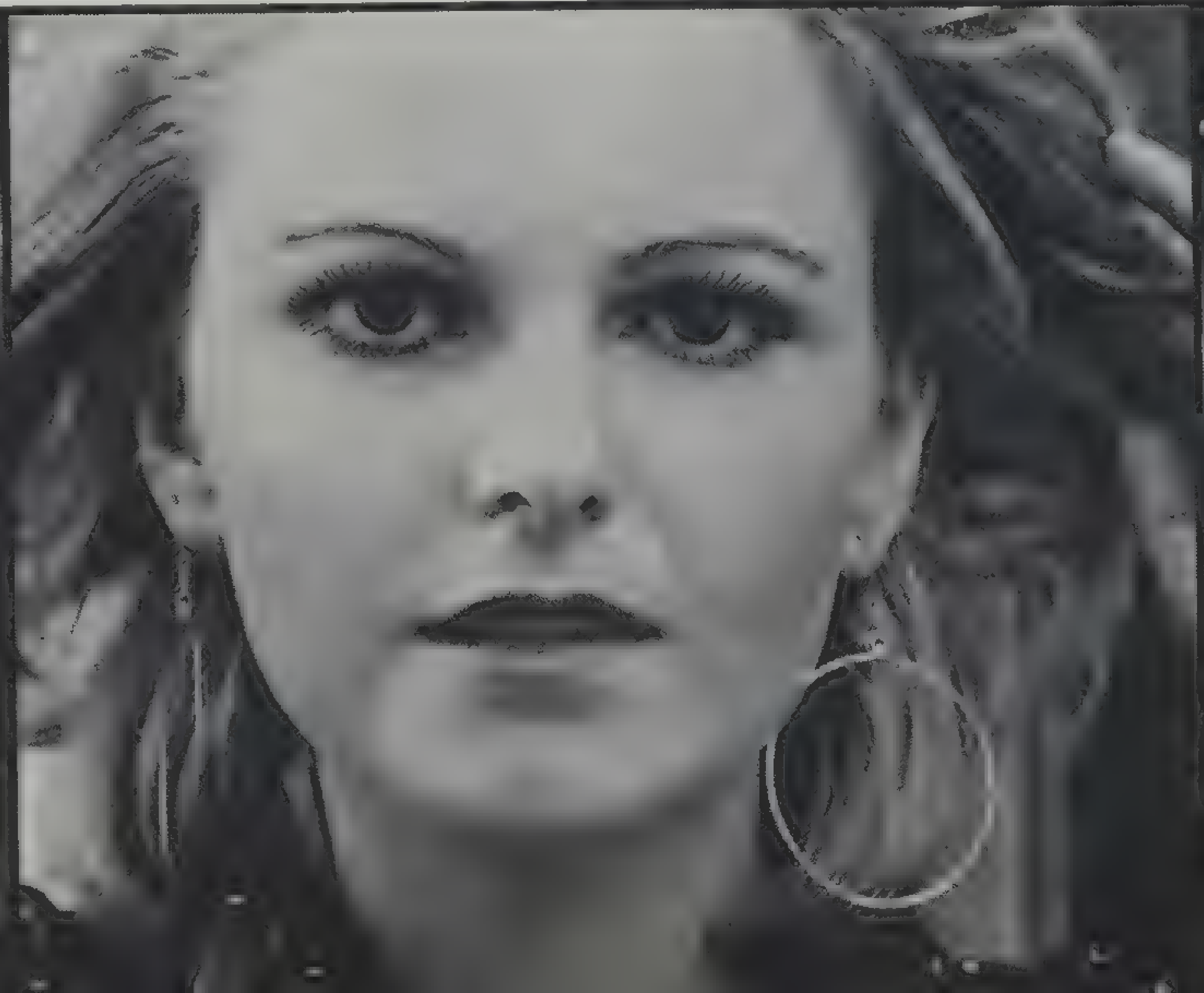


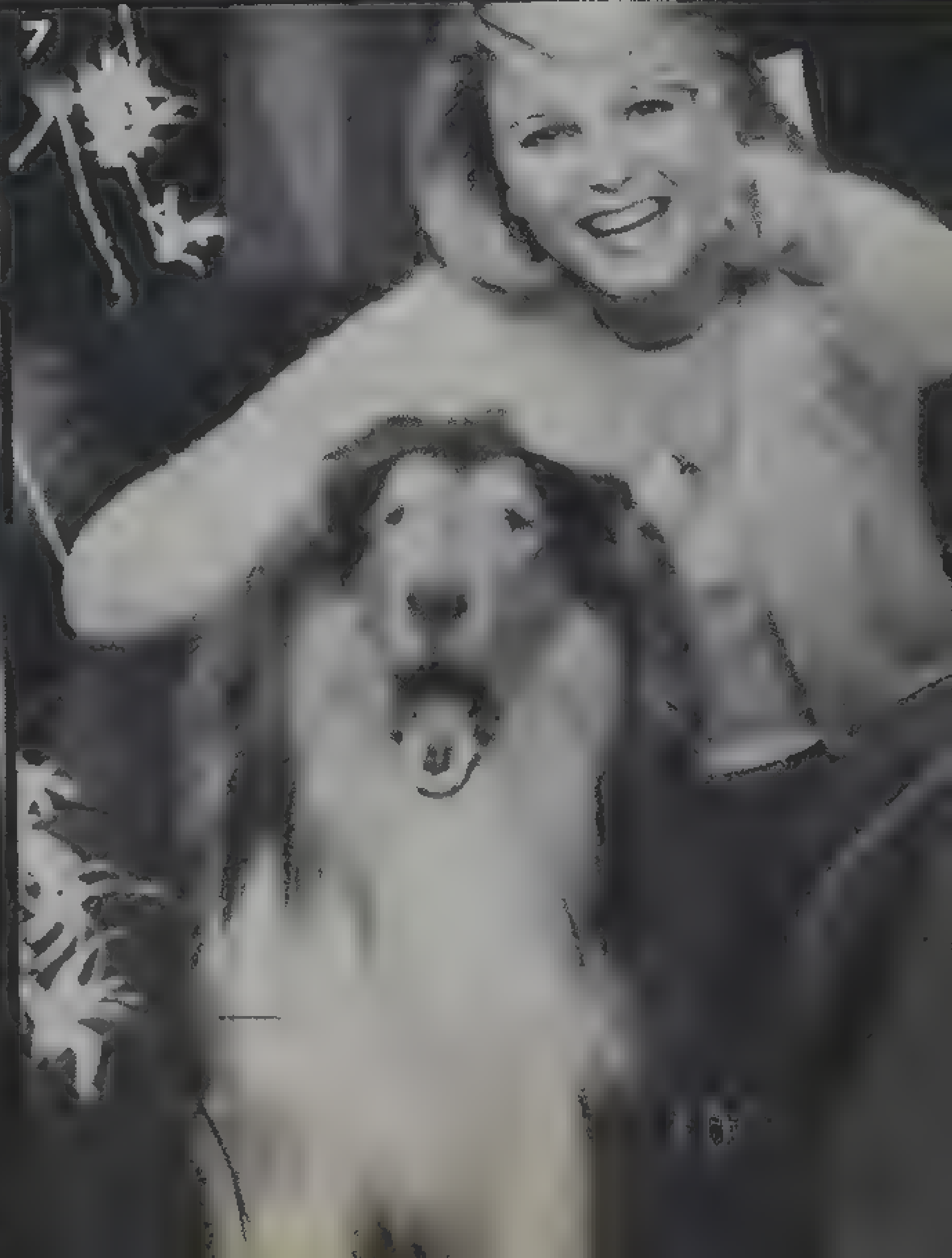




BOUTIQUE CLOSE-UPS

1. London, New York, everywhere—a caftan is one of the coziest, prettiest, and most popular ways to dress for evening. And Thea Porter makes some that are all these things. Like this, in white chiffon appliquéd in purple, orange satin. At Henri Bendel; Giorgio's. . . . **2.** The boutique with the beautiful view is Halston's at Bergdorf Goodman. Outside is one of the greatest views of Manhattan, inside are all the good things Halston designs, like this sinuous matte jersey. . . . **3.** Not everyone goes to a party on a bike, but everyone will want a pair of slippers as pretty as these. Designed in London by Manolo Blahnik. About $45 at Eleganza, Millburn, N.J. . . . **4.** Soft, clinging clothes that fall seductively against the body. . . . This delicious girl was snapped in St. Tropez last summer, but you can buy her strapless matte jersey pyjamas, designed by Scott Barrie, for $110. Henri Bendel; Giorgio's. . . . **5.** Matching happy shirts. Both Gigi and Wendy Benson have the same T-shirts, hand-painted by Ruby, in sunny white clouds on a brilliant blue sky. Wendy's, baby-sized, $6; Gigi's, $8. You can buy them both at Serendipity III, 225 East 60th Street. . . . **6.** The hoop the pretty girls are hopping on. Because they're huge, but thin as a rim, girls like Bettina Martinet love them. $5. At Rahz Jewelry, 1072 Third Avenue. . . . **7.** The sweater set in white looks great for winter, especially on blondes like Bettina. And even better when they're made of wool as soft and fluffy as Oliver's coat. Long-sleeved cardigan, $22, and pullover, $14. At D D Dominick, 220 East 60th Street. Bettina's silver star necklace, $45, is also from D D Dominick, as are her wide jersey pants, $30. . . . (Oliver the collie lives in Copperfield, the good-looking boutique next door.) . . .





"A beautiful year for a beautiful fur . . . Alaska Fur Seal."

Kaye-Dior,
NEW YORK

Holt, Renfrew,
CANADA

'72 ELECTION COUNTDOWN

ONE WOMAN'S VOTE

Part 6 in a series

A new President or a new Presidency?

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

The President and the Presidency are not quite the same thing. The office itself is an ultimate; and political men of all sorts have been seized by a profound longing for it. It is, for their purposes at least, the Silver Rose, symbol of an extraordinary testing. Trials, fires, and bewitchments are passed through, leading in the end to the Highest Office in the Land and its secular majesty. We understand that the Presidency is a victory on a worldly plane, and yet there is a yearning that it take on the quality of fable, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, with wisdom and example visible or hidden.

The Presidency is also an abstraction, only partly defined by its constitutional framing and by the uses of custom or the emergencies of actual tenure. What makes the Presidency such an imposing and anxious challenge is the wildly fluctuating characters of the men history has called to the post. The process is linear; that is, one President follows another in accordance with stated rules that have not yet been broken. Thus, there are always wars of succession going on. The Houses of York and Lancaster (Democrat and Republican) move forward and retreat steadily. Princeling Vice-Presidents, Senators, electoral descendants maneuver and battle for their place in the line. Excitement is provided by the sudden entrance of usurpers, men who rise quickly in American political life, leap into the gaps made by accident, death, ill luck, sudden shifts in the conditions of the country.

Even though the process is linear, we experience each Presidential term of service as a block, a square, belonging to the flesh-and-blood occupant and to him alone. The history of the Presidency spreads out like an odd portrait gallery, each one in his frame of White House years. They are great and small, first among us and far from first. After the early patricians, democratic structures did not always seek conventional standards of suitability or even of competence. But the office maintained itself by the public's way of making startling reversals from one President to the next. Harding's improvident self-indulgence and careless administration were followed by Coolidge with his silence and his incessant bookkeeping. ("I don't see why we have to have six hams for one dinner. It seems like an awful lot of hams to me.") The sober engineer Hoover by the flashy squire Roosevelt, the patient Eisenhower by the throbbing Kennedy.

When a man becomes President there is a sort of collision between him and the office. This collision is the engine that drives Presidential behavior. Problems of power present themselves immediately. It may be exhausting to have power, but most Presidents have found the lack of it a frustration and humiliation hard to endure. Henry Adams, over a hundred years ago, in the 1860's, spoke of Presidential power as "poison." Clinton Rossiter, writing in 1960, after two terms of President Eisenhower, believed quite the opposite. He felt the office was "elevated often and corrupted never, chiefly because those who held it recognized the true source of the power and were ennobled by the knowledge."

In his first term, President Nixon was able to show the most dramatic possibilities of Presidential power by his trips to China and Russia. These two Communist dictatorships (like John Milton's mysterious "two-handed engine at the door") had slipped into our nightmares, bringing a dark trauma full of powers and riddles and unknown intentions. The Communist countries dominated a good deal of our national and international life, gradually taking the shape of the magical and awful lairs of Grendel from whence would come assaults upon the knights at their feastings unless constant vigilance and strength were maintained.

When President Nixon made his trips, it was as if the Pope, secure in his doctrinal purity, had sought an audience with Martin Luther. The visits to Moscow and Peking were made psychologically possible by the stern continuation of the war with the Communists in Hanoi. The mining of Haiphong harbor cleansed, in a paradoxical way, the stain of diplomacy with Russia and China. The ironies of all this were noted, but incongruities did not seem to matter to either side.

The only thing more powerful than a President are the problems he faces. Problems washed away the grand pluralities Lyndon Johnson and Warren Harding took with them into office. Our own time has been one of "constant crisis"—the contradiction between the adjective and the noun is the measure of the unbalance. It is as if we were always in the nineteenth day of the forty days and forty nights of the Biblical Flood. Human organisms and society in the large cannot remain in a state of urgent responsiveness. An adjustment must be made; and, if it cannot give tranquillity, at least feeling may be withdrawn from the rushing flow of discontents and emergencies. Each person keeps his senses alive only to the disorders that sharply impinge upon his own life.

The President, too, must make a choice of problems. His decisions, the points at which he will make a pedagogical effort in the interest of policy—all of this can become astonishingly personal. The assumptions of one's life come into play here. True, conservative Presidents make "socialistic" moves because they cannot find any other way to govern and the less conservative abandon experiments for the same reasons. But under it all the real preferences and visions of the man will push through. There is always an arena in which the drama of the Presidential soul can be played out.

When an election is over, the voter disappears into the citizen. Persons cease to be part of a group identified and analyzed by a glistening political technology. Each becomes separate again. No President imagines that his constituency is precisely the same at the inaugural as it was when he was elected in November. The elected President, then, too, becomes just a citizen in many ways. The seeking is over and he is himself once more. Inauthenticity is only for the campaign. Once in power, the President is destined to explore that interior distance between the self and his occupancy, between hope and possibility, between his own inclinations and the claims of an expectant society. ■

Something very, very attractive is going on at night this season, and it is called: A Dress. A Short dress. The kind there's been lots of talk about but hardly a sign of till now: a soft, easy, unpretentious short dress that moves like light and shows legs beautifully—doesn't stand out over them like a lampshade or crackle like paper when you walk or jam taxis and theater aisles or knock over wineglasses at restaurants. It can be bare, gleamy, glittery—but simple—this is definitely not your big-evening number cut off at the knee. It's small and gay. And for that kind of evening—with a little hat, some jewels flashing, really pretty legs and feet—it's the look of a lifetime. Sexy, modern, just right....Opposite: *The look of the head with a short dress at night: small, shining, all eyes. Lurex sweater cap, Don Anderson for Sheer Bros. Bloomingdale's. K. J. L. earrings, bangles*....This page: *The look of legs and feet—silvered, glittered. Tights, Round-the-Clock. Herbert Levine sandals, at Bonwit Teller. All, shown full-length in the pages ahead.*

KOURKEN PAKCHA

Flirt a little. Try a pretty hat, a bit of flash...show some skin...show your legs in a

SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

Try pearls, pale satin ...light up the sky in a SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

Try a shirtdress with a drawstring waist, far left, in softest peach crêpe satin . . . very nice being in these pale, gleamy, thin, thin satins on a November night. Partly psychological, partly cosmetic . . . like pearls or furs, they're lovely for skin. Ole Borden for Rembrandt, about $110. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hutzler's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. The cosmetic jewel, left: a lanyard of pearls—bogus ones—casting warm beige and golden light. Kenneth J. Lane for Marvella. Lord & Taylor. A liquid little halter and skirt, right, of beige crêpe satin—like nothing on—and showing legs to perfection. Chester Now, about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Balliet's; Sakowitz. Both pages: dresses of Onondaga acetate-and-rayon; hair combed (left) by Alexander and (right) François of Kenneth. Accessories on the next to last page of this issue.

What a way to come into a room at night!—pale and shimmering head to toe, both pages: slip-soft crêpe-satin dresses by Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis Boutique, bare-armed under cardigans, with hats gleaming, legs sparkling, strips-of-silver sandals, fluffy fur boas to flirt around with. . . . Right, the cowled dress and cardigan in a clean, lambent blue; about $200. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's; Stanley Korshak; Joseph Magnin. New York night scene: the Plaza hotel. . . . Far right, yellow sweater-set dress—angora cardigan over a matching top and crêpe-satin skirt; sweaters of angora, lamb's wool, nylon. About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres. Onondaga fabric (both pages) of acetate and rayon. Marvelous legs and feet, center—a must with short dresses. Here, glittering in the lightest way: golden tights (Saks Fifth Avenue), silver sandals (Customcraft by Rossi). Elizabeth Arden's Ginger Jam Nail Lacquer shining through—on fingernails, too.

Try sexy sandals, a fur boa with a jacketed pale satin SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

A look that turns on all the lights, opposite, without blowing any fuses: satin hat, silver fox, pearls...and a sari-soft glitter dress in gauzy silver and gold on red chiffon. Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman; Brochers Couture fabric —rayon, nylon, metallic. About $145. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Perfect hat, left: snug, soft, shiny black satin pulled down to the eyes—the better to see them. (Doing the same for a pretty ear: a good, bold earring; hair flirting around it.) Mr. Martin hat. Coif, François of Kenneth. No back to speak of, right, and a skirt that could dance all night—a wisp of silky black printed with white and coral flowers. By Chester Now, of polyester (Gianni Cereda fabric). About $130. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus. Accessory information on the next to last page of this issue.

Wrap pearls, furs... cover, uncover...be dazzled in a SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

VAN CLE
ELS INC.

Wear pale furs, pale legs...show skin...really go to town in a black SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

Dazzlingly supple sweater and skirt, opposite: Galanos's shivery black beads on chiffon belted over crêpe satin. Taroni silk. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Maison Blanche; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. François of Kenneth coif. Sexy-subtle black matte jersey, center: pleats swaying, cape sleeves covering… uncovering. By Jean Muir, of rayon; about $265. Henri Bendel; Claire Pearone; I. Magnin. Mark of Kenneth coif. Both dresses, with pale fox boas, photographed at the Plaza.… This side of Van Cleef & Arpels, above, two nifty sweaters: the gold-glitter sweater cap from eight pages ago and a black knit turtleneck that needs no introduction, either—just pretty shoulders, back, legs. Dress, Donald Brooks Boutique; acetate and nylon. About $110. Late November, Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Balliet's; Sakowitz. Natural silver fox boa, Oscar de la Renta for Dan Grossman. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Go white all the way: *furs, pearls, a bare* SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

Halter-top white matte jersey, left, that says it all for this kind of dressing: it shows skin, shows legs, and just curls up softly—with pearls, against a cloud of dappled white fur—totally glamorous in the most relaxed, unselfconscious way. Marie McCarthy for Aldrich; Jasco Fabrics rayon. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Georges Kaplan lynx-dyed Russian hare jacket. François of Kenneth coif. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

A word about hair: Shorter. Softer. Shining. It goes with the look of a short dress at night... like the fresh white gardenia at the throat, it's part of the gaiety and flirt. Coif, Mark of Kenneth.

"...women become beautiful when the artifice begins"

Saint Laurent talks about women, fashion, beauty

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARY RUSSELL

How is it that Yves Saint Laurent always comes up with exactly what we want at exactly the right time? In his most recent collection, there were the wonderful, luxurious separates: easy to wear jackets, suits, pants, skirts . . . touches of fur, glittery fabrics, chain belts, new pendant earrings, silver evening sandals, ropes of pearls and jewels . . . and that black velvet Spanish hat. You want to jump into everything. This, when much of the Couture is still striving for an expression of fashion through drastic change each season and journalists and buyers still thinking in terms of "news," and that's not where it's at anymore. It is so much more simple: good clothes. And Yves Saint Laurent just happens to make some of the best clothes in the world today. He has understood. . . . Women no longer want to be walking trademarks for a couturier—no more couture uniforms. The only uniform you see on a chic woman these days is a well-cut pair of jeans. This is what Yves understands, this "jeans spirit"—meaning: the best cashmere sweater over a perfect kilt, with a classic crêpe de Chine shirt; or a T-shirt of mousseline with a little gold glitter to wear under a beaded jacket, with a black pleated skirt. Always the same formula; only the materials change, with luxurious fabrics and furs for the Couture as Yves believes in the craftsmen—the embroiderers, fabric weavers and designers, furriers—all the great artisans who would be no more without the Couture. In ready-to-wear, he plays with the practical fabrics—cotton, gabardine, flannel, synthetics; he knocks off his own Couture jewelry in less expensive materials. . . . Yves has found his "style." "After more than ten years as a designer, I now know exactly what to do. I cannot deviate from my style. I have made my experiments and mistakes. Now I am sure. Style consists of very little. You don't go either too far to the left or too far to the right. The work becomes more difficult; you must be careful to reject everything that does not correspond to the style . . . fashion changes but style is eternal." One is always tempted to compare him to Chanel . . . he, too, has stayed within his style and his way of seeing women. It's that unpretentiousness, the perfection of the cut, the attention to detail and accessorizing . . . the finish, right down to the makeup and the perfume a woman wears. . . . Fabrics have a lot to do with Yves' style; his collaboration with Swiss fabric-genius Gustave Zumsteg (of Abraham Fabrics) is close. "We feel the same currents and trends at the same time—he way off in Zurich, me here in Paris. Geography has nothing to do with talent. Once, when we met after several months' separation to discuss ideas, I talked about a fabric I saw in my mind—an idea for a dress—and he pulled that fabric right out of his pocket!" . . . His style has to do with his life-style—Yves' love of beauty, of dance, theater, people, objects. "I am always looking. My eyes never stop." He surrounds himself with beauty. "I am not a collector of any one period—I love beautiful things, unusual things; I refuse to limit my passion." One can see this in Yves' apartment. Each room is of a different period. The upstairs salon is mainly 'thirties . . . Yves was one of the first in Paris to collect late 'twenties and 'thirties but he has gone on. "I am tired of the 'thirties cult . . . I can't stand it now that it's in fashion. With me, it is a question of "reaction." I always react against anything that becomes too In—I break away from everything, even things of my own creation. The collection of a few seasons back [Spring 1971] that everyone calls 'kitsch' (I hate that word), that was a reaction against the turn fashion had taken. The 'longuette' (another word I hate; it isn't even French), the gypsies, all those long skirts and bangles on middle-aged women in town—in the middle of the twentieth century! So I did my collection as a kind of humorous protest, only everyone took it seriously—what fun for me when all the designers started copying it! People thought it wasn't 'Me' but it was; they don't know about my reactions. I am quiet but inside there is an explosion . . . only when I'm really fed up, but it happens. And that collection was one of my good reactions; it helped me to find myself, have some fun, and then I became more sure of myself when I returned to my true style." . . . Yves' reaction to the 'thirties has brought him a new love: bronzes from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In his salon, on a 'thirties table, one sees a delicate bull in bronze; a commode holds a Louis XIV bronze figure of Bacchus by Granier. "I started collecting bronzes when I asked myself 'What is the thing most directly opposed to the style of the 'thirties?' The answer: the sixteenth century . . . the work of the artisan, the dipper of bronze. Thus my new passion. I work this way, too. I look for opposites, the unexpected—but only in materials; the style never changes. I oppose fabrics, ideas, jewelry—plastic a few seasons back, a return to precious stones, crystal, pearls now." . . . Yves' life-style is also in direct opposition to that of a few years back. The music in his clean white downstairs salon is now classic where before it was Soul. Gone are the jeans and bare feet. Yves wears carefully pressed gabardine trousers, an immaculate shirt, a beige cashmere cardigan over his shoulders. Gone the long hair and beard, his face is tanned, and he is planning to buy contact lenses. . . . Two of his great friends of the 'sixties died last year. Barely thirty, both represented the psychedelic breakaway of the 'sixties; both died tragically proving the breakaway in itself was not an answer. . . . Yves speaks thoughtfully of his work today. "I have learned a lot. I am sure now. I hold my life securely in my hands, no more faltering or experimenting. I am sure of myself and my style. I embroider on the same theme, adding, subtracting, but never deviating from the basic formula. I feel a new appreciation for the almost lost art of the artisans, the ones who could not exist without the Couture—the artisans must not be lost. The manner in which I work is very important and the people I work with, whom I trust and with whom I am very close." . . . Loulou de la Falaise, one of the people close to Yves, has evolved much as he has. An early exponent of hip London and Paris life, Loulou has advanced into the Serious Seventies with calm assurance. She works with Yves in his studio "équipe." "Things have been wonderful since Loulou came. It is important to have her beside me when I'm working on a collection. I can't explain her job . . . it has to do with her manner, her straightforwardness. I trust her reactions. Sometimes they are violent but always positive. And there is lots of humor. We laugh a lot, especially when the going gets rough and we are tired. She is a sounding board for my ideas. I bounce thoughts off her and they come back more clear and things begin to happen. She has great taste and a feeling for what is right . . . and she is a woman. I need a woman near me. With everyone who works with me, the work is fun. I can't think of working (Continued on next page)

In his Paris apartment, left, Saint Laurent with a "Saint Laurent" that stands for his view of how a modern woman wants to look and feel in clothes today: raspberry suède shirt-jacket over a shirt of pink silk crêpe de Chine with flannel trousers.

HELMUT NEWTON

Saint Laurent

(Continued) without fun. Other members of my 'équipe' are Pierre Bergé, who acts as my ramparts, my protection, fending off bad elements and seeing things through . . . Gustave Zumsteg of Abraham Fabrics . . . Anne Marie Munoz and Madame Ida, who worries about the workrooms and technical things . . . Jean Louis, Marie Therèse. Together we make a 'marmite.' Things bubble and brew—there's a lot of ESP and trust in the stew—among us, we get out the collection. It has taken me a long time to realize that this is the only way to work. Collaboration is everything: a team of people who admire and respect each other and are good at what they do, each pulling for the whole thing with self-confidence in themselves and in the others—no jealousy or competitiveness. I am lucky; I couldn't do what I do or be as good as I am . . . if I had to worry about ego problems and insecurity and people working for themselves in their own little corners. But I am severe with myself as well. I have incredible lucidity about what I do. I am constantly discarding, discarding . . . my eye is very cold and critical of myself . . . no complaisance. With people of talent, those with whom I surround myself in both my working and personal life, talk is rarely necessary. There is a telepathy that goes beyond words, a complicity of intent, an understanding. I am ill at ease with people who talk and explain themselves too much." . . . Yves reacts against the personal negligence of beauty he feels has been going on too long. "Making up is a rite. I love rites. I love the ballet, theater, masks. Makeup is a mask. It takes time and shows the personality of the woman. I like to think about the woman under the mask and what makes her paint her face in a certain, personal way. Artifice is interesting. . . . I find a girl of twenty boring with her unmarked, unmade-up face. How much more interesting, a woman of thirty with her artifice . . . then women become beautiful, when the artifice begins." . . . On hair: "Natural hair, either pulled back simply or left free, either long or shoulder length. I hate 'les coiffures du bal' or the 'lionne' hair all teased and set. So many girls get these coiffures for balls, with all the flowers and junk. Ugh! Hair must move, be healthy and clean . . . shine and smell good." . . . Yves muses about the future: "I have a kind of 'angoisse' that I am the last real couturier. The young ones coming up might not even consider fashion designing as a métier. They are so very different from us. They don't think of clothes or fashion the same way we do. Their values are different. Clothes express other things for them; they might want to do other things with clothes, certainly not make them by hand in Haute Couture ateliers, I don't know what, but I feel a great change coming. My antennae tell me there will be a kind of non-culture . . . they will invent whole new ways of expressing themselves."

PALE—with powder and pearls at night

Everything changes. The light changes. The mood changes. You change. That's the point of being dressed up at night . . . to look it . . . feel it . . . enjoy it. It's part of the deliciously feminine allure that's come over evening now. Gala, but gently so: with a calm and subtlety that's all the more intriguing for being so novel in our lives. It has to do with being in pale soft clothes that flow like liquid. It has to do with paling the face with powder . . . and with the delicacy of color around the eyes . . . and things that make you aware of pretty ears—a blush of rouge, a flower, the curve of a chignon, a single pearl. It has to do with having the warmth and luminousness of pearls around you, and all that lovely soft light they give to the face. . . . It's the whole idea of starting fresh at six-thirty . . . stashing the day behind you . . . adding a sparkle here . . . a lilt there . . . turning the light right on you.

POWDER—pale and glowing with news

No question. This season, any woman who goes out at night without powder isn't fully dressed—the finish is missing. Which doesn't mean flouring your face, but it's a lot more than simply taking the shine off your nose . . . how much more is made luminously clear by the face at right: powdered but not powdery-looking, it literally glows with news—moisturized powder—a first-ever from Charles of the Ritz. Cool, silky, with a lovely moist sheen and cling to it—you can actually feel the difference. That's because moisture is bound into every particle of the powder . . . as well as into its name: Revenescence PowderGlow with Encapsuled Moisturizer (two forms; loose and pressed-powder wafers that slip into little jeweled cases). . . . Chiffon—pale and glowing with pearls: a thousand powder-beige pleats (the shade is as sheer and light as rachel) caught with smocking at neck, waist, wrists . . . the perfect long dress to wear with a long perfect sway of pearls. Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; Kabat Textile silk. About $200. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Makeup and hair-combing, Franklyn Welsh. Cultured pearl earrings, Mastogem. Cultured pearl ropes, Imperial Pearl Syndicate. Bonwit Teller.

AVEDON

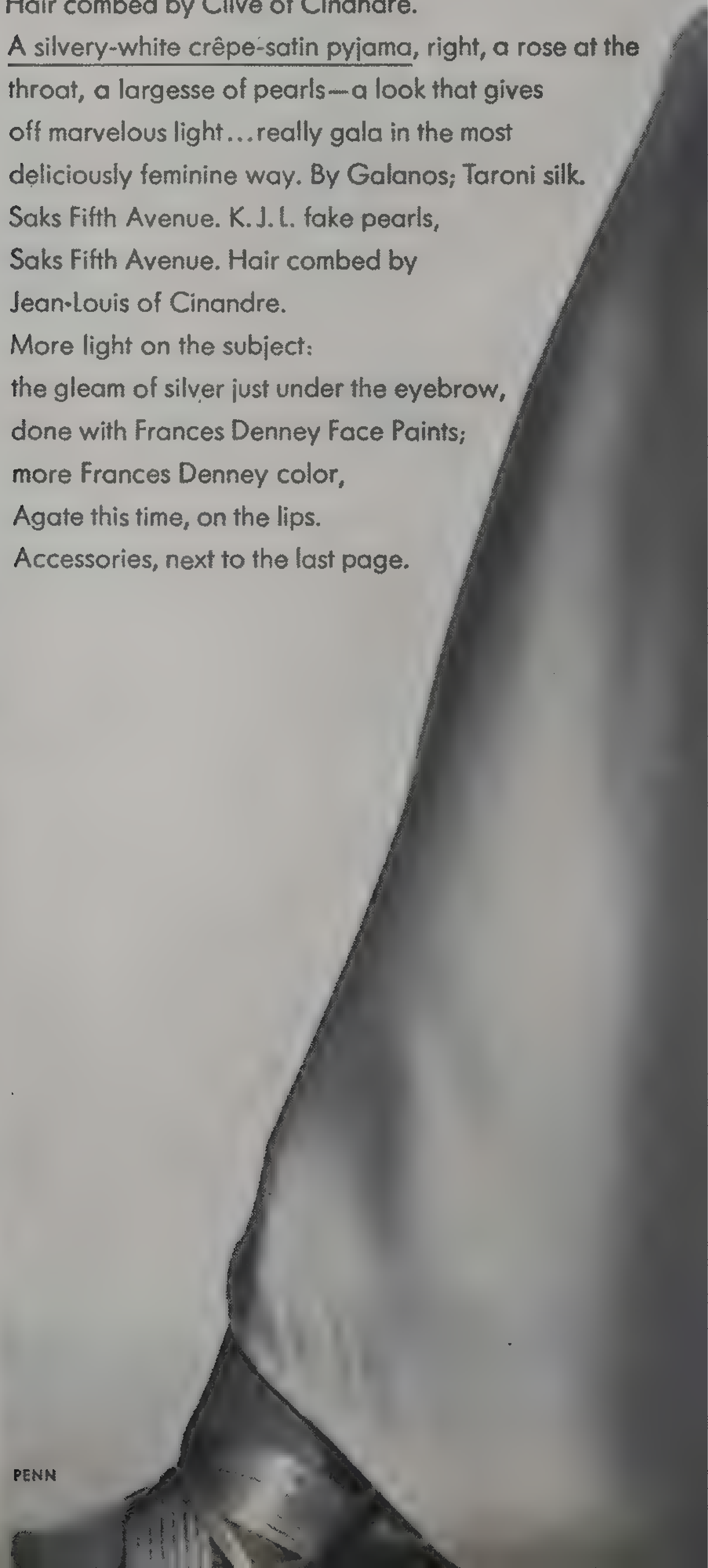
Pale, liquid... with pearls, at night

Pyjamas of yellow crêpe satin, left, the softest, thinnest satin imaginable, and a whole new way for satin to look, move, feel on the skin—like liquid—the bare little camisole and pants one continuous flow of color under pale mink, amber fox, pearls. Pyjamas made to order at Halston Limited, in Pomezia silk. Top, $250; pants, $250. Coat, of Saga Pearl mink from Scandinavia trimmed in natural Amber Norwegian fox, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Bogus pearl ropes by Kenneth J. Lane for Marvella and by Laguna. Hair combed by Clive of Cinandre.

A silvery-white crêpe-satin pyjama, right, a rose at the throat, a largesse of pearls—a look that gives off marvelous light...really gala in the most deliciously feminine way. By Galanos; Taroni silk. Saks Fifth Avenue. K. J. L. fake pearls, Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair combed by Jean-Louis of Cinandre.

More light on the subject: the gleam of silver just under the eyebrow, done with Frances Denney Face Paints; more Frances Denney color, Agate this time, on the lips.

Accessories, next to the last page.



PENN

Pale liquid... with pearls, with furs at night

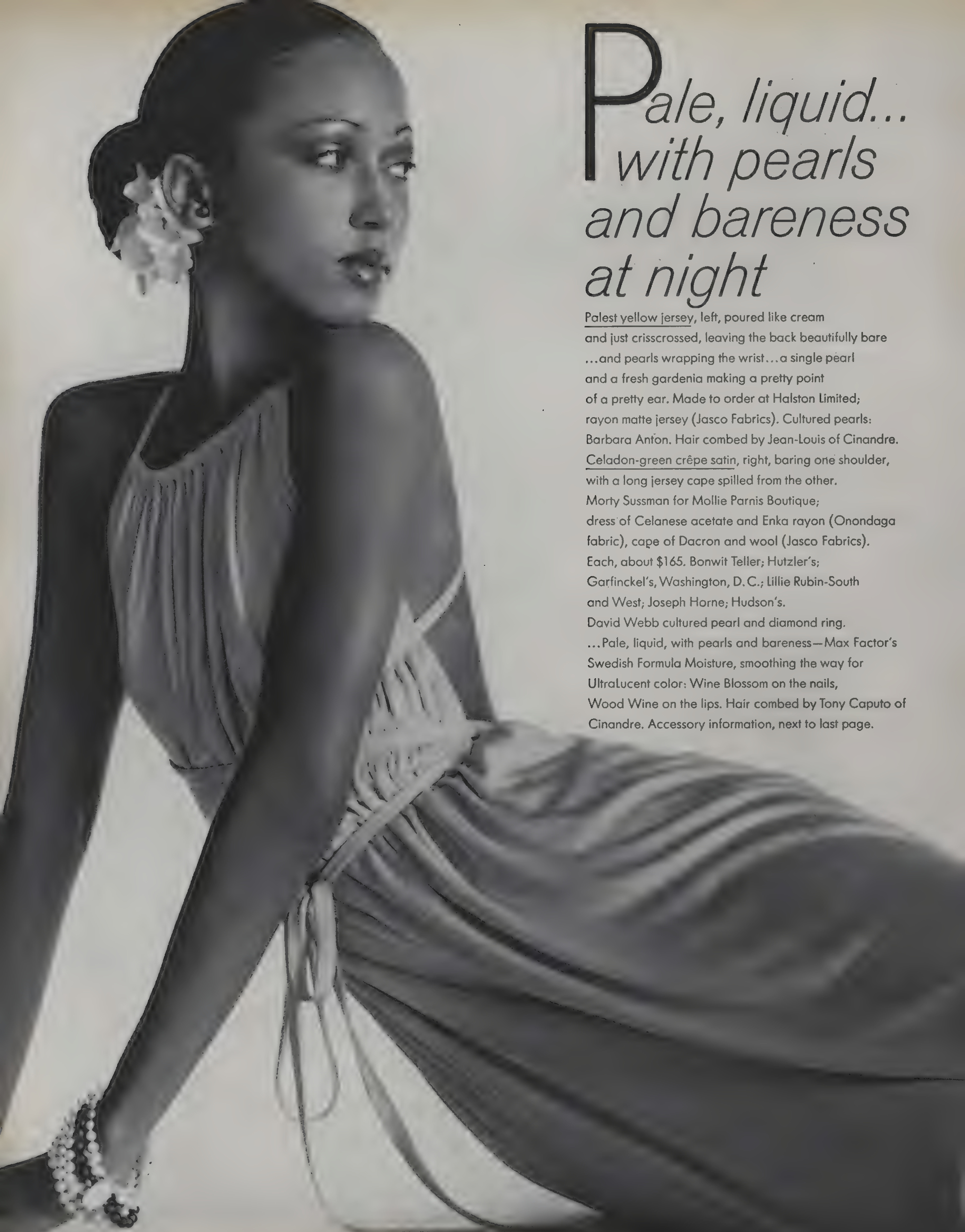
The flow, the color of champagne, left—a soft jersey halter blouson baring lots of skin, and a skirt that's one long soft jersey spill . . . cascades of pearls to light the face, more around each wrist. Blouson and skirt by Galitzine; Qiana nylon. Borbonese pearls. Both at Martha. Hair combed by François of Kenneth.

Fluid yellow crêpe satin, right, for a stock-tied shirt and straight wide pants—a look that simply covers you in light . . . a pearl at each ear . . . a sable coat to the floor. Pyjamas by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, in acetate and nylon (Hargro fabric). With cardigan (not shown), about $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Coat by Oscar de la Renta Furs; feather-tip dyed Russian Crown sable. At Revillon, Saks Fifth Avenue. Cultured pearl earrings by Imperial Pearl Syndicate. Hair combed by Clive of Cinandre. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN

Pale, liquid... with pearls and bareness at night

Palest yellow jersey, left, poured like cream and just crisscrossed, leaving the back beautifully bare ...and pearls wrapping the wrist...a single pearl and a fresh gardenia making a pretty point of a pretty ear. Made to order at Halston Limited; rayon matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics). Cultured pearls: Barbara Anton. Hair combed by Jean-Louis of Cinandre. Celadon-green crêpe satin, right, baring one shoulder, with a long jersey cape spilled from the other. Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis Boutique; dress of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Onondaga fabric), cape of Dacron and wool (Jasco Fabrics). Each, about $165. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Joseph Horne; Hudson's. David Webb cultured pearl and diamond ring. ...Pale, liquid, with pearls and bareness—Max Factor's Swedish Formula Moisture, smoothing the way for UltraLucent color: Wine Blossom on the nails, Wood Wine on the lips. Hair combed by Tony Caputo of Cinandre. Accessory information, next to last page.



PENN

PENN

Pale, liquid... with pearls and dazzle at night

Pale furs, pyjamas, jewels, left,
one flowing over the other in a perfect stream
of light—champagne fox and mink...
white satin halter and pants...
pearl necklaces tiered to the waist.
Coat, in "Apollo" Emba rare extra-pale
mink and dyed fox, by Ben Kahn at Cartier.
Also at Nan Duskin; Kenton Center,
Chevy Chase; Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin.
Silk pyjamas by Halston. Fake pearls:
rope by Marvella, necklace by Dubaux.
Sheer, shimmery gold sari cloth, right,
threaded with a rainbow—pink, azure, violet,
turquoise—and falling to the floor...
pearls at the ear, the wrist,
and the biggest prize of all on a ring.
Dress by Helga, in Chantal sari cloth.
About $365. Elizabeth Arden Salon, N. Y.;
Young Quinlan; Bullock's Wilshire.
David Webb cultured pearl necklace-bracelets
and ring. Accessories, next to last page.

Evening makeup
with a new light on

EYES

Agreed: you want to change your look for evening. Powder, pearls,
pale colorings—that's one way to do it. But why stop there?
Some nights you'll want another kind of look,
one with more dazzle to it. For those nights: try gold—
it's the key to a whole new coloring in makeup.
And it starts with the eyes....
Not that gold eye makeup is news in itself.
Eyes have been glinted with gold before and sequinned
with gold. The difference—visible, opposite*—eyes that gleam*
the way gold really gleams, with warmth
and softness. They don't give off sparks, they give off light.
Which is what a big evening makeup is all about now:
ornamental, but subtle, delicate—the face comes through. . . .
As for the small, gleaming deep-lidded object, above:
a miniature African mask—also gold . . . and exquisitely subtle.
From the collection of The Museum of Primitive Art, New York.

Reflections on a golden eye, opposite: *Pure Gold—stroked on the lids, brushed up to the brow, dusted on the cheekbone. A sheer, soft, tarnish-proof gold—as gleaming at one end of the evening as the other. The secret: a new eye-shadow formula with color and gleam blended together as one—actually homogenized, like milk and cream. Forty-eight shades; three degrees of shimmer, from the softly lustrous CremeSpuns to FrostSpuns to the really gleaming ones like Pure Gold. Everything in Ultima II's Color Couture Collection by Charles Revson—who also mined the dazzling Spungold Bronze lipstick here. Chunky gold earrings, David Webb. Makeup and coifs, these six pages, Franklyn Welsh.*

What to keep in mind for evening: there's a certain procedure to a good makeup . . . takes a little more time, makes all the difference. Eyes need special emphasis, a face has to be able to hold its own under artificial night lights. Some of the things that make it work: Lots of shining pink–rouge where you smile; a ribbon of rosy foundation across the face, temple to temple, polished with highlighter. . . . Eye-makeup base applied before shadow. And a new way of applying color itself–lightly, in the thinnest layers. Eye openers: white at the inner corner; a line of silvery blue above lower lashes, a dot of gold or gloss at the outside. . . . Thinner brows–but not pencil thin–and thicker lashes –curled, mascara top and bottom, a few fakes if you like.

AVEDON

PERFUME

the spirit of the 'seventies

Only four years ago, we held an ounce of perfume a month to be a sufficiency. Today we would triple it, and bolster it as always with oils and soaps, scented sprays and candles for the house, a world of appeal to the senses via perfumes....

Rather than a blunt instrument of frank sexuality, perfume is a pliable implement of the sensuality expressed by satiny skin, gleaming eyelids, and real makeup. No perfume, alas, is a real and guaranteed aphrodisiac, but the right perfume never turns men off, either...

The right perfume? How do you tell? A Herbal of 1447 advised "Ye Will by smelling learne" and we haven't come up with a better way.... Make your learning an on-going thing. Try three perfumes at a time, no more. The nose is a sensitive thing, and suffers from confusion and fatigue after three. Do your sampling with a drop of perfume rubbed on the inside of the wrist. Once you hit upon a likely candidate or two, buy smallish quantities to test over a period of time.

Time will change the quality of your perfume. You already know that perfume is acutely sensitive to the individual chemistry of your body so that no one perfume is the same on any two people. That chemistry of yours is changing minute by minute, your pulse and metabolism go through rhythmic shifts every hour of the day from *adagio* to *lento*, and the menstrual cycle changes things yet again.... Getting to know about the rhythms of the body is helpful. It teaches us, for one thing, that you may wear the same scent, but it will be a different scent all the time.

Timing, as measured by the body, affects perfume, but the calendar time has no effect on a great perfume.... Some of the classics go throbbing on, popular now as when they were created—some more than fifty years ago.... Jicky, Chanel No. 5, Emeraude, L'Heure Bleue, Quelques Fleurs, Nuit de Noel have all passed the half-century mark. Some other perennial pleasers and their birth dates: Shalimar (1925), Arpege (1927), Tabu (1931), Joy (1934).

New night eyes . . . and other precious jewels

Shimmering, catching the light, opposite: the new eye makeup for evening introduced one page back. Here, Gleaming Patina shadow in Green Topaz with a touch of Pure Gold; Goldfoil Pink lipstick. All, Ultima II.... The clips, designed by Cartier-Paris in 1926, an extraordinary canapé of carved emeralds, rubies, sapphires on a crust of diamonds. (Dress, full-length, page 131.)

AVEDON

PERFUME

the spirit of the ’seventies

If perfume staying power is the problem . . . remember that, once again, it depends on the individual. Some skins hold makeup longer than others, same story with scent. . . . Four hours is about the maximum life-span you should expect per application, however. . . . Take your perfume along with you for revivers along the way. You wouldn't leave your lipstick behind on the dressing table, would you? A perfume atomizer should play the same indispensable role as a lipstick in your purse planning. . . . Investigate perfume oils, solid perfumes, the most potent of perfumes.

The perfume in your bag all day needn't be the same one that's tucked into a little evening envelope. Back to body chemistry, here—during the active, high-pulse-rate hours of the day, you need a lighter perfume, a cologne. . . . It might be a sexually ambiguous one. A number of women, Ali MacGraw for one, like to use a man's cologne during the day. Hers—Dior's Eau Savage. Boys and girls together during the day, at night you switch to something that's all woman. . . . A scent for day, a scent for evening, for summer, for winter. Why not? For psychological reasons, a variety of scents is a fine way to gentle mood-swings. . . .

Single-floral and single-herbal perfumes and oils are hovering now on the brink of a new popularity. . . . Greta Garbo is addicted to vetiver perfume. Françoise de la Renta adores violets: "My husband is insane about the scent, and I always have a little bouquet of violets on my night table. When it is faded and dry, then the perfume really comes out and I keep the dried petals and put them into little balls in every corner of my linen drawer. . . . I found wonderful violet soaps at Bloomingdale's. . . . For the winter, in the country especially, it's a fresh marvelous smell as if you'd been in the garden. A bath with violet soap, and with (or even without) some violet cologne and you look shining and cool and smell of violets. Delicious. . . ."

A perfumed bath is the "luxury of luxuries" to the French, from Voltaire to Hubert de Givenchy. . . . Happily, it's one of the most reasonably-priced luxuries. Perfumed soap costs more than the supermarket variety because it begins with a good dollop of precious perfume oils. To ensure that the scent is true and lasting to the last tiny sliver, perfume oil and soap base are rolled and pressed together by a special, painstaking process known as Hard or French milling. Soap emerges compact, long-lasting and wonderfully smelly. . . . Double the value of perfumed soap thus: Unwrap and place in a drawer for a few weeks as a sachet before taking to the tub with it. Gives the soap a chance to dry thoroughly, causing it to last longer in the tub. . . .

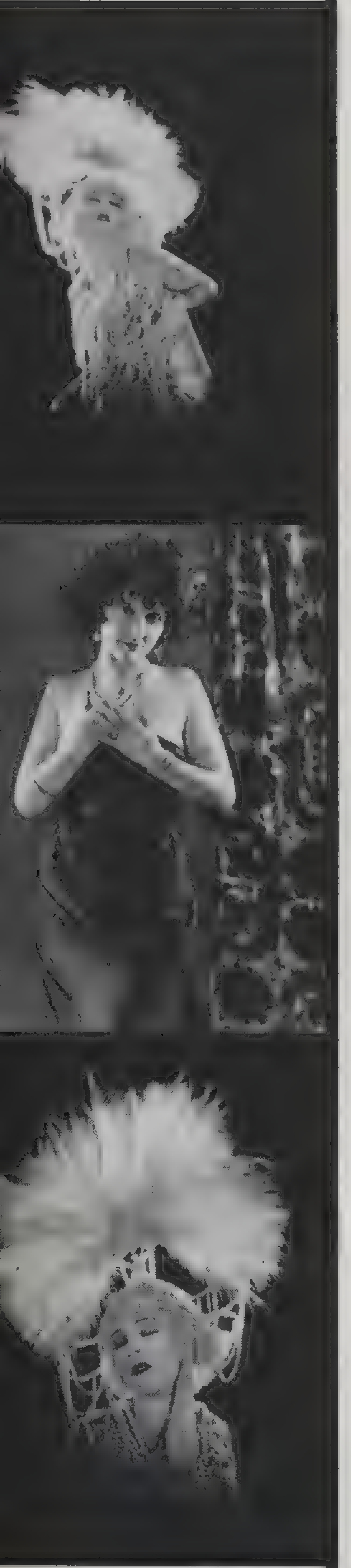
Layer it, blend it is the rule for a really luminous eye shadow. Same for perfume for the most lambent effect, surest allure and personal delight . . . a few drops of oil and a fat cake of perfumed soap in the bath, dusting powder for a whisper of scent everywhere. Light but widespread splashings of cologne or toilet water, long strokes of perfume at all the pulse points, and finally a mist of perfume spray overall. . . . One night, it might be the same delicious scent throughout. On another, a truly haunting mélange known only to you. . . .

Don't neglect the scented airs that extend fragrance to every corner of the house. Make it a captivating mix of wonderful scents—not perfumes that compete with your own, but teasing aromas that complement it. . . . Mrs. Aristotle Onassis tosses cinnamon sticks into the fireplace around the logs. You might also try chips of sandalwood, or pine cones; a bundle of dried vetiver tucked under a radiator; a scented burning candle; tiny pillows stuffed with fragrant balsam; open paper bags filled with cinnamon and cloves in a guest closet. . . .

Night eyes . . . and other precious jewels

Jewels for all of you, opposite—brilliant Platinum, one of the new Gleaming Patina shadows, lighting the whole eye area, with an arc of SpunSilver Pink in the crease . . . the shiniest, wettest mouth gleamed with Goldleaf. All by Ultima II. . . . Little diamond studs at the ear and ropes of perfect white cultured pearls held by a diamond daisy clip with a huge yellow-sapphire center—the lights that never fail, from Tiffany. (The dress, shown full-length on page 114.)

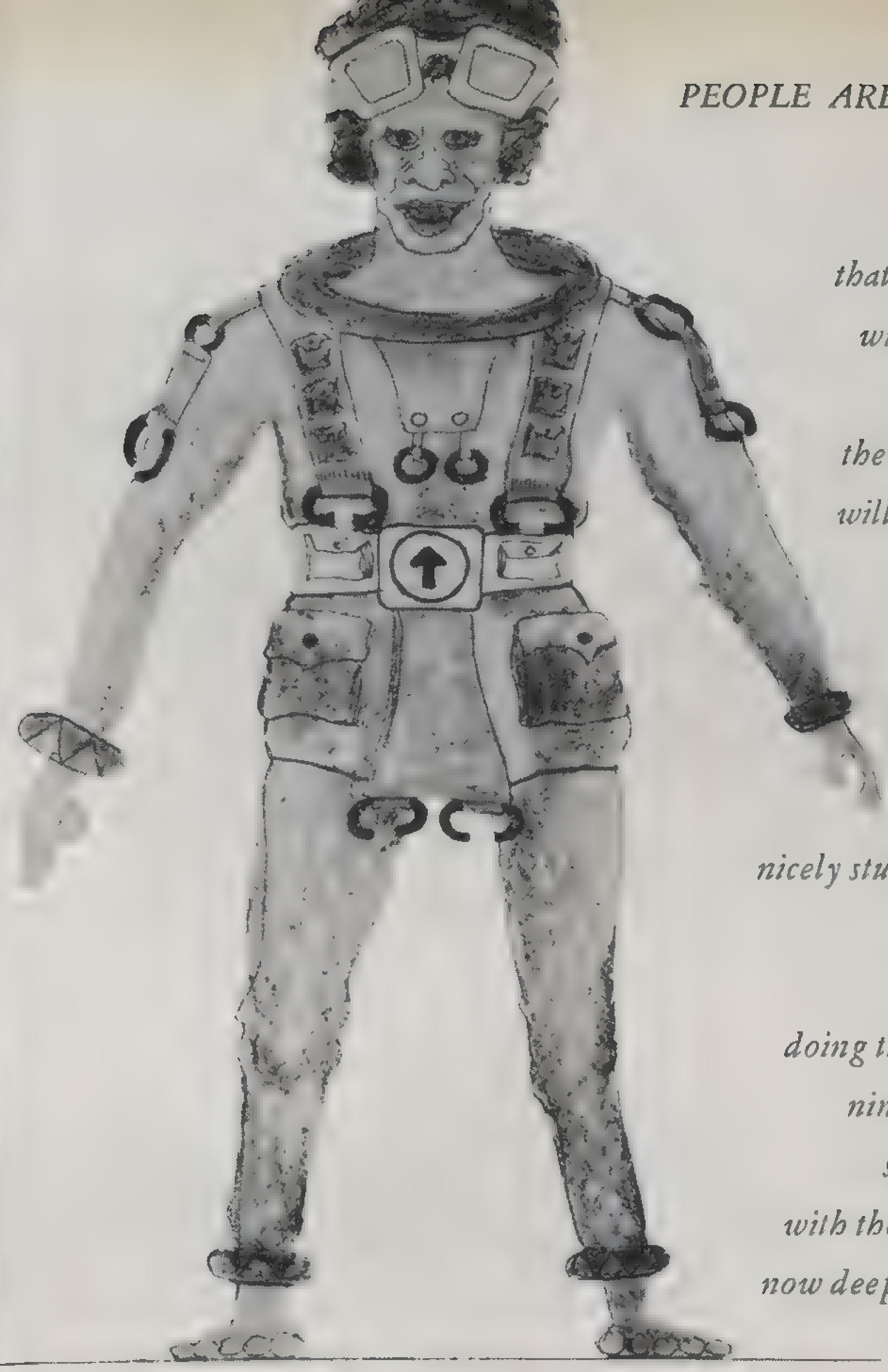
AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **HUNTER S. THOMPSON**'s observation that the trouble with the Presidential campaign, in spite of polls to the contrary, is that **RICHARD NIXON** is running as if he thinks he is going to lose and **GEORGE McGOVERN** is running as if he thinks he is going to win. . . . The almost total absence of humor in both camps except for one placard at the Republican Convention that read: "We're behind McGovern 1000%" and the **ANDY WARHOL** poster of Richard Nixon emblazoned "Vote McGovern." . . . The youth vote and the young delegate at one of the Miami conventions who was overheard asking the chairman of his state's delegation, "Are Governors elected or appointed?" . . . **GERMAINE GREER**, the English writer on Women's Lib, reporting on American politics, who found both Presidential candidates losers at sexual politics. . . . The lengthening shadow of '76 and the election four years from now that many feel will be decided on November 7, 1972.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **MONEY**—*the new magazine Money that has all the reassuring charm of an undertaker, and Supermoney, "Adam Smith" 's second book about $ that explains, fascinatingly but rather murkily, the Great Panic of 1970, a trauma that in spite of its aftereffects seems to have been totally repressed. . . . The extravagant album of portraits of the* **HOLLYWOOD STARS**—*studio photographs, back-lit, gussied-up, and impossibly grand—The Image Makers. From it, left: Nazimova, in top and bottom photographs, and Mae Busch, center.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Making of a Cook, by Madeleine Kamman, an unusual cookbook published a year ago that has just begun to catch on, a book that bases its cooking techniques on the chemical changes foods go through: immensely useful.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Via Galactica, the upcoming space-age Broadway musical that opens the end of this month, with a score by **GALT MacDERMOT** *and staging by* **PETER HALL**, *the brilliant British director who will succeed Sir Laurence Olivier as head of Great Britain's National Theatre; at the left is one of John Bury's costume designs, very 2972. . . . The* **NEW VICTORIANS**, *nicely stuffy, a growing tribe of people on both sides of the Atlantic, sentimental, worried about doing the right thing, and really into nineteenth-century painting and sculpture—a trend that began with the Art Nouveau mania and has now deepened and widened to include the rest of the century.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **MELINA MERCOURI**, RIGHT, A PASSIONATE GREEK, AND HER ROLE IN THE CONTROVERSIAL MUSICAL VERSION OF ARISTOPHANES' LYSISTRATA, A PLAY THAT HAS BEEN BANNED FOR CENTURIES: "TALKING ISN'T ENOUGH. WOMEN HAVE TO BARGAIN WITH THEIR HEARTS, THEIR MINDS, AND THEIR BODIES FOR WHAT IS JUST."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . FLIP WILSON AS **GERALDINE**, ABOVE, IN A TELEVISION CARTOON SPECIAL, NOVEMBER 12 AT 7:30 P.M., EST, NBC. GERALDINE HAS, IT SEEMS, BEGUN TO ACCEPT MODELING ASSIGNMENTS.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **JERRY ORBACH** *and* **JANE ALEXANDER**, *left, as a couple of married people unexpectedly thrown together apartment-hunting in 6 RMS RIV VU, a new Broadway comedy about New York City's last rent-controlled apartment. . . . The elaborate picture book Tallulah, with text by* **BRENDAN GILL**, *that lights up an incredible era and the incredible Bankhead woman with a gleeful, funny charm. . . . The new-old fad for lukewarm to cold baths to conserve body energies.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . THE SIMPLE USE OF HABIT PATTERNS BY RESEARCH PSYCHOLOGISTS TO CRACK BIG PROBLEMS. FOR **INSOMNIA**, USE THE BEDROOM ONLY FOR SLEEP. READ, EAT, WATCH TV ELSEWHERE. WHEN THOUGHTS OF SLEEP COME, RUSH TO BED. IF WORRIES INVADE, GET UP AND LEAVE THE ROOM. RETURN AND LEAVE AS MANY TIMES AS NECESSARY. AMAZINGLY EFFECTIVE.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Necessary Objects, the new novel by Lois Gould who wrote Such Good Friends, a story about four rich neurotic daughters who have at it, great for reading with a big box of chocolates. . . . **CHARLES BRONSON**, *so ugly he's beautiful, in The Mechanic, a movie thriller about organized crime on two continents. . . .* **MAURICE BÉJART**'*s ballet-spectacular Nijinsky, Clown of God, at the Felt Forum until November 12, unexpectedly good.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Andy Warhol's remark "The way into the 'seventies is through the 'fifties" and the return of really bad bad jokes, not yet quite up to the legendary "shaggy dog." . . . **TINA TURNER**, below, and her new hit album, Tina in the Raw. "People seem to worry about how women suffer in the songs I sing. They do, but they give it back. No man can get the best of any woman if she knows what to expect."

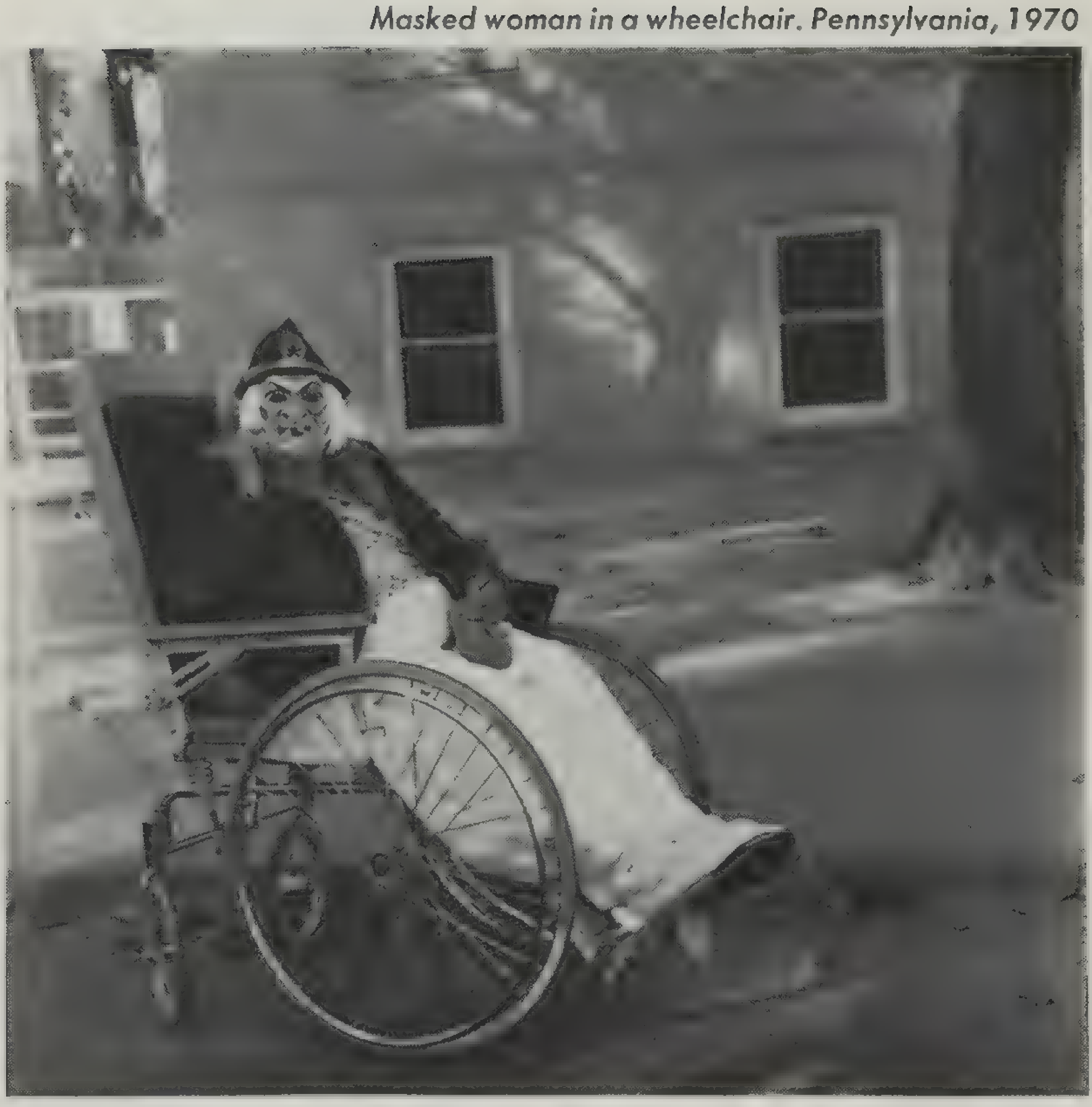
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **ALISTAIR COOKE**, the British journalist, whose smooth wit makes United States history seem very short indeed, and the new television series America he narrates, beginning November 14 at 10 P.M., EST, NBC.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . THE SCURRY OF RUMORS ABOUT THE RETURN TO MOVIE ACTING BY **HER SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO**, WHO, IT SEEMS, REALLY IS INTERESTED IN FILM DIRECTING, HAS NOT COME UP WITH A SUITABLE SCRIPT.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The extraordinary jacket on Alan Watts' new book, The Supreme Identity: a rose-window from Notre Dame merging into a **TIBETAN MANDALA**, a potent symbol for the spiritual thrust of the 'seventies. . . . The growing reaction against group therapy, backed up by mounting reports of cruelty and humiliation, used as techniques of psychological exposure in many sessions.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **KATHARINE ROSS**, *tremendously vulnerable, a flawed beauty as the heroine of the new movie mystery They Only Kill Their Masters, one of the few recent Hollywood movies to pick up on the pace and excitement of their television counterparts. . . . The ten-year-old kid whose only jeans' patch reads: "Sex has no calories."*

Masked woman in a wheelchair. Pennsylvania, 1970



DANGER: LIFE

DIANE ARBUS PHOTOGRAPHED PEOPLE AT THEIR CORES. THIS MONTH HER POWERFUL, UNEASY WORK FILLS A NEW BOOK AND A SHOW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

No one *really* knew Diane Arbus, but she allowed intense glimpses of herself. As when she said, "It's what I've never seen before that I recognize." Or, "A photograph is a secret about a secret. The more it tells you the less you know." The more one knew her, the less one knew her.

A short, small-boned, pale woman, she went through life as through a spectacle—and a dangerous spectacle at that. There was always a circumference of silence about her—an odd, disquieting circle of sensitivity that would ultimately lock into someone else's life. Once the confrontation took place, and once the camera recorded it, the results would invariably produce a kind of terrifying emotional and visual short-circuit.

What was it about Diane Arbus that led her to explore the underpinnings of human existence? What drove her into the home of a midget, a giant, of transvestites, nudists, sword-swallowers, human pincushions? What form of curiosity was it that made her stop to photograph the smooth and deadly faces of very young children, or of American men and women, blank with rage? Surely, it could not have been obsessive fascination alone that found Diane Arbus singling out and fixing upon the (Continued on page 181)

Child with a toy hand grenade in Central Park. New York, 1962

CAN THE LOVE DOCTORS

A close-up of Masters and Johnson... and what the critics think of their sex therapy

By Patrick McGrady

Since no inquiry into lovedoctoring could afford to miss the field's two stellar attractions, I knew I had to see Masters and Johnson—but wasn't at all sure if they'd see me. They were hardly hurting for publicity. They disliked publicity they could not control, even friendly television interviews.

A couple of mutual friends put in a good word for me and after giving them a week or so to check my credentials, I called the Foundation. To my delight, we were able to set up an interview for the following week. I asked a St. Louis businessman acquaintance of theirs what Masters would be like. For years, he and his wife had seen William and Betty Masters socially.

"Well," my friend said, "first of all you have to understand that Bill Masters has no sense of humor. He's not easy to cotton with. . . ."

"He hasn't got a friend in the world," interrupted his wife on the upstairs phone. "Not a one."

"Now," chided her husband, "that's just gossip. How do you know that?"

Explaining the Masters aloofness, my friend added:

"There are those who cotton together, and there are those who don't. A lot of people have tried to make friends with him. And go out of their way to do it. Everybody'd go halfway. But he wouldn't even go forty percent. So no wonder when he got started on this sex kick everybody in St. Louis just sneered at it."

Despite its size, St. Louis is definitely a town where one is prone to say that everybody does this, that, or the other. Which is probably an excellent illustration of the kind of problem that faced Masters when he began his precedent-shattering enterprise.

Masters and Johnson have clearly established a preeminence in sex research that has relegated all others to minority status. Sex research has become their football—the only "official league" ball in the neighborhood. When some smart kid refuses to play the game by their rules, they simply pick up the ball and go home. As one of their former associates has said: "You can either accept what they say or call them liars. You have no way of proving that they're right or wrong. There is no middle ground."

"I got the book [*Human Sexual Response*] and read it," my St. Louis friend had told me on the phone. "We were all mighty anxious to see it, frankly. He started out as an expert in fertility, as an obstetrician-gynecologist, and everyone in town went to him then. His present wife, Betty, whom he's divorcing, was just another one of the girls. But there was always someone else who bought his clothes for him. It turns out now, I guess, that it was Mrs. Johnson [now his wife]."

Because of their expertise, Masters and Johnson have been victimized by just this kind of curiosity. Nobody cares whether his dentist has an armpit fetish or drools over prepubescent girls. But if Masters and Johnson are going to tell us what's right and wrong with our sex lives, we bloody well want to know whether they've tried their ideas out in their own bedrooms—or in that crazy laboratory. Had they remained professor and perpetual student respectively, they might have been immune to such curiosity. But they didn't and so they aren't.

In point of fact, very little is known about either one of them. Probably the best biographies are contained in Edward M. Brecher's excellent books, *The Sex Researchers* and *An Analysis of Human Sexual Responses*, and in *Understanding Human Sexual Inadequacy*, by Fred Belliveau and Lin Richter.

Interestingly, as privy as my friend was to local gossip—Masters and Johnson had been able to conceal their liaison from him and other of Masters' intimates.

Briefly, William Howell Masters was born in Cleveland in 1915, the son of well-to-do parents who put him through Lawrenceville School in New Jersey and Hamilton College, where he received his B.S. in 1938. Aiming toward a career in biological research, he studied under Dr. George Washington Corner at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry. In probing into the mysteries of the female rabbit's estrous cycle, Masters decided that the human female's menstrual cycle was so little understood that meaningful comparisons of the two species would be most difficult. He decided to switch to humans.

Corner, an anatomist and sex biologist, was sympathetic—but familiar with a score of tragedies that had befallen other ebullient young researchers who had fallen afoul of the profession's occult scorn of the specialty. He advised Masters to postpone getting into sex research until he was forty, had made his mark in another field, and had found a prominent institution to sponsor his work. Kinsey was well past his fourth decade and a respectable zoologist by the time he decided to pry into human sexuality. William Masters was not quite so patient. He began at thirty-eight.

In 1942 he married Elizabeth Ellis and joined the U. S. Naval Reserve as a lieutenant junior grade, only to be discharged a year and a half later for medical reasons. He has a laggard right eye that has trouble moving and focusing. In 1943 he received his medical degree from Rochester. From then until 1947, he trained in obstetrics and gynecology and taught at Washington University in St. Louis. His daughter, Sarah Worthington, was born in 1950, and his namesake son, William Howell III, a year later.

After publishing twenty-five papers on hormone-replacement therapy for postmenopausal women, he began to dip into what he considered his lifework: the study of human sexuality. His aim was to get to the bottom of problems that had plagued civilization since the beginning of history—not by philosophizing or interviewing, but by exploring the same way a good scientist explores any other objects or tests any other hypothesis.

For an ambitious physician-researcher anxious to make his mark, Gini Johnson was probably the best companion he could have chosen. If Masters knew his specialty and had embarked on an enterprise bound to give him celebrity, it was this Springfield, Missouri, farm girl who could make every score count big. In private conversation, he has alluded to the Sammy Glick of *What Makes Sammy Run* in describing her ability to make the most of everything.

© PATRICK MCGRADY, 1972. FROM "THE LOVE DOCTORS" PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN

HELP YOUR SEX LIFE?

She was born Virginia Eshelman February 11, 1925, and spent twelve years as an only child until her brother was born. Among the qualities that struck Masters most were her earthiness, her probing curiosity, her ease with people, her persuasiveness, her tolerance of personality differences, and her diligence.

There is a schoolmarm quality about her, a kind of didacticism which some like and others don't like. She is a rare "earthy" person—one who says things like: "Although the rural environment carried much superstition in the way of myths about sex, I credit the rural regard for the sexual component of life with my lack of hang-ups with the subject."

She was an academic dilettante, fluttering from one course to another. Her interests ranged from music to sociology and religion.

"I was a music student for many, many years," she told an interviewer, "and as such I blasted any organized, really well-structured degree program I ever had by going where I wanted and studying what I wanted. And everyone looked at me and said: 'Do you really want to do this?' But no one ever told me not to. In other words, I wanted to put together things that I wanted to know. And I proceeded to do it to the annihilation of any degree I might have had."

It was not easy for her to adapt to medical training, but few today would challenge her sophistication in the field.

"The point is," she said once, "that I am not bright, unfortunately. I am very mentally undisciplined. This has been a very real rough thing to discipline a mind to match medical training."

To this day she remains degreeless—although she registered in 1964 as a doctoral candidate in psychology at Washington University. Currently, she belongs to a number of academic sex and reproduction societies and is the better writer of the team.

She knows media, having worked with the St. Louis *Daily Record*, a court and business newspaper, and her official résumé notes that she "developed and carried out analysis of advertising effectiveness upon which business and industrial portion of publication was established." She also worked in the advertising department of the local CBS radio station affiliate KMOX.

Her personal life is a bit more mysterious. For instance, there is a fairly well-concealed early marriage (antedating that to George V. Johnson) when she was twenty-two to a St. Louis attorney, Ivan Rinehart, a man twenty-one years her senior. The childless union lasted barely one year. Since their divorce in 1948, neither one has bothered to contact the other. They knew little about each other prior to their wedding, and apparently cared less afterwards. As Rinehart has put it: "While we were married, nothing much happened and it just didn't work out very well."

Knowing all about the farm animals and feeling at ease with barnyard sexuality was no substitute for knowing some facts about human sexuality. "I was never told about menstruation or anything," she says. "There was a very rigid rejection of anything sexual. You didn't talk about it."

Deprivation's certain consequence is inquisitiveness, and the young Virginia early began to read up on just about everything—including sex, or what passed for it in the torrid novels her mother tried unsuccessfully to shield her from.

A lifelong passion has been music. For years she sang professionally as "Virginia Gibson" in an all-girl quartet sponsored by the Gibson Coffee Company and later in her second husband's band, which he terms a "good, hard swingin' band."

Her marriage to Johnson lasted just over six years. When they were divorced in 1956, she was given custody of their two children, Scott Forstall and Lisa Evans.

"Musicians are night people and babies are day people, and I couldn't handle it all," she says. "George is a terribly nice person," she told New York Post stringer Jerome P. Curry, "It was one of those things where we didn't share the same ideas and goals. Our commonality was music."

Thanks to the children, Johnson and Johnson keep in touch. Their son is a music student at Webster College and his father thinks his talent as flutist and clarinetist is such as to make him professional timber. According to George Johnson, the children "come around when they have problems and talk." From a half-hour phone conversation with their father it became apparent that George Johnson and Virginia Johnson had little in common besides their children and a love for music.

I drove as fast as the ramshackle U. S. 40 route, Magic-Markered out on my map by the AAA, would permit. Sooty once-red-brick industrial monuments to pioneering greed were the only interruptions of the rolling, bare, winterized Midwestern farmland: Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and finally—969 miles from New York—St. Louis.

The foundation had reserved a room for me at the Forest Park Hotel, where many of its patients stay. It is an older building, not unpleasant, with green-and-white chandeliered gentility. I arrived late one night, with a day to spare before my interview. As the boy carried my luggage up to my room, I thought to myself that somewhere, in one of these rooms, a man and a woman were desperately trying to save their marriage by giving each other a long, silent massage as prescribed by Masters and Johnson.

The Reproductive Biology Research Foundation is located at 4910 Forest Park Boulevard in a new, three-story building with "Central Medical Building" imprinted over its beige marble slabs. The building is dominated by a recessed facade mosaic of wide, story-high windowpanes. After walking up a flight of nine steps, you pass an antiseptic-looking Central Medical Pharmacy and enter through glass doors. You have the odd feeling, with all that glass, of being on exhibition. I was happy to be visiting as a reporter, not a patient.

Action Central is Room 220 on the second floor. You are reminded of the Foundation's fabled caution and discretion as an electric buzzer releases the catch on a little gate in the office. You run no risk of getting lost, as prim, alert women in starched white

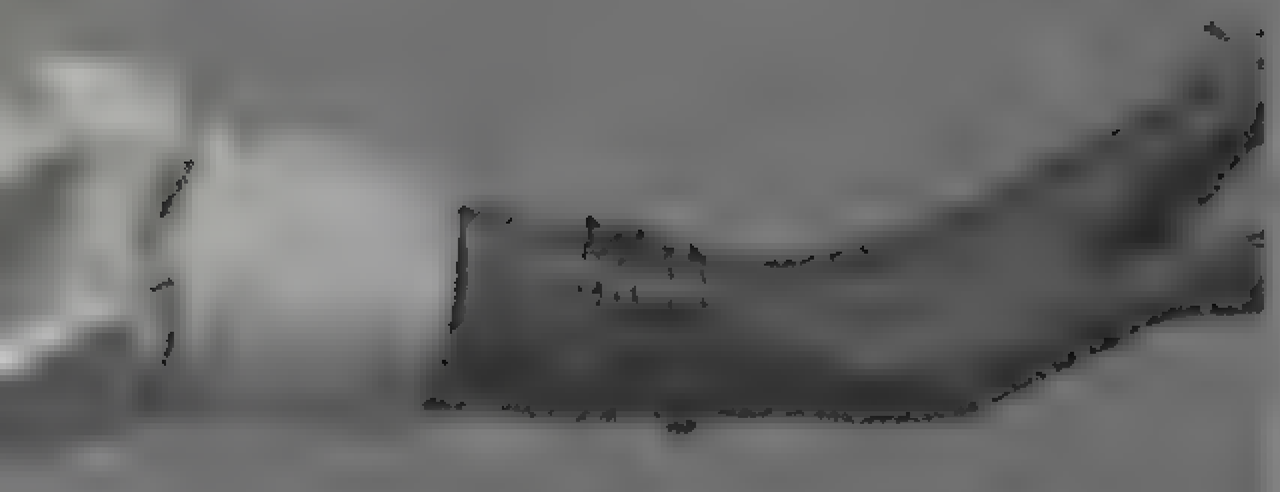
(Continued on page 176)

The shirtdress

blows in for day

Soft, pale, sharp— dresses that put you in the mood for a nifty new dress life... Think dress: and this is the way to do it—in the breeziest dresses going. Start them now under coats, under furs; take them South.... Bright yellow matte jersey, left, with a drawstring waist—like wearing a clear day. Stan Herman for Bendel's Studio; rayon (Jasco Fabrics). About $140. Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Off-white knit on a drawstring, right—think about it with a jersey beret, peach wool coat. By Ginala; Duplex International double-knit wool knitted in America. About $105. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Calvin Klein coat. Accessories, next to last page.

The shirtdress for day



It's an uncluttered, modern look—gives you a breezy stretch of leg and arm...

...and with this prettiness, paleness—just the lift you could use right now.... Ivory silk, left, the two-piece dress with a shirt-jacket that pulls itself in with a drawstring. Kasper for Joan Leslie; Couleur International fabric. About $135. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Kaufmann's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's. Cardigan shirtdress in peach, right—the flattery color now. Put it with a wrap coat, a white cashmere cardigan over the shoulders, or (as here) a chopped coat of peach wool, a pinky-peach angora hat. Dress, Mario Forte for Rona; acrylic and wool (Marquette fabric). About $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Ginala coat. Accessories, next to last page.

AVEDON

The shirtdress for day

Wrapped waists, skirts blowing, moving with you through a day...

...or through an easy little evening—in these pale, soft colorings and textures, almost anything goes: resorts, travel... spring.... Off-white shirtdress, far left, waist wrapped, skirt gathered, everything pale with it. Woolmark dress by Arthur Dalager, of Wonderwool by Fablon. About $150. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Black-and-white stripes, center, sharp and breezy, with another black-and-white print for the hat. Liz Claiborne for Youth Guild; acetate and rayon (Fisher & Gentile fabric). About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Natural Chinese raw silk, left, with kimono sleeves, wide wrapped sash. Bill Smith for Skip II; about $145. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Swanson's. Coifs, these six pages by Suga. Accessories, next to last page.

AVEDON

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM A GREAT MAKEUP ARTIST

tips from Alberto de' Rossi, "designer" of famous faces

Audrey Hepburn with Alberto de' Rossi on location for "Two for the Road"

Alberto de' Rossi, Italian, with silver hair and burning brown eyes, is a kind of beauty psychiatrist and Mario-the-makeup-magician for famous film stars, including Audrey Hepburn, Virna Lisi, Elizabeth Taylor, Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and now the entire cast of the new Visconti movie, *Ludwig of Bavaria*. "It's easier to name the stars I haven't made up than those that I have," said Alberto de' Rossi whose method is unique. "First I have my subjects photographed with flat light, lens on the center of the face, without makeup. Then I order a huge blow-up and start redesigning the face on the photograph. I believe maquillage is not a painting but a sculpture. Colors are not the only element.

"I use a pencil to mold and shade the lines and planes and features on the photograph. I must make the face harmonious before getting into the newest fashion. The face, for instance, may be too broad, or the eyebrows too low, or the eyes too deep set or too close to the nose. Within limits, I try to alter this wrong sculpture of nature.

"Every time I see a face, I see what God has given it. I try to improve what displeases me—almost to the limit of the false. But the look must be natural, nothing hard, never a mask. Never! . . . Before starting on my 'live sculpture,' I look at my restructured photograph in the mirror for final retouching. Then I give the subject the photograph (it is hers to keep) and start working."

Alberto de' Rossi opens his magic box—a Louis Vuitton makeup case—and ties a red bandana above his hornrims to calm his beaded brow: "I get so emotional when I work!" He spreads out his brushes and pots (most of his products are made by his son, another de' Rossi) and props his photosculpture next to his live subject. "I must begin with a completely clean surface. I still believe in soap and water. Some complexions may be dry, but certainly there are special soaps for them, too."

Step by step, this is Alberto's way with makeup:

1 I clean the face with soap and water.

2 I spread a light patina of foundation over the face and neck.

3 I powder the face and neck, then brush away the surplus and spray on Evian Spray, leaving it for two minutes before blotting with Kleenex. Then the skin is glowing.

4 I mix colored powders and test them on the forehead for shadowing—powders must be transparent, brushed on to shade the face as my lines on the photograph show what is needed.

5 I shadow the face like a sculpture, the temples to avoid a flat forehead, the cheekbones, the jawline, the nose, the chin, depending on the planes of the face.

6 The eyes: I follow the natural line, opening, enlarging, but always in proportion, never slanting an eye upwards if the line is straight. On the lower lid I put dots above the lashes, never a hard straight line, then a bit of mascara. The upper lid can be lined softly, and shadowed, but the line must flow naturally, in harmony with the temple hairline. Then mascara.

7 Eyebrows are the consequence of eyes. An important face must have eyebrows, even if they are out of fashion a little, but you must have them. I start the eyebrow in a direct line straight above the flare of the nostril and pull it out to the proportion of the eye so that it forms an invisible triangle with the hairline.

8 The mouth. If a mouth smiles it is happy; if sad, it is a weeping mouth. Garbo had a weeping mouth. If a woman has a romantic mouth, I leave it pale and sweet. If her mouth is violent and dramatic with naturally dark lips, then I color it dark. It depends on the role actresses play. If sexy, I make the mouth sexy. For Elizabeth Taylor in *Cleopatra*, for example, I reconstructed a Garbo makeup, the weeping eye, the violent, artificial mouth.

"I first made up Audrey Hepburn for *Roman Holiday* and have done her makeup ever since for films and for photographs. Her bones are photogénique. She has a very strong jawline; in a sense I reversed her face by emphasizing her temples. Except for that, she has such beautiful bone structure that her features need little shading. The structure has not really changed, just her look. Now I give Audrey far less eyebrows than before. But still she has some eyebrows. Her face needs that. She is absolutely contemporary. Women have always wanted to imitate her. They still do. They always will.

"Venus de Milo is ages away from Bardot . . . but both are beautiful"

"Maquillage differs by daylight and night light, and can reflect the color of a dress or a jewel, but it should never shock. I would suggest a personal time schedule of fifteen minutes for the morning, half an hour for the afternoon, and three-quarters of an hour for night.

"For sleeping? Never curlers and creams! So unromantic.

"I am a real man . . . I love women . . . I want them all to be beautiful"

"I have worked with plastic surgeons redesigning noses before operations and done television shows in Italy on maquillage. For an *Encyclopedia for Women* in Italy, I wrote and illustrated ten articles, each one dealing with a different problem—real-life problems of real-life people, women of all ages who needed help on how to minimize a facial defect. Maquillage is human and universal. I think it would be important for schools to have makeup classes for girls rather than, say, embroidery. Especially now that there is so much liberty in fashion. Now a woman can be herself, but she must learn what's best for her. To know how to change but still remain *fidèle à soi-même*."

"I first made up Audrey Hepburn for *Roman Holiday* . . . I change her look all the time," said Alberto de' Rossi

Here: Audrey Hepburn made up by Alberto de' Rossi . . . wearing her own Valentino dress —silk chiffon printed with mauve blossoms. The mauve rose-on-a-ribbon she added herself, for coquetry. Rome's Sergio of Alexandre did her hair.

AVEDON

SECRET STAR

Silvana Mangano, "one of the world's greatest actresses," rejects fame to live on a country farm as the woman she wants to be—a wife and mother. On the next pages, the story of this elusive beauty. Photographed by Snowdon.

SECRET STAR

Italy's one-time film sex queen, Silvana Mangano, shed curves and sensuality to uncover an aloof beauty and to live with her family—secluded, faithful to herself.

BY CURTIS BILL PEPPER

There seems to be little doubt that the most extraordinary and enigmatic screen personality in Italy today is Silvana Mangano.

Many directors and actors, who should know what they are talking about, say she is the only true diva of Italian cinema. They claim that no one can match her unusual beauty, nor equal her in screen presence, range of acting, or depth of instinct. More important, they say, she has personal mystery, which is described as an extremely rare quality found only in such immortal figures as Garbo, Bergman, or Monroe. In short, she possesses everything that is required of a truly great star.

The only trouble with this is that Miss Mangano has never accepted movies as a way of life, nor anything else that might violate her own image of what she's all about. As a result, she has never made a movie that contained all of her untouched potential, never won an Oscar, and is not as well known as Sophia Loren or Gina Lollobrigida—to name two well-publicized Italian stars.

In spite of this, La Mangano remains unique and apart—out of everyone's range. And though she has tried to bury the sex image that first made her famous twenty-four years ago, it is still there, just below the surface. Also, at forty-two and twice a grandmother, she still retains the looks and the imperious air of all great beauties long accustomed to ruling isolated kingdoms.

Anyone meeting Silvana Mangano for the first time is immediately aware of seeing something quite out of the ordinary. The face, once seen, seems to remain in memory as though waiting for some word or sign to instruct it of its own true nature. And though clearly the face of a beautiful woman, there is something not essentially feminine about it, something in its shape or within its shadows that is slightly androgynous—impervious to the weight of years, neither young nor old, living intensely a secret history of its own.

The separate features of Mangano's face reflect this: The mouth, without smile or professional parting of wet lips, appears in repose, waiting for a moment still to come. The long shadows on the cheek could have fallen on a Madonna or a prostitute. The straight, delicate line of the nose could be found in Etruscan tombs or on Egyptian scrolls. And, within their dark pools, the eyes might belong to a Sicilian girl on her wedding night or a mother looking at the tomb of her son.

Some of the directors who know Mangano have described her face in their own terms. Vittorio De Sica: "It's like finding yourself before the unknown. She is something removed from our lives . . . with an extreme shyness that is found only in wild animals who have never known human beings."

Pier Paolo Pasolini: "The high cheekbones and the long face are spiritual and sensual, yet also mysterious. It's the mystery of all life, except with her it's more visible. She reminds me of my mother."

Luchino Visconti: "Her face is Etruscan in profile. And as in breeding racehorses, the cross between a Sicilian father and an English mother has produced a rare Thoroughbred. The result is an actress who's done fewer films than Loren or Lollobrigida yet is without doubt our greatest star."

Joseph Losey: "A face of infinite sensitivity, an immense talent—one of the world's great screen actresses."

Before such testimony, one asks why Mangano never seized the chance to become a star as famous, perhaps, as Greta Garbo or Marilyn Monroe.

The answer lies somewhere in the untold story of her life. Variously sad and happy, with overtones of a Greek tragedy, the story is more than the personal drama of a reluctant actress; it is also a story about a woman who has refused to accept the imposition of another (Continued on page 186)

At their house, a ruined fortress restored, in the romantic, brooding countryside near Tivoli, Silvana Mangano gives her life to her husband, the film producer Dino De Laurentiis, to her beautifully ordered household with its working farm, and to her children. With her, right, swarmed over one of a collection of old carriages, are, from left to right, Federico, who is seventeen years old; Francesca, eleven; and Raffaella, twenty. Silvana's eldest, Veronica, is married and the mother of two children.

The most luxurious pyjamas, left—loose, flowing pants and long-sleeved shirt in a beautiful brown-on-brown satin stripe—absolutely simple, perfect—Norell's un-big big-evening look, here with pearls to the waist. And makeup in the same mood: eyes softly shaded with Roman Gold, lips in a gleam of Renaissance Red. Both: Marcella Borghese. Pyjamas of Gandini silk. Mid-November, Sara Fredericks; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Cultured-pearl-and-silver ropes by Toby Heller, Bergdorf Goodman. Hair combed by Clive of Cinandre.

SOFT *Seductive...*

WITH FURS AT NIGHT

Long, fluid dresses...pants...furs to wrap them in...and pearls to wear with everything—the way every woman loves to look and feel for big evenings now. Dressed, but very easy. And very appealing....

Black mink to the ankle, right—a wonderful length (and warmth) of fur at night—wrapped and tied with a pailletted grosgrain sash over Halston's flou white crêpe-satin halter and pants, with a soft stock held by pearls. Coat of "Blackglama," natural dark ranch mink. Designed by the Brothers Christie. Henri Bendel; J. P. Allen; Godchaux's; Famous-Barr; Swanson's. Hair combed by Tony Caputo of Cinandre. All accessories, next to last page.

PENN

A dress of matte jersey, left, in deepest teal blue from Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, cut to give an extraordinary cling and flow: partly on the bias, partly straight, with pieces that tie off the shoulders, on the shoulders, around the head, around the neck, around the waist—at least eight different ways—reveal as much skin as you like, or none at all. Of nylon (Duplan Knits fabric). About $410. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's. Coif: Tony Caputo of Cinandre.

SOFT *Seductive...*

NIGHT BLUE WITH FUR

All the sable anyone could want, right: a long, beautiful coat, perfectly simple, with a big sport of collar — the most luxe in the most offhand way—to throw on over anything, anywhere, any night. Tonight: a thin, gleaming, satiny-soft pyjama in navy-and-silver zebra stripes with a long-sleeved top, easy pants. Small, wrapped head in matching stripes... black and white pearls. Coat, of natural Crown Russian sable, by Givenchy for Bergdorf Goodman. Also at Jacobson's. Pyjamas by Tan Giudicelli; viscose and silk. Lou Lattimore; Country Club Fashions. Trifari pearls. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN

The fur pants suit, left: the gleamiest, supplest—black broadtail edged in black mink... looped with pearls. Christian Dior Furs-N. Y., of dyed black Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa and Great Lakes dyed mink. Altman's; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. On both pages, hair combed by Clive of Cinandre.

Bare skin, flowing matte jersey, above—a very sensuous black dress, empire-waisted, dolman-sleeved... with masses of pearls, a white gardenia. By Jean Muir; rayon. About $325. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Cultured-pearl-and-diamond ring: David Webb.

New mink, right: warm deep—exactly the same coloring as sable, with natural Russian crown sable collar and cuffs. Here, with Halston's white crêpe satin pyjamas ... chiffon scarf, pearls at the wrist, on the ear. Coat by I. Wasserman; Natural Royal Samink. Ben Thylan; Haber Furs, Morristown; Gragg Furs, Wichita; Jonas Bros., Denver. David Webb pearls. Accessories, next to last page.

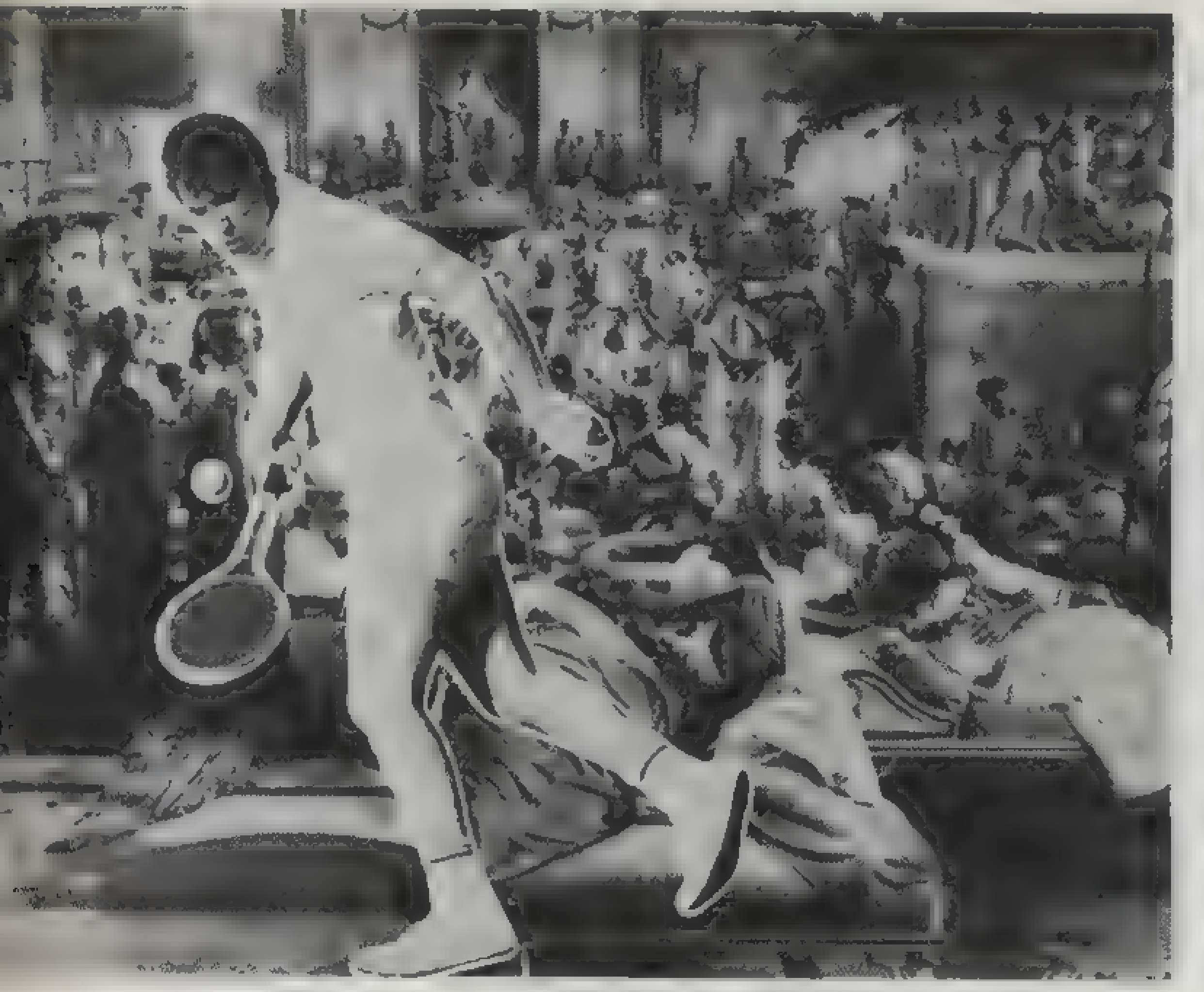
PENN

SOFT *Seductive...*

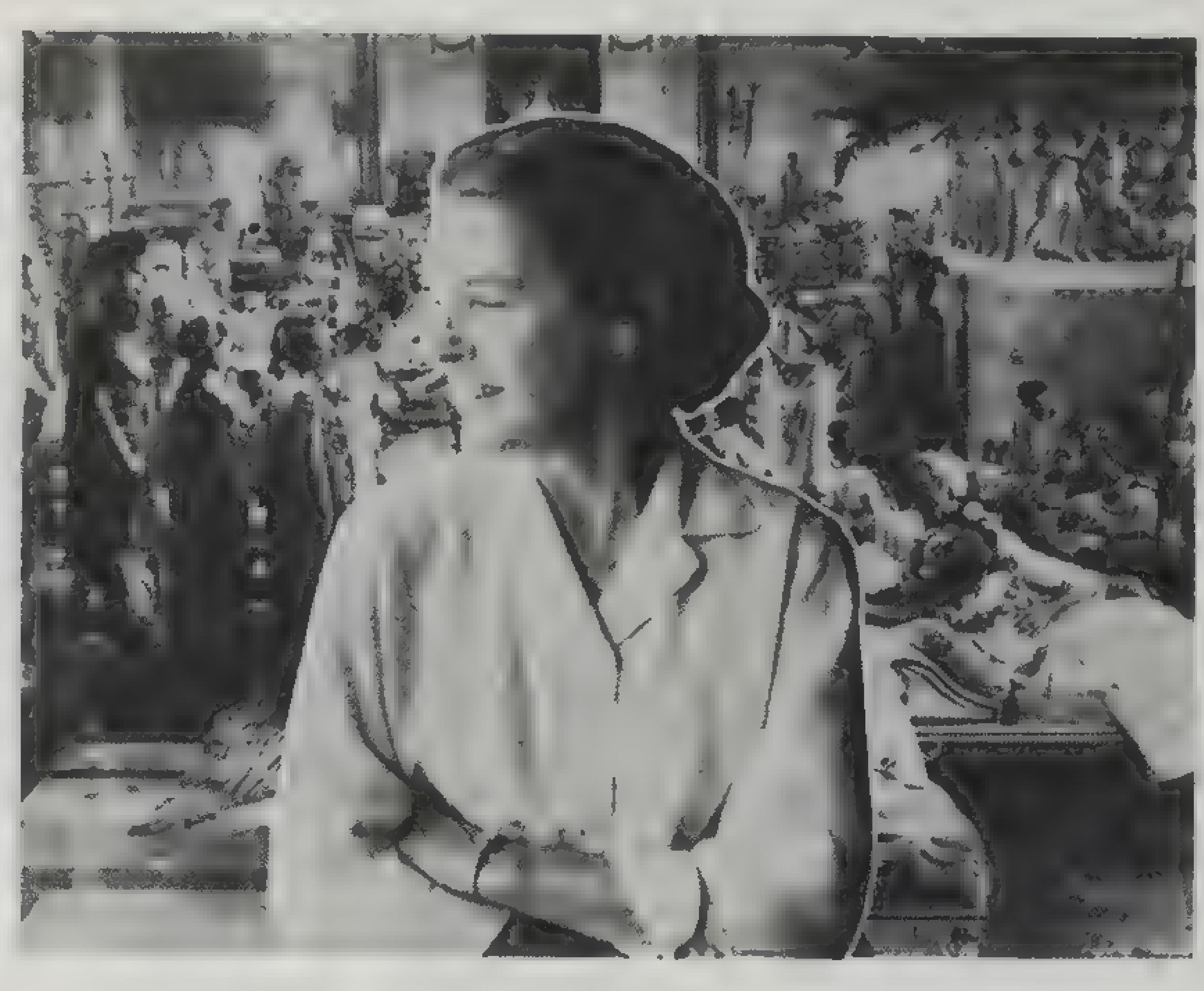
WITH FURS AT NIGHT

NOVEMBER 7, 1972

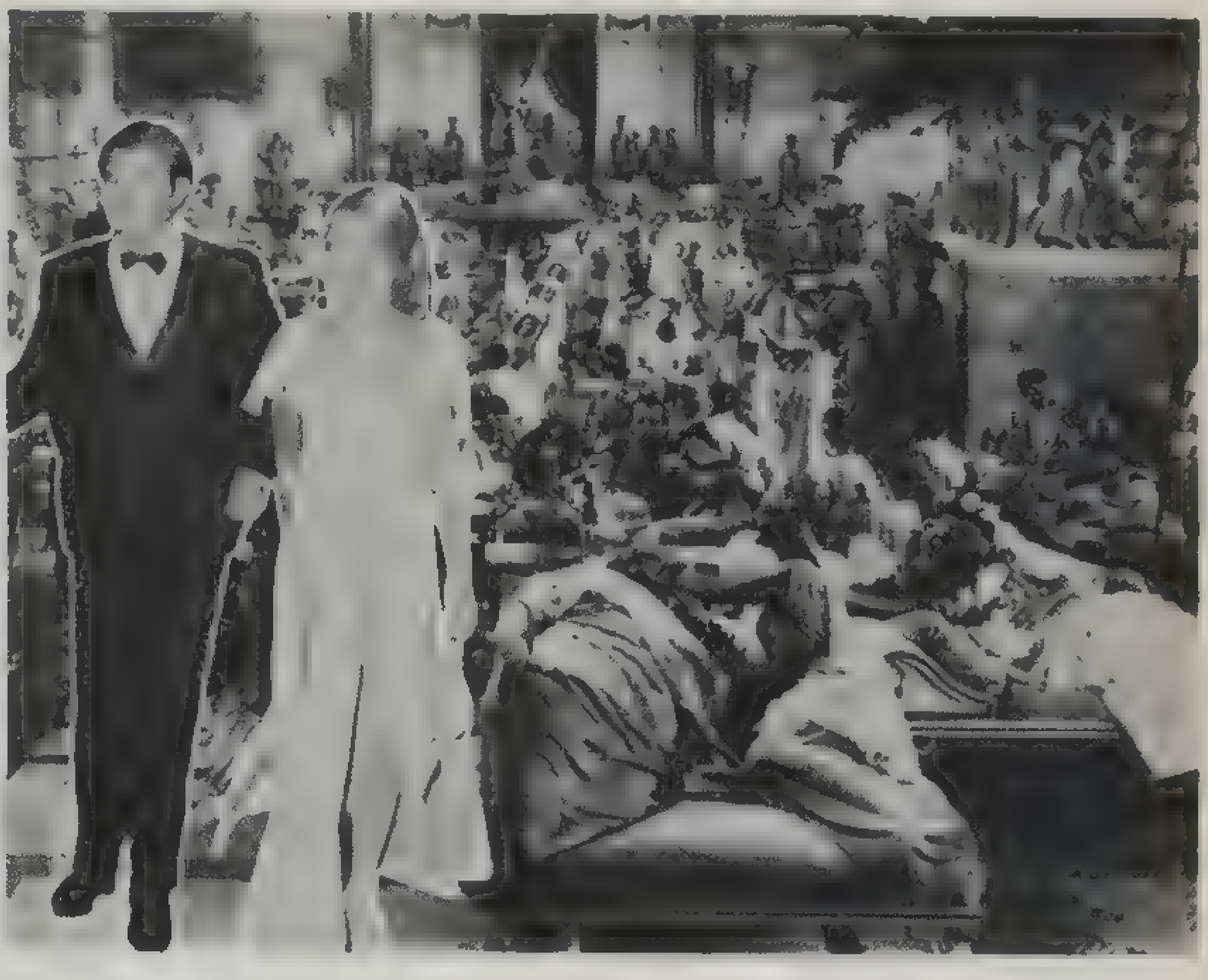
On this date that's unlike any other date, no one may be at a Roman orgy, as it seems on these pages; but we guess we know where some well-known bodies are. Fact or fiction,



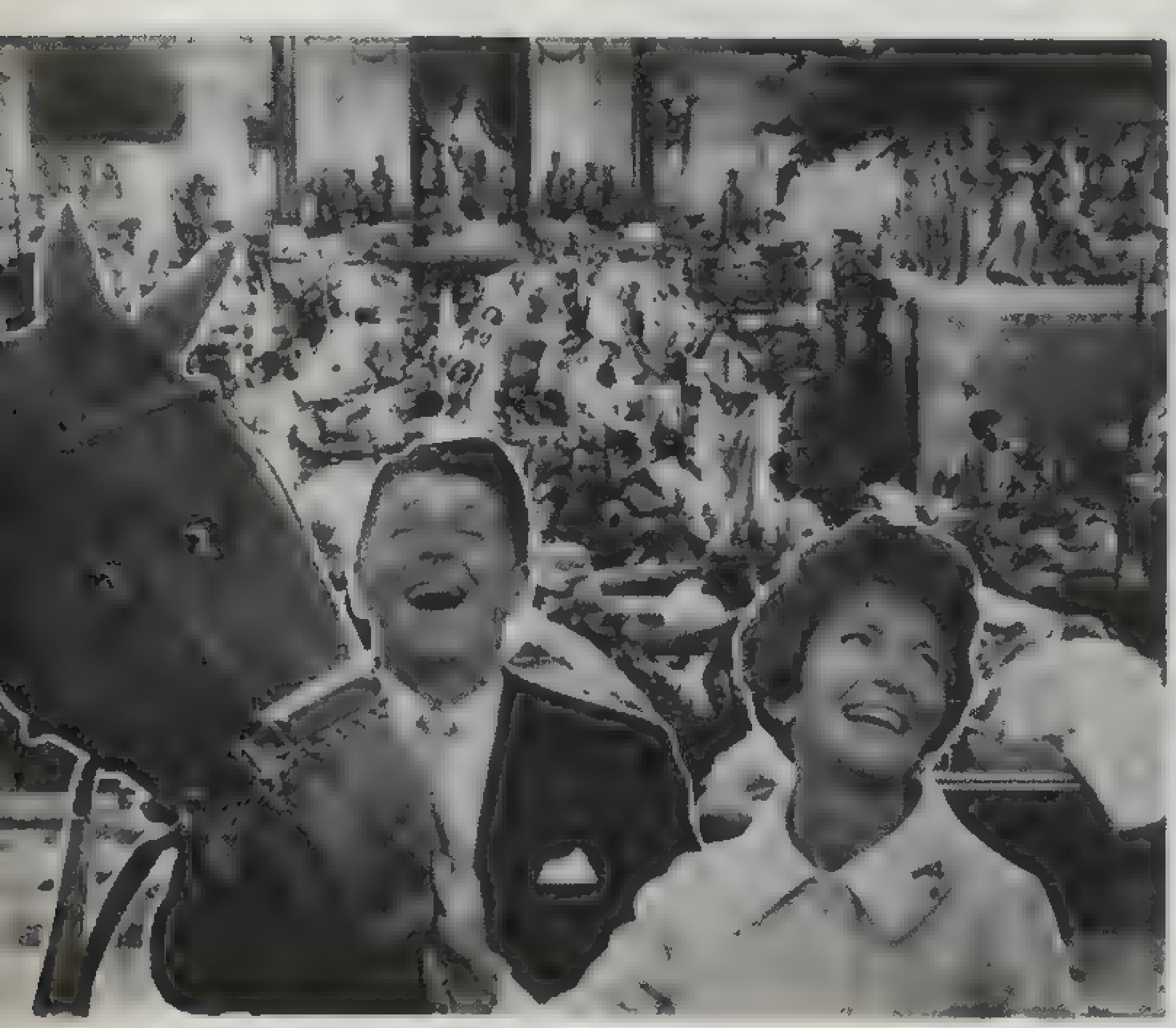
8:11 **MR. ROBERT J. FISCHER,** internationally known chess player, scores again.



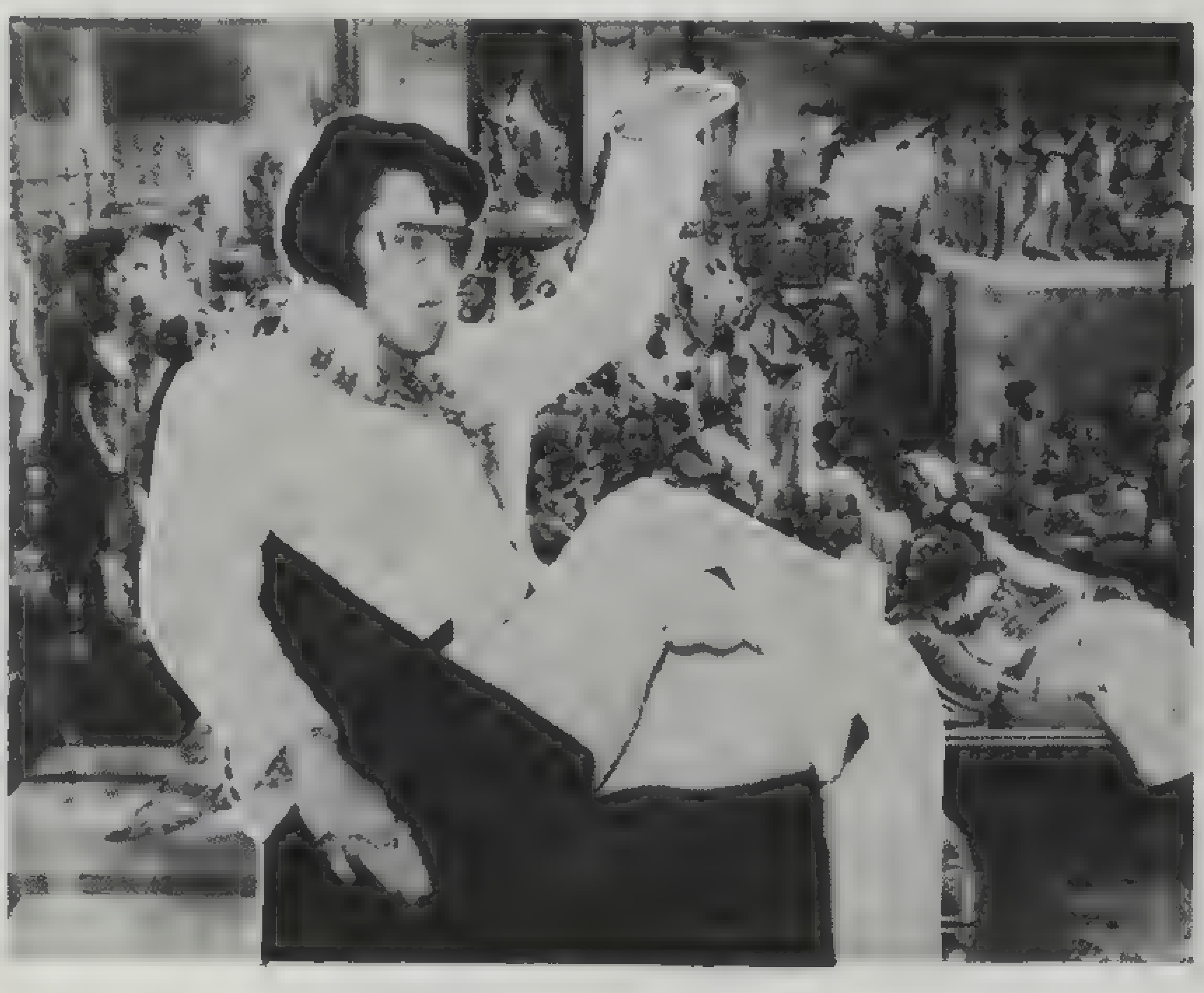
8:37 **MS. MARY McCARTHY,** prominent literary figure, has a bad dream in Paris. (It is 1:37 A.M. there.)



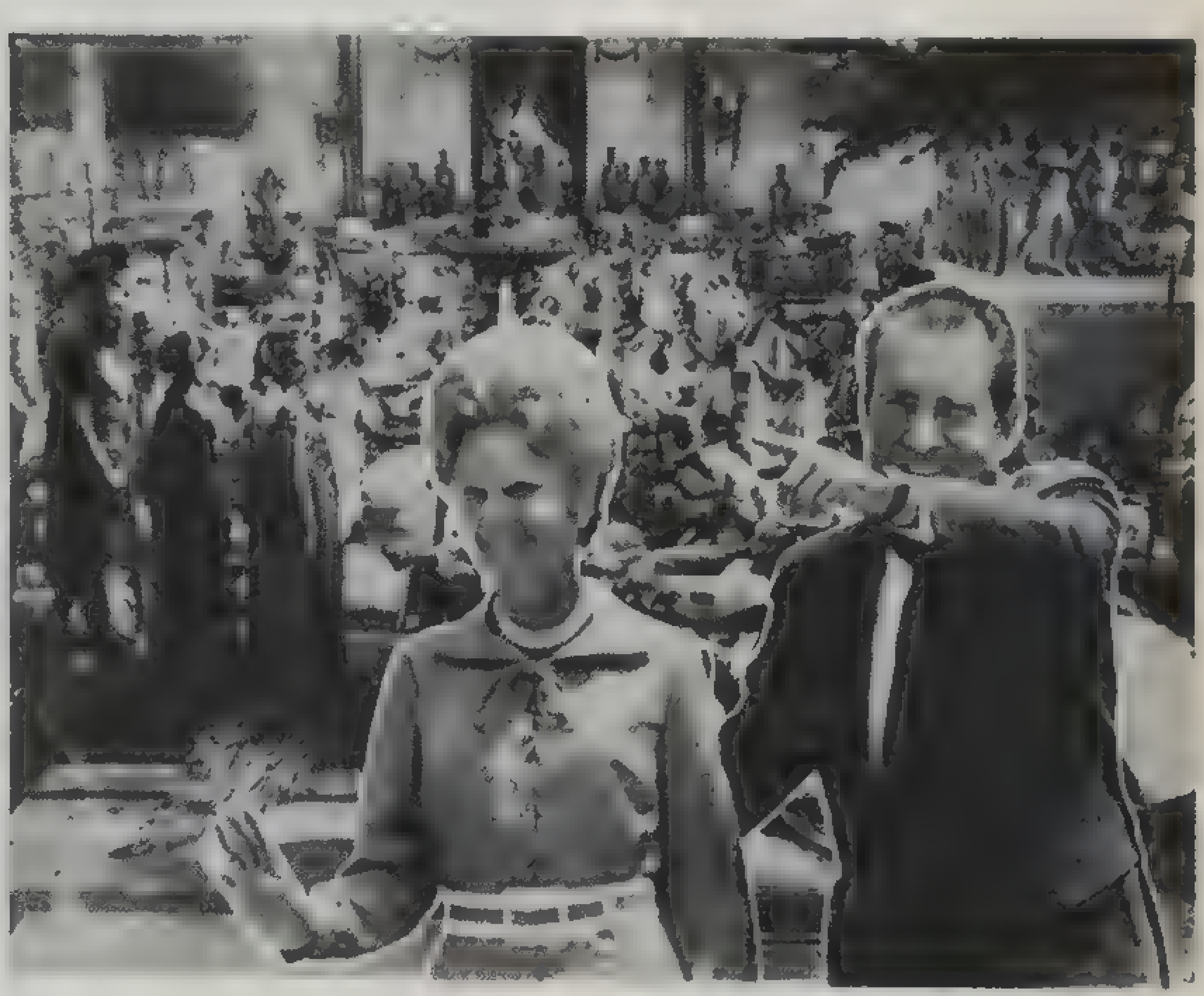
9:05 **SENATOR AND MRS. EDWARD KENNEDY** move into the library of their McLean, Virginia, home for after-dinner coffee.



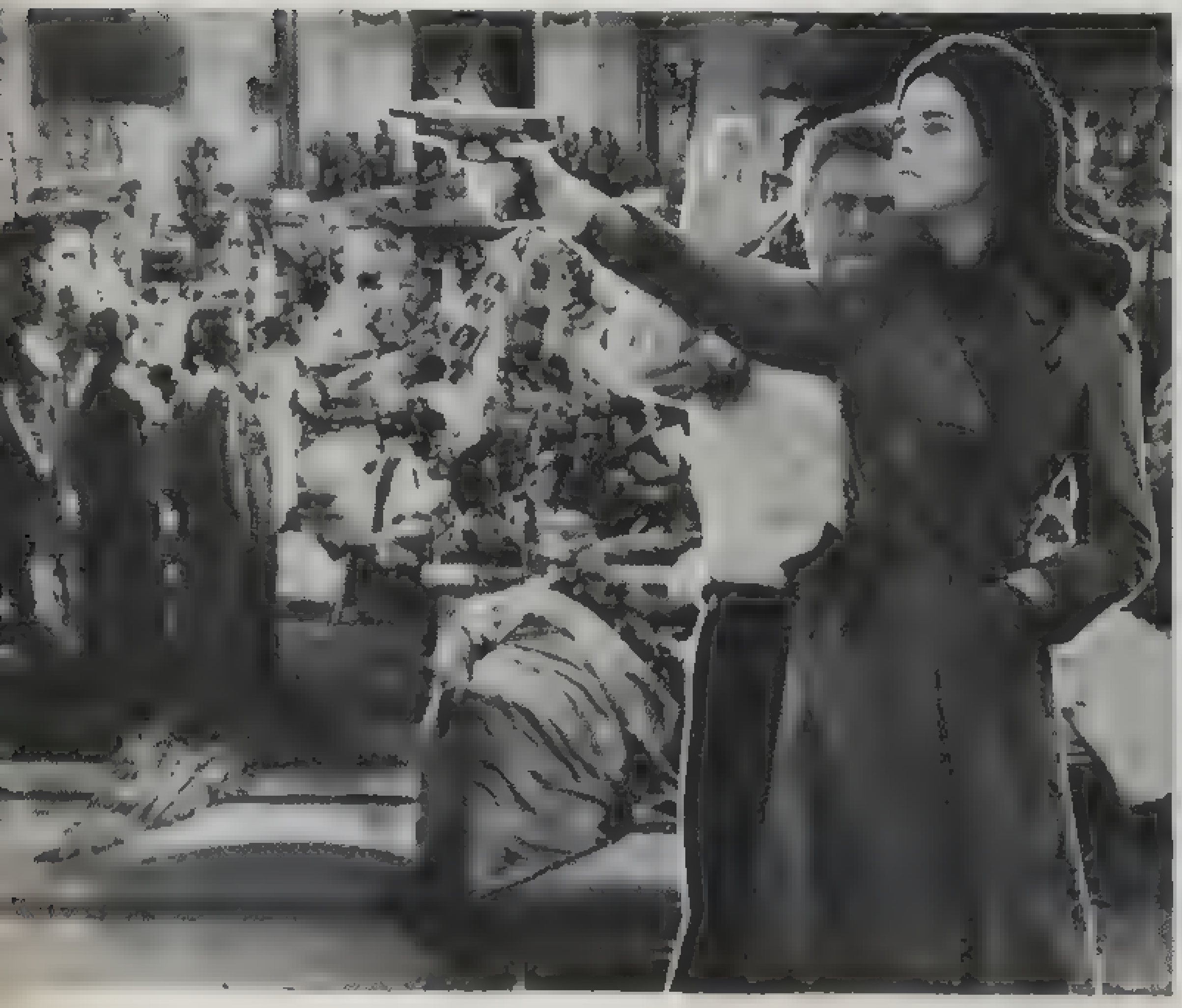
9:22 **GOVERNOR AND MRS. RONALD REAGAN** return from the polls in Sacramento, California. (It is 6:22 P.M. there.)



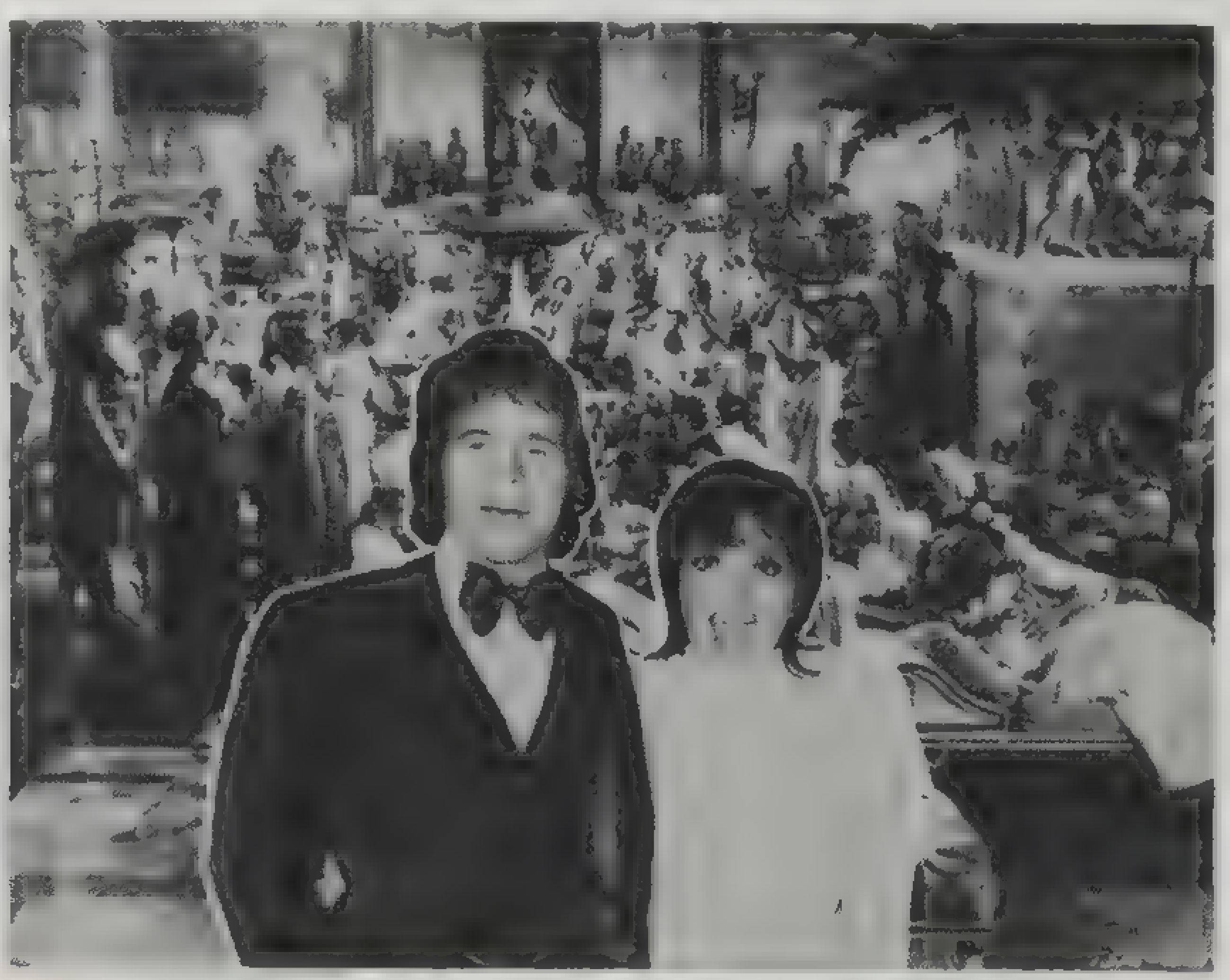
9:46 **MR. ELVIS PRESLEY,** the well-known popular singer, in Memphis, Tennessee, watches his manager, Col. Parker, pack for his tour.



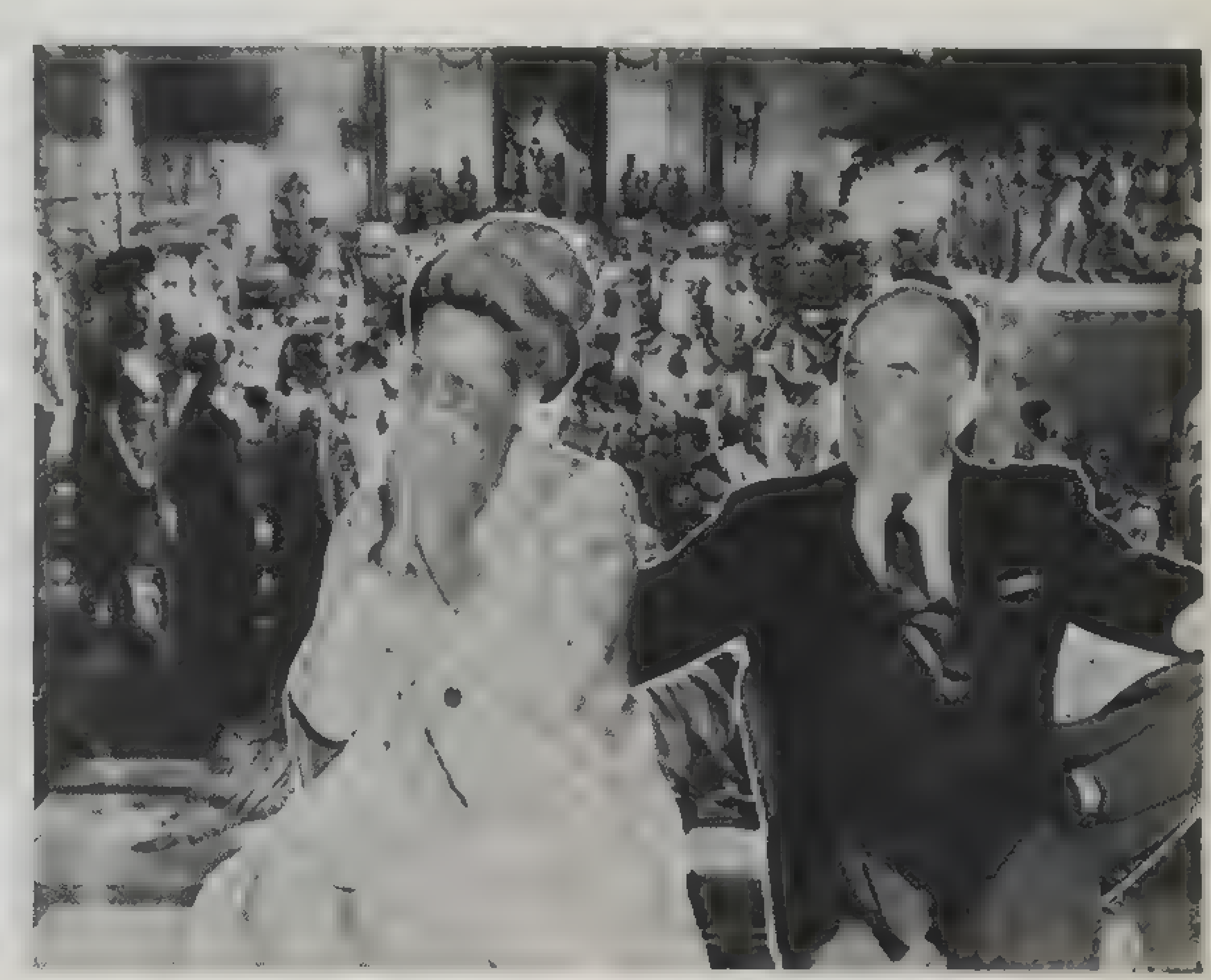
9:52 **PRESIDENT AND MRS. RICHARD NIXON** say hello to a few friends who've dropped by to watch TV.



10:01 **MR. STEVE McQUEEN AND MS. ALI MacGRAW,** that new filmland couple, reenact a scene from their latest: *The Getaway.*



10:13 **MR. DESI ARNAZ, JR., joins MS. LIZA MINNELLI** ringside at the Riviera in Las Vegas, Nevada.



10:22 **MR. AND MRS. JOHN MITCHELL** tune in *Marcus Welby, M.D.* at their New York apartment.

AND WHERE ARE YOU?

here, minute by minute, is what some of us—Democrats and Republicans, however they vote—may be doing on fateful election night, the quadrennial bacchanalian climax of American politics.

10:43 **VICE-PRESIDENT AND MRS. SPIRO T. AGNEW** cross Connecticut Avenue en route to The White House.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

10:49 **MR. TRUMAN CAPOTE,** the famed Southern writer, adds certain lapidarian touches to his next novel, *Answered Prayers.*

11:10 **MR. AND MRS. R. SARGENT SHRIVER, JR.** address the Kennedy clan gathered at Hyannis Port.

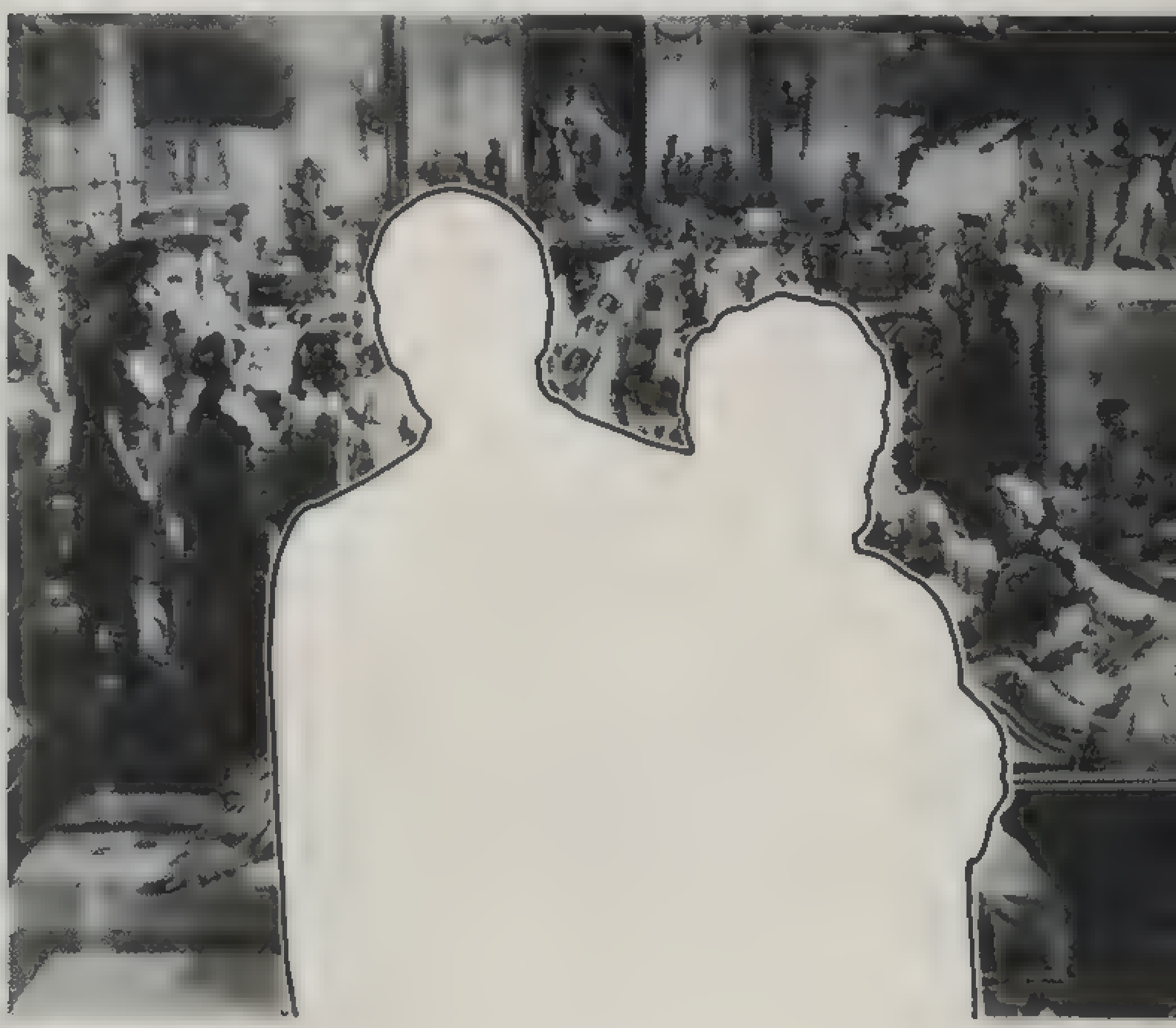
11:15 **MR. AND MRS. E. CLIFTON DANIEL, JR.** pick up an early edition of *The New York Times.* She is the former Mary Margaret Truman.

11:16 **SENATOR AND MRS. GEORGE McGOVERN** reminisce about the campaign at their South Dakota home.

11:23 **MR. DAN ROWAN AND MR. DICK MARTIN,** TV personalities, leave a Burbank Chamber of Commerce mixer.

11:34 **MR. AND MRS. SONNY BONO,** influential television personalities, dress for a quiet TV dinner at home. (It is 8:34 P.M. in L.A.)

11:46 **SENATOR AND MRS. THOMAS EAGLETON,** in St. Louis, Missouri, send the babysitter home.



12:00 **AND WHERE ARE YOU?**

NECESSITY IS THE VEIL OF GOD

BY GIORGIO BASSANI

Was he a love-child
or a life force demanding to exist?
A new short story, never before published,
by the brilliant Italian author of
"THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS"

About thirty-five years ago, when I was a boy, there lived in Ferrara a Jewish lady, who was not particularly ugly or poor or foolish or old—not especially attractive perhaps, but not repulsive, either—yet, strange as it might seem, her family had not succeeded in finding her a husband. Strange? Yes, strange. In our Community, at that time, such a situation was truly exceptional. They exploited, as a rule, the network of relations and connections, but the meetings of the ladies of the A.D.E.I. could serve the same purpose; and also the dances, held around Purim time in some rooms next to the Temple in Via Mazzini or in the hall of the Israelite Children's Day School in Via Vignatagliata, parties presided over by dense, whispering rows of matrons, lining the walls in their chairs. And then there were the letters that, in cases demanding a more strenuous solution, the rabbi, Dr. Castelfranco, was begged to write to his colleagues in the neighboring cities of Emilia, Romagna, and the Veneto. No situation was ever desperate. When our own city was unable to produce a bridegroom, lo, some Lohengrin would arrive from afar: to see, to be seen, and almost always to conclude the transaction.

In 1934, Egle Levi-Minzi was thirty-three. I could not say exactly why she had remained a spinster. The only daughter of elderly, rather well-to-do parents, she lived with them; and with them perennially strolling, at certain fixed hours of the morning and the afternoon, along the streets downtown, they formed a virtually inseparable trio, well known to the city, almost proverbial by then. What I do know is that when they, her parents, began to look around, seeking a possible son-in-law, the greatest opposition came from Egle herself, the chief party concerned. This negative attitude was probably inspired by a bit of filial, virginal devotion, an excessive attachment to her aged Papa and her aged Mama. There was perhaps also some secret impression made on her in the tumultuous days of her early young womanhood, the days—we must recall—of the infamous Fascist squads in the Po valley, times, in some ways, quite similar to our own: some violent image that then, in later years, prevented her from responding to other sorts of masculinity. . . . Whatever it was, the certain thing is that when Egle Levi-Minzi had to come to a decision, this man would not do, nor would that one, nor yet the other, my goodness, no!; and this other one still was not even to be thought of! A grimace of her broad, melancholy mouth, already sagging a little at the corners; a slight, bored lowering of her eyelids with their sparse lashes over the sad, damp, brown, Sephardic eyes; and the latest suitor was added to the ever-longer list of the rejected.

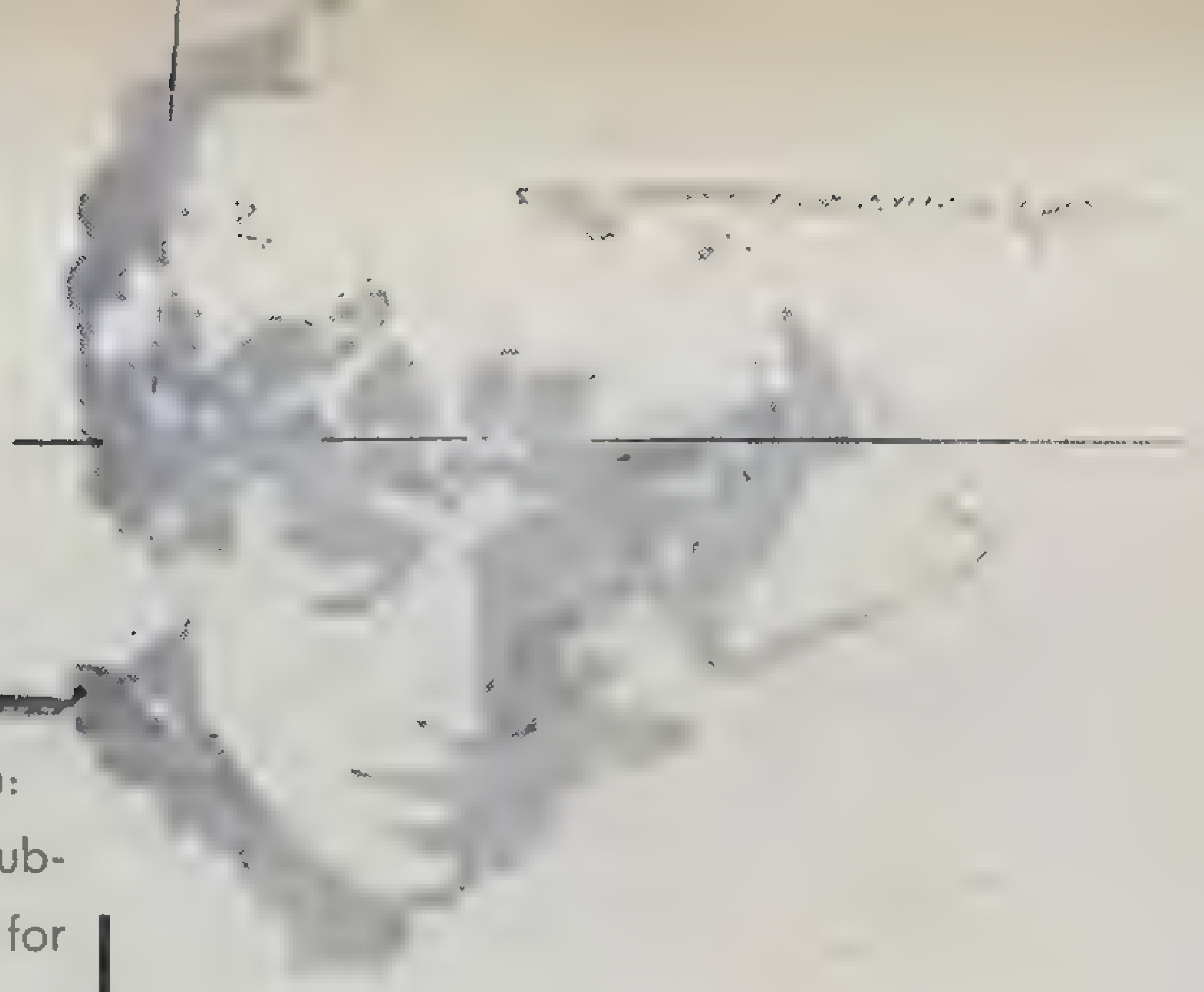
Quite a different reception was to be given, around the middle of 1935, I believe in June of that year, to a suitor who came from much farther away than Bologna or Ravenna or Mantua or Rovigo or Padua or Venice. He was Russian; Ukrainian in fact. He, too, was the only child of elderly parents. He was twenty-seven and his name was Yuri. Yuri Rotstein.

The little family had arrived in Ferrara during the summer of the previous year, straight from Odessa. When they got off the Trieste train, they camped as best they could in a little hotel opposite the station. But even before Yom Kippur, before the end of October in other words, they were occupying (rent free, of course) a little apartment in a building in Via Vittoria which had belonged, *ab antiquo*, to the Community. They had asked asylum, and it had been granted them. The father, moreover, in view of his perfect knowledge of ritual and of Hebrew, written and spoken, had been taken on as something between hazan and shammash: an assistant, and in some cases even a substitute, in the Saturday morning services, for lesser burials, and for the slaughtering of animals for meat. After a few months, in short, they were perfectly integrated. They could already speak a halting Italian with occasional, curiously cavernous, Byzantine inflections: a kitchen Italian, naturally, but surprisingly effective in communicating. Would they leave again? When they had turned up, that first time, at the Community's offices, the father, speaking also for the other two, had vaguely mentioned Erez, or America. . . .

Father and son resembled each other. Both were tall, much taller than the average height of those who attended the German Synagogue; and they both had the same type of face: long, bony, emaciated, with prominent cheekbones beneath the same little slanting, blue, muzhik eyes. The mother, on the contrary, was short, heavy, round: a kind of maidservant or peasant woman, with a big white kerchief tied under her chin.

But what most struck those present, whether they were down below in the sector reserved for the men or up above in the women's balcony, was the undeniable dignity of all three, the natural, moving ease with which, in exchange for some modest services, they knew how to remain guests. It was not that they seemed to say, "We're all equal, really, all fellow-Jews, brothers, and therefore this is also our home." Not in the least. They sat in the Temple simply, the three of them, all three silent, demure, giving no scandal with any particular Ashkenazite exhibitionisms (the father, true, wore his caftan and had a sparse blond beard and side-curls of the same color beneath the round hat pulled down to his ears; the mother retained her peasant kerchief; but the son was correctly dressed in Western style, in grey flannel). They seemed to have a sole concern: to reassure the assembly of their firm intention of going off again as soon as possible. They asked to stay on just a little, that was it: just long enough to catch their breath. After they had rested, we were not to worry: they would promptly resume their journey through the wide world.

Their journey through the wide world was not resumed. And so their names are among those of the 183 Ferrara Jews deported by the Nazis into Germany towards the end of 1943, to be read still on the plaque on the front of the Temple in Via Mazzini.



Taking it all in all, however, their migration from East to West was not in vain. Egle Levi-Minzi had a son: that boy-child whose call she had suddenly heard, one evening, a remote Saturday evening towards the end of May, when, seated next to the old Ukrainian peasant-woman, she had looked down from the balcony into the long, broad hall below, crowded with men.

It had all happened in a moment, a few instants.

The men were looking straight ahead, towards the chief rabbi Dr. Castelfranco, waiting to hear him chant the final, solemn blessing, the b'rocha. Only one, among them all—that Ukrainian youth, recently emigrated—was looking back. His eyes were raised towards the balcony, his magnificent blue eyes, laughing, sparkling, wild. Well, why should she not have a son by that very young man? Egle Levi-Minzi had asked herself abruptly, as if waking from a long slumber. It was obvious, she was not the one the young man was greeting: it was the old woman next to her, his mother. But why not pretend to misunderstand, why not answer his smile, his little wave, with something of the sort? He was poor, a foreigner. Young, younger than she by many years, almost a boy. But poor. Without a house of his own. A stray. The parents could remain where they were, in the little apartment in Via Vittoria, where the Community had settled them. But he, the young man. . . . It was worth trying. He was worth trying.

She smiled. She waved her hand briefly.

After a moment's hesitation, the young man raised two fingers to the brim of his hat, with a slight bow.

Yes, after all, it had been worth it. Egle Levi-Minzi's baby was very handsome: a bright boy, intelligent, lively, marvelous; so much so that to the few of us who escaped the Lagers and the rest, when, in 1945, the men no longer separated from the women, we were all together in the German Synagogue, the boy seemed the very personification of life that eternally ends and eternally begins again. His name is Yuri: Yuri Rotstein. Tall, thin, bony, with slanting blue eyes flashing above his sharp cheekbones. He still lives with his mother, alone with her, forever, in their big house in Ferrara. ■

ILLUSTRATED WITH THESE SILVER PAINTINGS BY THE DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN ARTIST GIOSETTA FIORONI. TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM WEAVER.

The sensational Brigitte BARDOT at 38

"IF I MANAGE TO FORGET THAT I'M BARDOT, THE MAN NEVER FORGETS IT. HE SMILES AT BARDOT, HE HOLDS BARDOT'S HAND, HE MAKES LOVE TO BARDOT."

BY JOSÉ LUÍS DE VILALLONGA

She approaches the age of forty stealthily, like a she-wolf; the she-wolf being, with woman, the most dangerous, the most cunning, and the most courageous of all female animals.

She has fortunately stopped being the woman-child who haunted the sleep of men too weak to confront women directly. There is now no longer any affectation in her movements, or even in her voice, but a new full beauty, enough to take your breath away. Maturity finally seems to have made her vulnerable to everything that previously slid off her faultless armor, as rainwater runs off the statues in the park: to the heat, to the cold, to tiredness, to a man's smile, to an oblique reference, to malice in counterpoint.

For a long time I have been on the side of those men who declare emphatically that they are impervious to Bardot's charm. It's true. I have always detested the looks: the boyish buttocks, the hair of a drowned woman. The open bitch who Bardot pretended to be irritated me immensely.

The years have passed. For me and for Bardot. From up on her pedestal, the goddess still gazes at the continually prostrated crowds. But today, she laughs at them, uttering explosive sentences.

"Glory? I sit on it!"

She told me that in the dining room of her chalet in Savoy. It was New Year's Eve. Outside, rain, wind: a grey picture. The snow was unpleasant, inadequate, the pebbles level with the mountain.

We were alone, Bardot and I. Bardot, sitting at a bridge table, was entangled in a game of patience. It was a serene sight. The embers in the hearth. The silent chalet. This woman so beautiful—beautiful is a meaningless word when one is referring to Bardot—frowning because the queen of spades had taken the place of the king of diamonds. Something was missing, however, something to complete the cliché. A husband sprawled on the divan reading a book. And children, and a little less silence. I had a mad desire to ask her this question: "Why haven't you succeeded in making a lasting home? Is it your fault or your partners'."

Alas, I didn't dare ask it. I would have to take the byroads that are demanded of me. So I took two documents out of my briefcase: Bardot's horoscope and a graphological study.

I spread out the papers on the bridge table. Bardot threw down the cards in surprise. I explained to her what they were.

"Consider these documents as my Christmas present."

Bardot's eyes shone with excitement.

" 'You are,' says the graphologist, 'spontaneous, simple, and sincere. You do not know hypocrisy and you live things as you feel them, a glutton for living.' "

"That's to say that I always try to be logical with myself. With myself. Not with other people. I never try to explain things to myself; if I did, I'd be cornered and miserable."

"The graphologist adds: 'Always sincere, but tires very quickly.' "

Bardot pretended to look guilty. "It's true, nothing amuses me for long. No, 'amuses' is an idiotic word. Nothing interests me for long."

"Are you thinking about men?"

"I'm always thinking about men."

Some coals burst in the fireplace. The rain was now beating against the windowpanes.

"Listen to what else is said about you: 'However ardent the carnal passion that is part of her may be, it is never long lasting; and the hours she thinks are unforgettable are nevertheless quickly forgotten and replaced by others that are still better.' What do you say?"

"Well, it sounds terrible to listen to, like that. But it's so true. I've never lived through memories. At least, not regarding men. I have always lived in the present. Sometimes, often, in the future; and, curiously, I never think of the future with the man of the present."

"Does it ever happen that you think of the men you have loved? Or, if you prefer, the men who have loved you a lot?"

"Never." And even more categorically: "I have erased them all completely from my existence."

"Without exception?"

"Yes, apart from Vadim, of course, whom I see now and then for professional reasons."

Suddenly, she frightened me. That ability to forget totally—so feminine—had always seemed monstrous to me. I dropped the subject.

"I read here in the horoscope that those born in Air signs [Bardot's sign is the Air sign Libra] like change and are always on the watch for new emotions and unknown sensations. 'For them, habit and monotony are mistakes in life.' "

"Repeat that!"

" 'For them, habit and monotony are mistakes in life, tactical errors: they are useless burdens to be avoided with care.' "

Bardot was beaming.

"You see, I've always thought that. That's why nothing lasts very long with me. Take men, for example. I get used to them very quickly, but as soon as they no longer surprise me, it's all over."

"It is easy to surprise you?"

"At first, yes, it's child's play. Afterwards, it's almost impossible."

"You wouldn't keep a man near you, let's say, out of tenderness?"

Bardot seemed incensed. "But tenderness is a concentration of all the habits and all the monotonies! The worst mistake in life, as the Swiss woman would say."

With one movement Bardot gathered her hair onto her head and rallied: "To be avoided with care."

(Continued on page 182)

Brigitte Bardot in her house in Saint-Tropez

DUSSART/RAPHO

AN AMERICAN FANTASY

Color-stung, easy-living, the Long Island beach house of Mrs. Justine B. Cushing and her daughters was built around Howard G. Cushing's never-world paintings

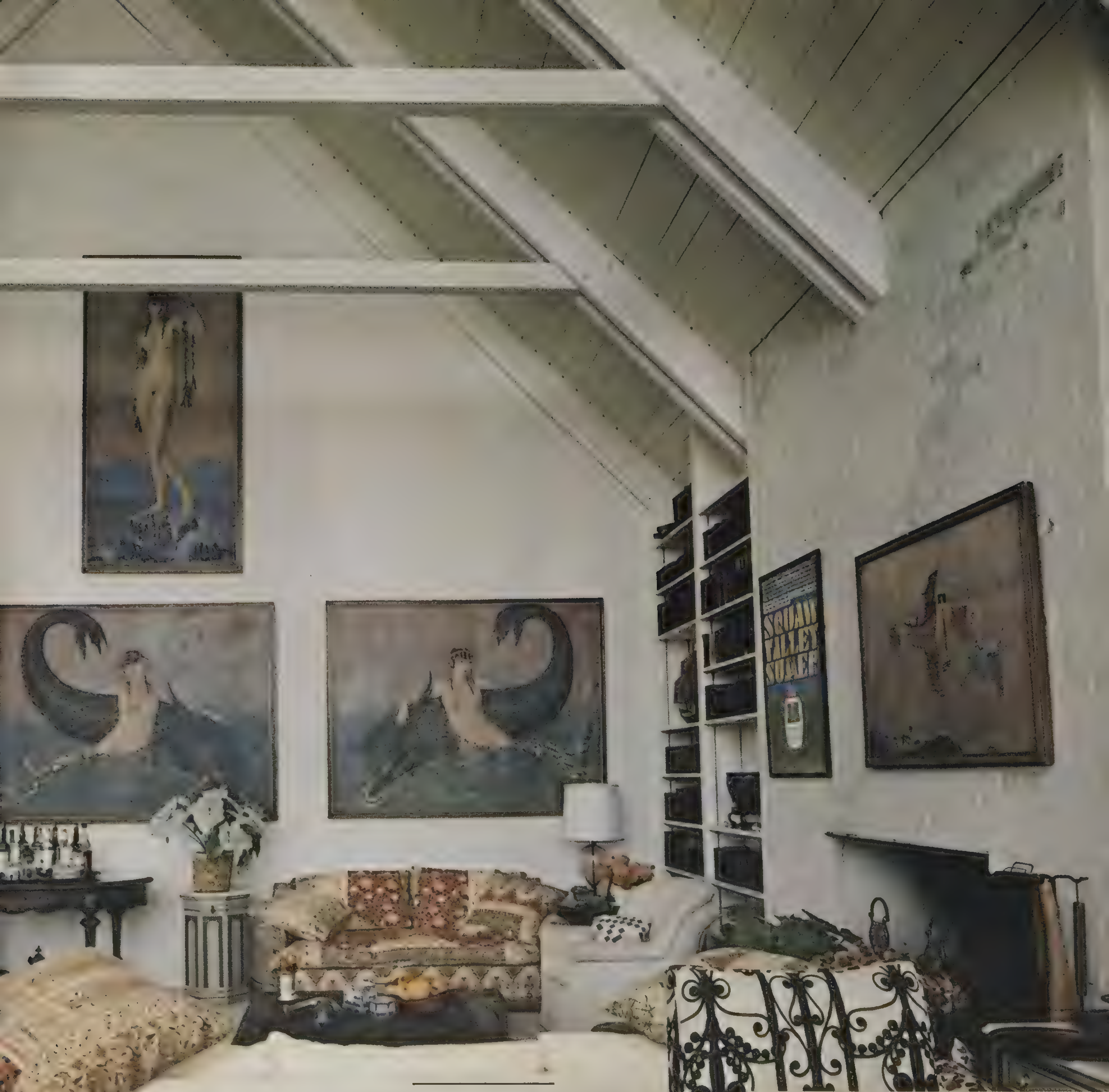
On a dot of Southampton acreage, Justine Cushing has built a soaring summer and weekend place around a grandfather's legacy of paintings and inspired by "the most marvelous studio in Newport" where the canvases were painted. Required by zoning laws to stick to the dimensions of a stable-garage demolished to make way for this new silvery shingled house, the architect Alexander McIlvaine concentrated on a tall "everything living room" that gives an illusion of space to the entire house—an open, bright, romantic indoor landscape where tall, beautiful, American women, carefree in their way of life, should live. And that's who lives there.

Green-eyed Miss Justine Cushing, above, an interior decorator, and named for her mother, found working on her mother's Southampton house "truly a labor of love." She chose the India prints patterned all over the living room, right because "Grandfather's paintings needed something that wouldn't conflict."

HORST

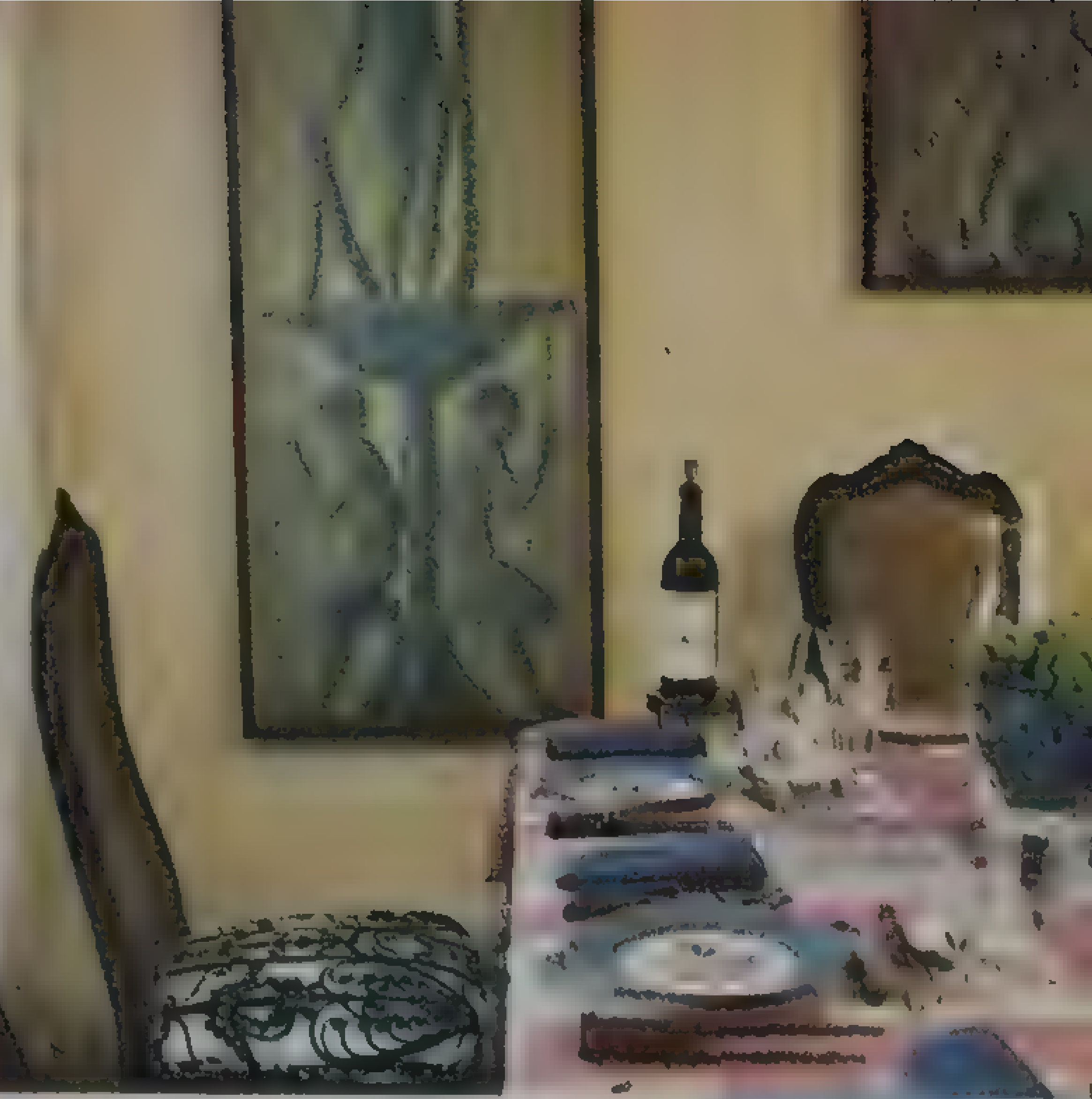
AN AMERICAN FANTASY

"It is a house filled with the young, with cousins and friends, an every-one-helps-everyone house," said Mrs. Cushing, "but somehow it never looks too stuffed."



Alexandra Cushing, opposite page, amateur photographer and a graduate architecture student at the University of Virginia, spends weekends whenever possible in Southampton. This page: The living room, rimmed with Howard G. Cushing paintings, "is a special treat in late autumn when there is time for fireside talk." Bridge is a favorite game here, "though none of us is that great at it," said Mrs. Cushing, right. "Sometimes we switch to backgammon."

HORST



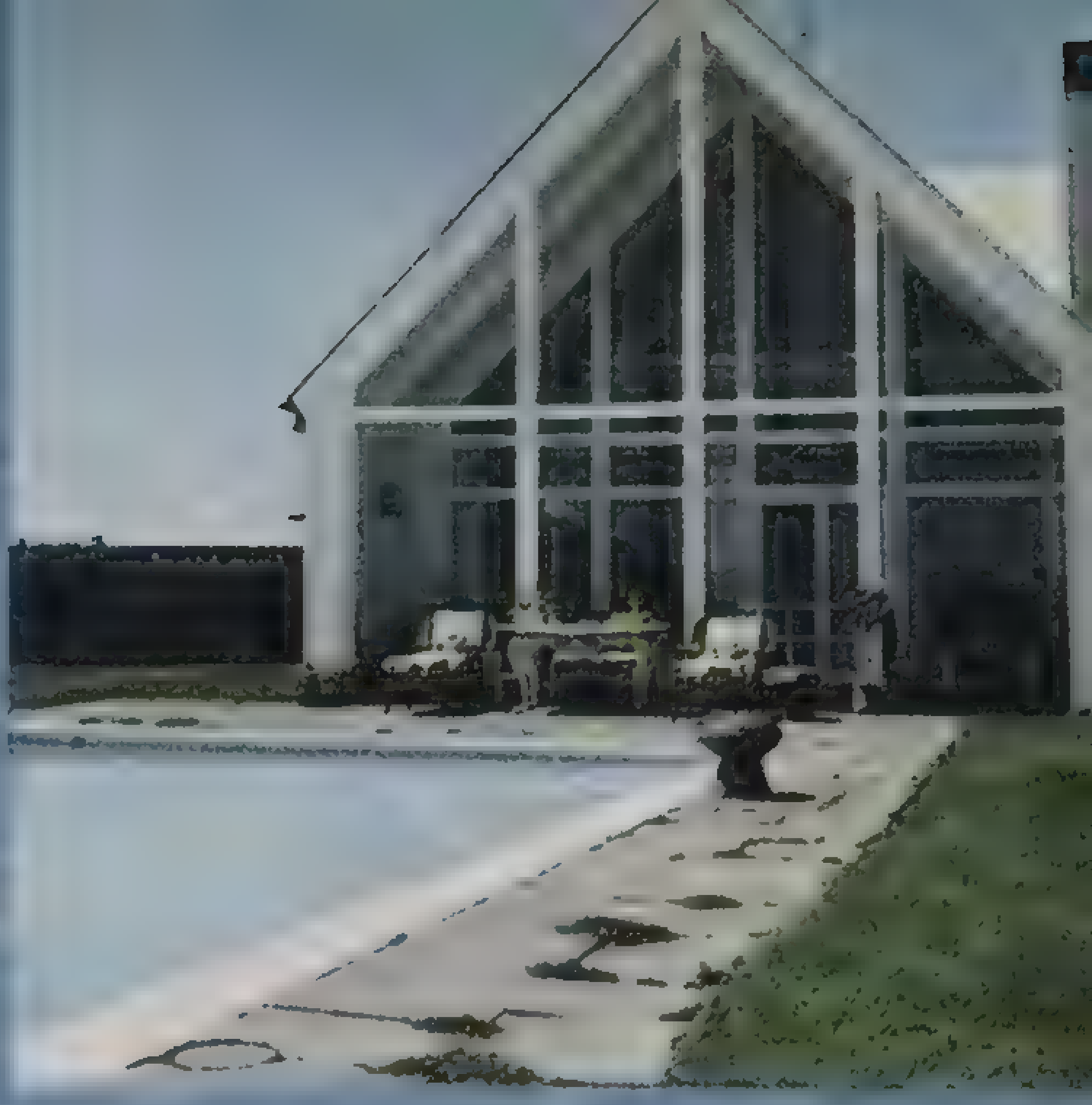
Wearing an orange Jax T-shirt, Justine Cushing, left, against the spiral staircase—"difficult with luggage but fun to look at"—leading up to six bedrooms and six baths. Handmades for upholstering and table: above, left, quilt-covered wicker for a living-room corner; above, center, patchwork tablecloth, sharp blues, keyed to a Cushing painting in the room's dining corner; above, right, Afghan bedspreads and Porthault flowers for a bedroom.

HORST

AN AMERICAN FANTASY

"The house is easy to fix up and restful and, surprisingly, all that I'd hoped it would be. Certainly not grand but right for the way we choose to live."

The swimming pool, right, so close to the house was a debating point. "As it turned out," Mrs. Cushing said, "it's a gathering place, like the family porch all houses had years ago."



In summer, picnic lunches happen around the Cushing swimming pool. Alexandra, above, is only one member of the family who swims before breakfast and "always again, before dinner." While most meals are do-it-together ventures, occasional special parties mean as many as twenty for dinner.

(Continued from page 145)

". . . we haven't scratched the surface and we're aware of it"

tunics immediately identify you and your business, seat you, invite you where you're scheduled to go at the proper time.

The Muzak is omnipresent, unrelenting, schmaltzy. Its clash with the serious musical interest attributed to both Masters and Johnson must give them some anguish, but apparently not enough to silence it. The library is small, but comprehensive in its specialty. Each volume is numbered on a white strip pasted exactly three inches from the bottom.

Mrs. Johnson's office, which I was shown later, was modest. On her bookcase, below the references pulled from the library, stood a wood carving of a man and a woman, lying in mysterious, contemplative togetherness, the male reposing his bulk on one elbow, faintly dominant.

When I visited the Foundation, the office was in transition. The little green room, where joy took a back seat to physiological monitoring, was being repainted. No, it could *not* be photographed. The laboratory was being expanded. But the technical equipment was impressive: analyzers, microscopes, chemical stocks, tape recorders (Crown 700 reel-to-reel). Within a year or two, however, the office and labs would be unrecognizable.

Perhaps the most tragic victim of obsolescence and insult was the late, great artificial coition machine. Only staff and volunteers who demonstrably *had* to see it ever saw it. Casual visitors, the press, other professionals—never. It lent itself too easily, apparently, to taunt and ridicule. Today, the artificial coition machine lies buried in a place known only to Masters and Johnson, a relic of the old days. It was deliberately dismantled and made inoperable, never to love again.

I waited for both to free themselves for our interview and glanced around at the polished walnut, black leather, and stainless steel. I thought of the extracurricular questions I probably could not ask without getting thrown out. How did the saviors of modern marriage fail at their own? Could not the healers heal themselves?

A number of unspeakable questions arose in my mind: Were they sexually stimulated by watching others perform? If so, so what? If not, why not? Could they be expected at this point in time to tell the whole truth about what went on at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation? Did their patients ever seduce them, or try to? What had sparked their own intimacy? Indeed, could an attractive man and woman work as co-therapists without total communication between them, including sexual intimacy? That story, obviously, was one only the principals could write—but one they probably never would.

Another question: Was their own intimacy in part a defense against the sexuality that surrounded them? And what did this day-in, day-out exposure to sexual excitement do to their own libidos and behavior? Did it shatter their Midwestern puritanism? Or was it, as some suggested, merely a logical extension and fulfillment of that puritanism?

I knew, for one thing, that the Foundation was no funhouse. They were apparently not swingers. . . . Masters' office, where our interview took place, was easily the most comfortable part of the officescape. Dominating the room was Masters' long walnut desk and his seigneurial, black leather, tufted, revolving-reclining armchair. Its back was just high enough and broad enough to accommodate his ample shoulders.

The first thing I noticed about William Masters—St. Louis opinion notwithstanding—was his sense of humor. It was not a jolly, thigh-slapping kind but rather a fine, understated irony. He seemed like a man at war with invisible enemies, never quite able to predict the next would-be professional assassin.

I boasted of having read the whole of the first book.

"It's vicious trying to read the whole thing," he said. "You're a brave fellow. It wasn't intended to be read that way, really. It was intended primarily as a reference work."

I congratulated him on his success in pruning the book of any stimulating material.

"Well," he said loftily, "that was the idea. It was the first such book that was ever written, particularly as it was associated with medicine. Medicine's always been very uptight about the subject of sex, of course. So we knew it would be dissected paragraph by paragraph. And if there was pornography in it, we were dead."

"Really?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Who would have killed you?"

"The AMA, for one, of course. As they should."

"Why?"

"I'm talking about either acceptance or rejection. When the AMA wrote an editorial voluntarily supporting what we were doing . . . we wouldn't have gotten such an editorial if there had been pornography in the book, you can be sure of that." . . . Mrs. Johnson came into the room, removed her coat, and Masters introduced us. Virginia Johnson surprised me. I had been told to enjoy her warmth, but I must have been too nervous to bask in it. Femininity was also part of her billing, and she lived up to that strongly; all woman. But I found her hard to fathom, and it wasn't till I read the transcripts of our interview that I was sure that she was really making sense.

As we talked, I became aware of a curious biosynthesis between them. Disagreement never poked into our discussion. But he had a gentle way of checking her enthusiasm, of qualifying and blocking her transports. From time to time he seemed to worry her out of a remark that might have looked too personal or candid or unscientific in print. She was clearly the public relations person, he the doctor. But the doctor was always in charge.

"Do you feel," I asked, "that you can be more liberal now that you've got this under your belt? Now that your reputations are golden, enshrined?"

". . . there is no such reputation," he said. "The only thing about our reputation that is of any consequence is that we have survived. This is the only thing that really matters."

The first crack at *Human Sexual Response* came before publication—two years before, to be exact. Analyst Leslie H. Farber's "I'm Sorry, Dear" article in *Commentary* (later reprinted in his book *The Ways of the Will*) remains probably the most lucid criticism of Masters and Johnson and, in terms of its sequelae, the most devastating.

The first book was far from complete when Farber, then a Washington practitioner, got wind of what was going on. He had read their scientific articles, which foreshadowed the content of the book. The whole thing disgusted him. He regarded it as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Freud's unhappy introduction of science and technology into human sexuality. Masters and Johnson had merely done the inevitable, Farber insisted: ". . . moved the whole investigation into the laboratory. . . . If he hadn't done it, somebody else would have."

Even in its bowdlerized form (*Commentary* censored parts . . . and several lusty footnotes), the article made a deep and immediate impact on the medical establishment—and on Masters and Johnson. The Foundation promptly dismantled the "artificial coition machine," and accelerated the publication of *Human Sexual Response* by eighteen months in order to give the Foundation's entire story before too many other attacks.

Masters and Johnson were thus given a fairly clear picture of the reception with which ensconced psychiatry would greet their book. Diligently, they worked over every word that hinted at eroticism or might allow even a die-hard watch-and-warder to condemn them as a couple of deviates having fun under the guise of research.

If Masters and Johnson had successfully preempted charges of pornographic writing, they were less successful in calming the sensibilities of Freudians who saw the whole idea of schlepping science into the boudoir as an obscenity. The pair were attacked for directly or indirectly inspiring venereal disease epidemics, unleashing a flood of bastards upon society, taking all the fun out of sex, and turning the human race into mirror images of their artificial coition machine.

Psychotherapist and marriage counselor Allan Fromme, in the longest critique of all (seventy-

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(Continued from page 176)

"... the whole idea of schlepping science into the boudoir"

nine pages), rebutted *Human Sexual Response* on a point-by-point basis. Much of what Fromme said, ironically, had been stated over and over by the authors. They themselves had conceded that the book was, indeed, hard to read, meant for doctors, not laymen, insufficient for a comprehensive understanding of sex; that enjoyment of sex should precede the study of sex; that some of their data may be of tenuous value; and that their trial population was unrepresentative of the population generally.

Fromme shows that the authors nowhere define the term "effective sexual stimulation," which they scatter throughout the text. Is it anything that turns one on? Apparently so, according to Masters—at least, he told me recently, that was the working definition used at the Foundation. But beyond that, he could add nothing. "I don't know how to define effective sexual stimulation," he said. "I really don't."

The Manhattan psychotherapist rejects their casual equation of married and unmarried sex. "The most superficial comparison between how we act sexually when falling in love with our behavior ten years later should help us see the difference. Some of us enjoy the sexual benefits that marriage provides and learn that practice really does make perfect. Others get bored."

Analyst Natalie Shainess's critique in *Marriage* followed publication of *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, and thus includes commentary on both the physiological and the therapeutic work. Despite the indictment of the books' unreadability, she claims that they have been readable enough to have laid waste all that is fine, sacred, and pure in conventional sexuality.

According to Shainess, Masters and Johnson have unleashed a "pipeline of pornographic sewerage . . . into the vital heart of our life," corrupted youth, cheapened and "thingified sex," "trivialized it . . . trampled on the ultimate mystery of life."

Her article repeats not only the reservations voiced by Farber, Fromme, and Yale's Kenneth Keniston, but those raised by Masters and Johnson themselves as to the tentativeness of their findings. She is on fairly solid ground in emphasizing the variety of sexual response achieved by people in different circumstances, but Masters and Johnson in no way disagree. They underscore the fact that they were measuring physiological response with available technology, not differences in subjective feelings.

Shainess asserts that there is a whale of a difference between a rapist's sexual response, for instance, and a laboratory volunteer's. To this, Masters asks:

"How do they *know? How . . . do . . . they . . . know?* When had they recorded it? And if so, where? All I can say is they are theorizing. I don't say they're wrong. But the great difficulty is to present theory as fact."

Natalie Shainess is probably onto something, in scorning the impressive fifty-six-page bibliography of *Human Sexual Inadequacy* as largely irrelevant to the book's content. At least one scholar, who has tracked down the specific references, characterizes it as a "store-bought medal hinting at scholarly valor that was not earned."

Discussing the shortcomings of *Human Sexual Response* with Dr. William Howell Masters is a distressing experience. I asked him once about a physiologist's contention that the noise ratio was so high that little meaningful data could have come from his electrodes.

"O.K.," he snapped. "I'll buy anything they want to say in that regard. That's their decision. We have an absolute law: that we never respond to criticism. If they say it, it's right."

I argued that most of the critical material I'd come across was dead *wrong*. I was trying to sort out the legitimate points from the emotional or careless opinions.

"We don't care whether they're right or wrong," he said. "Anything that is said that is criticism we accept. Accept on the surface. We never respond to it. I think that's most important to understand."

He let the last words sink in.

In the course of our two interviews, however, I brought up any number of points made by his critics, and he frequently *had* responded to them. Perhaps not in letters-to-the-editor, but certainly to me and to other interviewers. The fact is Masters and Johnson respond to criticism at times and places, and with interviewers and issues, of their own choosing. What they spurn is any obligation to acknowledge attack and defend themselves on their critics' terms.

"We don't want to be heroes," he told me recently. "The brutal fact is that we left 99.99 percent of human sexual functioning unturned. We haven't scratched the surface and we're aware of it."

But his *mea culpa* is ignored by friend and foe alike. By friends who are anxious to deify them, and by foes who are anxious to bloat their pretensions to make them fall harder. In the end, I think, the truth is disserved by all concerned.

Human Sexual Response becomes more tentative and more obsolete day by day—as its authors have suggested. It appears increasingly to have been a jerry-built book, hastily assembled and hastily written. It purports to be a textbook on physiology. But their only physiologist, Dr. William Sleator, worked merely on a moonlighting basis whenever he could spare time from his duties at Washington University. He probably averaged no more than eight hours per week for Masters and Johnson, as the latter admit. In the rush to get the book out eighteen months ahead of schedule, the bulk of Sleator's physiological work was junked.

Their extreme reticence with the scientific and science-writing communities casts another shadow over their work. The Kinsey Institute's Paul Gebhard found the first book's data seriously wanting in at least one respect:

"I have only one gripe," he notes. "I wish the hell he'd print tables. When he makes a statement, I *believe* the statement. But I want to know what the range of variation is. When he says the vagina balloons out, oh, 2.1 cms. or something, I want to know in how many it ballooned out of 4 and how many didn't balloon out at all—and all the rest of it. Like many physicians, he just isn't statistically oriented. That's my only objection to his work. Dammit, I wish he'd give us the *whole* picture."

It is ironic that researchers trying to breathe the fresh air of science and objectivity into a field long plagued by mysticism, taboo, commerce, guesswork, and egotism should have cloaked their work in clandestineness.

If Masters' and Johnson's achievements in *Human Sexual Response* require further substantiation—and they do—they are still noteworthy, and they reflect a most earnest, courageous, and honorable scientific effect that deserves the highest praise.

Five years of the Great Love Revolution passed between publication of the first and the second book by Masters and Johnson. They were years marked by a fantastic pornography explosion, violent and rather chaotic youthful alienation (and sexual experimentation), stabs at feminist and homophile liberation, and a new, informed dialogue on sex.

One thing had not changed, though: marriage. Except now one could talk openly about it, and writers got incredible mileage rewriting its obituary. In a society enthusiastically adumbrating a Bill of Sexual Rights for itself, it became very hard to endure the prison of married asexuality or antisexuality.

Marriage seemed to possess limitless resources for extinguishing the tiniest spark of fun in sex. And the word "adultery" looked more like a legalistic anachronism that could bite only if one got caught. Even the prissiest newspaper therapists were counseling betrayed wives (less so cuckolded husbands) not to divorce on those grounds alone.

But marriage was essentially an untreatable disease, without cure, with precious little palliation, and cursed with the world's worst attending physicians. One could work around the thing, or start another, or try to ignore it. But repair was as scarce as hen's teeth. And Gore Vidal in *The New York Review of Books*

"How . . . do . . . they . . . know?"

voiced the apathy of many others when he sighed: "Why try?"

Good doctors simply steered clear of the sex problems afflicting marriage. Many denied that such problems existed. Lin Richter and Fred Belliveau in *Understanding Human Sexual Inadequacy* quote a colleague of Masters, in chiding the latter, as saying: "Bill, I strongly disapprove of what you are doing. It certainly isn't obstetrics and gynecology. Furthermore, I must say that I've seen an awful lot more patients than you, and in all my life I have never had a patient in my office complain of a sexual disorder."

To which Masters is said to have answered:

"You know, I believe you."

Human Sexual Inadequacy was the best news sexually dysfunctional couples had ever had. Since the facilities of the Foundation are limited (they treat approximately three couples concurrently in a two-week period), its promise was largely symbolic for the millions who would never make it to St. Louis. But a training program has been under way for the past few years, and the first two diplomates, Sallie Schumacher and Richard Spitz, have opened up what, from early reports, appears to be a highly successful clinical program within the staid Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New York. Other co-therapist teams began training in 1971 under veteran counselor Emily H. Mudd and psychiatrist Ray Waggoner.

In sum, Masters and Johnson showed that, after screening out recalcitrant applicants and other untreatables, almost any kind of sexual mess between a couple could be cleared up—with an 82 percent success ratio overall—provided the partners cooperated with the therapists during their two weeks in St. Louis, sacrificed pride and prejudice in the interests of reversal, forewent their kibitizing former psychotherapists, and truly wanted to save their marriage.

By any measure, for rich or poor, the twenty-five-hundred-dollar tab was a fantastic bargain. Masters and Johnson even claim they treat twenty percent of their patients for free, and twenty percent at half rate.

The details of the therapies are set forth clearly in *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. Yes, *clearly*. There are also some good, simplified versions and commentaries available. If most of them have the Foundation imprimatur and lend themselves to the suspicion of self-serving censorship by Masters and Johnson, there are also several unauthorized books that only confirm the authors' claims—among them, *Surrogate Wife* and *The Sex Clinic*.

It is claimed that *Human Sexual Inadequacy* depends heavily upon the work that went into their first book, but this is not clear from a reading of both books. I tend to agree with Elisha Bartlett, who observed in his *Philosophy of Medical Science* that "therapeutics is not founded upon pathology. The former cannot be deduced from the latter. It rests wholly upon experience. It is, absolutely and positively, an empirical art."

Masters and Johnson do not make much of it, perhaps out of a disinclination to antagonize competing schools, but they are effectively working as behavioral psychotherapists, using standard techniques of operant conditioning and desensitization. Their therapy is directed toward achieving dramatic and rapid removal of libido- and confidence-killing anxieties. Sexual function is never destroyed, they believe, merely anesthetized. Once the impediments are removed, nature takes its happy course: penises stay erect and contained within the vagina; and orgasmic power is restored.

But to the classical behavioral procedures, Masters and Johnson have added novelties, such as a dual-sexed team, treatment of the marriage itself rather than of a specific phobia or neurosis.

Despite their extreme caution, Masters and Johnson sometimes fall afoul of the puritanical society of which they are a prominent symptom. They may not be beyond criticism, but for what they have done for modern marriage alone, they are two of the best, and at the time *the* two most important, love doctors in the world. ■

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DIANE ARBUS

(Continued from page 143)

"She photographed her fears"

unconscious defiance and pride of freaks.

Without question, Diane Arbus saw herself reflected in her subjects. She photographed the subtle dividing lines of her own secret self. She photographed her fears, and her fears were all around her. She exposed them and, finally, could not bear them. The courage and bravery of her vision—so devastatingly accurate, so precise, so overwhelmingly and harrowingly clear—could not help backfiring. She took her life.

Diane Arbus was a very gentle woman. Her voice was gentle. Her eyes were gentle. Her hands, holding the camera, were gentle. There was about her an intrinsic formality—and great breeding. If she insinuated herself upon a subject, it was always as an equal. She was accepting and even admiring of other people's roles, no matter how forbidding or disturbing. That is why her photographs are devoid of any insistent social comment. She was accepting, and she was compassionate. The point is, she understood only too well.

As her subject matter grew more and more personal, getting progressively closer to the dark and dim of the mind and the soul, Diane Arbus came face to face with the darkest truth of all. Sensing it, seeing it, understanding it, and being, as always, accepting of it, she embraced this truth—probably with courage—but also with something that must have seemed an inevitability. It may have been the only way of probing the ultimate secret—the final image. ■

—JOHN GRUEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prints of 125 photographs by Diane Arbus, some from negatives undeveloped when she died, will be shown in New York at The Museum of Modern Art, November 7 to January 21. The book,* Diane Arbus, *edited and designed by her daughter, Doon Arbus, and Marvin Israel, with eighty photographs and a text largely of Diane Arbus's words, will be published November 6 by Aperture, Inc.*

BRIGITTE BARDOT

(Continued from page 169)

"I may not have a sense of duty, but I have a very strong sense of love"

And in a rascally tone: "Besides, one doesn't keep men out of tenderness, one keeps dogs."

I follow a different tack. "What is the first quality you demand in a man?"

"That he attract me physically."

"Is that really a quality?"

"The only one that counts for me, anyway."

"What do you make of courage, courtesy, intelligence, honesty. . . ?"

"Listen, if I'm not physically attracted by a man, it is difficult for me to get interested in his subsidiary qualities."

"What's the second quality you demand in this man?"

"I never demand anything. I hope to find something."

"What?"

"Complicity."

"And by that you mean?"

"Not always having to speak to be understood, having 'passwords' and mad coded laughs. And the same contempt and the same enthusiasm. Feeling like making love at the same moments and for the same reasons. That sort of thing."

"That's quite a lot. In which of your partners have you found this complicity?"

"In none of them. I keep looking, and I will find what I want."

It was said with such conviction. What a fine actress.

"The fact of being Bardot, I mean a sort of national monument—isn't that a handicap for you with men?"

"I know you're not going to believe me, but here goes: I don't always succeed in imagining I'm Bardot. I even force myself not to think about it; because, you know, being Bardot is one hell of a responsibility. It means I can never forget that I represent something quite considerable. Sometimes I have moments of revolt and say that I'm only Brigitte, a woman like all the rest. And it's not true. I can't do anything like other women. Going into a tobacconist's to buy cigarettes or to the cinema, all that's out. So you can well imagine that, in front of a man, the problem is exacerbated. Because if I occasionally manage to forget that I'm Bardot, he never forgets it! He smiles at Bardot, he holds Bardot's hand, he makes love to Bardot. . . ."

"Tell me, being who you are, aren't the traditional values of submission, admiration, and respect vis-à-vis the man who is sharing your life automatically reduced to nothing?"

Bardot looked at me as if I was a specimen of unknown insect. "Oh, là, là . . . traditional values! For me, there is only one thing that matters between two people: love."

"You don't say happiness?"

"No. What is happiness? I believe in moments of happiness. If happiness existed twenty-four hours a day, how could one recognize and appreciate it? I'm happy with little pockets of happiness here and there."

"Is that enough?"

"Of course not. Because when I get tangled up in love, I'm terribly demanding. I. . . ."

She hesitated for a fraction of a second and then said seriously: "I do everything through love. Nothing except through love."

"With a couple, there are also duties. . . ."

"I never do anything because I have to. I have always put love before duty. . . ."

She played absentmindedly with the cards, looking lost for a moment. "I have no sense of duty, that's a fact. Nevertheless I consider myself a very good girl. Because I am never ashamed of what I do, and because I never have any regrets."

She went back to her game of cards and laid out the three rows necessary for "Irish patience."

"You see, I may not have a sense of duty, but I have a very strong sense of love. And I know that when something goes wrong in love, however tiny it may be, it means that everything is already over. And then I have to leave. Quickly and forever."

"Never any remorse, Mme. Bardot?"

She curled up her lips, the queen of hearts at her fingertips.

"Never."

"So . . . you are content to be the way you are?"

"Often enough for it to be a success."

Success is a word with many meanings, a sort of a booby trap. "What does that mean 'success'?"

"In love, in one's profession, and in life, success consists quite simply of never embarrassing oneself, never regretting anything, always saying no to any compromise."

Bardot stretched herself and yawned, a cat in a thick knitted covering of wool. She purred, "I'm in favor of success."

I buried myself once again in the typewritten pages of her horoscope.

"It says that Libra gives a sociable nature, a need for warmth and affection. Is it the need for warmth and affection that has led you to marriage on several occasions?"

Bardot shrank like an oyster under a drop of lemon juice.

"Several times. Everyone knows that."

I lit a cigarette, to give me time to repent. But I jumped in at the deep end. "Do you count your marriages among your successes?"

Bardot's eyes became glossy, hard, mineral.

"It's enough to marry once in life. More than once is too many times."

"In that case, why have you married so many times?"

"Because I adore getting married."

It was said in the voice of someone saying that she adored chocolate éclairs.

"Everything is so nice about marriage! First of all, the church. A church can be very beautiful! Then, the wedding dress, the bouquet of white flowers, the veils. . . . And also, all those people surrounding you, relatives, and friends playing at being kind. Especially the women. Because the bitches know the kind of wasps' nest into which this sweet young girl is about to land all pink with emotion. And let's not forget the bridegroom. In his best clothes. At his best. Always quite moved. I rather like a man when he is moved. They are so rarely like that! Oh, and the music! Bach, Mozart, those divine voices!"

Calm, sedate. She had recited her piece, sitting bolt upright, so slim, with a voice which had gradually become that of before.

"Ah! Ah!"

That was all I said. She smiled out of the corner of her mouth and tapped me lightly on the back with her hand. It meant: "Well? Can you see I'm joking?" I smiled at her in my turn. Great complicity. Intimate friendship. She then changed her tone.

"It used to be terrible to get married—irreversible—even in my parents' time. Now it's different. One gets married several times; because, in marriage, what is important is not the marriage itself but the person one marries. In my parents' day, one married anybody. That's to say, some chap who had money, or a social position. . . ."

She burst out laughing and repeated: "A social position, do you realize? Now people are much more serious. All the same, we still pay attention. We marry people we like, people we love, people who make love to us well. Now I chose my third husband with as much care as the first. Because for me a husband doesn't mean factories, boats, or a double-barreled name. He is a gentleman who is supposed to help me to spend fantastic nights! So you see there's no room for mistakes!"

"Given that you are a Libra, the physical beauty of the men you marry must play a part?"

Bardot replied histrionically: "A beautiful man is a man I like!"

She laughed and snatched the pencil with which I was taking notes from my hand.

"Don't write that! I've said it so many times!"

She got up, went to the window, and examined the countryside. I followed up with: "Didn't all those marriages misfire all the same? Are you going to keep on trying?"

"Certainly. Each time I say to myself: the next time it will be right. Because, in the past, I've been very happy in each of my marriages. And I think that a woman who has been happy four or five times in her life—like me, fully happy, completely, physically, and sometimes morally—well, I think that woman has achieved something capital!"

"Is pleasure your aim, then?"

"I like that! Well, if pleasure is happiness, yes. But to appreciate and to cause pleasure, you have to be someone, you know!"

Outside, night fell very

quickly, like a disaster.

"Listen, I'd like to hear your theories regarding fidelity. I'm thinking of a statement by Vadim, which went more or less like this: 'I knew her when she was fifteen. We flirted together, she became my mistress and then my wife. For six years she never deceived me. Then she had a series of loves.' And Vadim added: 'The scandalous thing about Brigitte is that she does in broad daylight what others do in secret.' "

"Coming from Vadim, I don't think that is a reproach. It is more like a compliment. What 'others' consider scandalous, I consider moral. Because for me everything that is done in broad daylight is moral."

"Vadim also asserts that, on the sentimental level, you have such a thirst for perfection, for the absolute, that all true amorous relations become impossible for you. Is that right?"

"I think it is the case with many women. At least, women of a certain quality. Personally, I always try to get right to the bottom of myself. Especially in love. By dint of wanting to be happy, more than happy, I often cause myself trouble. You know, most men get into a blue funk over passion. They'd be quite happy with a bit of pleasant sweet talk—tonic, nothing more. For me, that type of man/woman relationship is senseless."

"Isn't there an autodestructive side to your behavior regarding men?"

"Oh, là, là . . . all that is too complicated. I'm not an intellectual. I'm intelligent, yes, but on the whole quite a simple girl. When I tell a boy I love him, it's because, at the moment I say it, it's true."

She hesitated a fraction of a second and added: "That doesn't mean that the next day I may not have to change my mind."

"You call that being simple?"

"It may not be simple for the boy. But for me it is. Because for me what counts is this—not lying. Now, changing one's mind, that's a different matter."

"I suspect you are a little bit egotistic."

"But I'm terribly egotistic! I think of myself first. I don't try to understand others. I've always

(Continued on page 184)

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(Continued from page 183)

"A husband is a gentleman who is supposed to help me to spend fantastic nights"

had the weakness of believing that other people will understand me."

"That's very facile."

She curled up on her seat. She said, in a tiny voice: "I have my excuses."

"What excuses?"

She searched for the words, and sighed: "First of all, I'm Bardot."

Suddenly I had no desire to spare her.

"So what?"

Patiently, and more confidently, she explained: "Next, I am three people in one."

"The Holy Trinity, eh?"

Her eyes flashed: "It's easy to be sarcastic. You take my place, just for a few days. Then we'll talk some more."

I declined her offer. She smiled. Peace again. She went on.

"I am three people in one: the woman, the actress, and the monster who gives rise to the myth."

Already I pitied her with all my heart.

"The woman," said Bardot, "I know well. She is me. She is, as General de Gaulle said, 'genuine.' The actress—at first I didn't know her very well. The proof lies in the fact that I had weaknesses for her. But I've changed. Now I lead her life, and I think I know her much better. That leaves the myth. The myth is something fascinating and horrible. Half truth, half lie. Something inaccessible, unreal, terribly distressing."

A clock struck six. Bardot uncorked a bottle of champagne. She drank little swallowfuls, like a bird.

"What is certain is that Bardot's success has been fantastic! Pardon me for speaking in the third person like that, but it's easier. On my good days I say to myself: 'Where there is success there is motive.' That permits me to sleep for a few nights."

"And how much luck is involved in all that?"

"I don't like that word. It's so much wind. Let's say rather that I have been helped by a concurrence of circumstances. From all I can see I was 'the right woman at the right time.' I had a completely new face, a special way of moving, and I spoke—curiously, it seems. The beginning of all this notoriety was *And God Created Woman*. In that film I started 'nudity without a feeling of coarseness.' It was Vadim who discovered it. But I was there for a reason all the same!"

The champagne was reddening her cheeks, her eyes shone a bit more brightly.

"I think I also owe part of my fame to the attitude that I very quickly formed towards the ultra-conventional society to which I belonged. Many years ahead of those women who talk so loudly today, I was the first to 'break down the barriers.' What a racket! Just think . . . I was what was properly called a girl from a good family, eaten up with bourgeois traditions, crammed full of principles, of accepted opinions. Without really knowing why, I reacted badly to certain words, certain actions. I was very, very well brought up, you know. I flung it all away. Principles, accepted ideas, traditions, the lot. Not at all out of a spite or provocation but because the taboos that ruled the lives of the people around me seemed to me to be almost inhumanly foolish. One day Vadim said, in front of me, something that hit me hard. He said: 'In France, a man who has mistresses is a Don Juan, but a woman who has lovers is a whore.' It was as if I had heard voices. I told myself that, at all costs, I must bury all ideas like that once and for all. And I was the first to show that a woman can quite well lead a man's life without being a public harlot. I have become the most important sex symbol of all time."

"What does that mean precisely?"

"For me, being as I am quite chaste and modest, it's a totally abstract idea. I have become, without premeditation on my part, the symbol of female freedom. Of woman's sexual freedom. Because, with us, if a woman is free intellectually, politically, and artistically, in matters regarding sex she still lives in the time of Fallières! Now my relations with men—I loathe the word 'lovers'—are exactly the opposite of other women's. Since I have been an adult, I've been in the position of a man who likes having mistresses. I am a truly free woman."

"To lead the life you do, you must need a good deal of balance."

"I have fantastic health! With me, morale always springs from my physical condition. And then I strain myself, you know! When I'm sad or even in despair, I laugh, I invent happiness. . . ."

"In England one calls that having 'good manners.'"

"Basically I'm a well-behaved neurasthenic."

Later in the evening, I was to ask her if spitefulness or backbiting had caused her to suffer.

"Often. But not exactly because someone has spoken ill of me. I have a great tendency not to give a damn for what other people think. No, it's much more serious. Because when someone unexpectedly hurts me for no purpose, I immediately realize that it's the will of people in general to do harm. In principle, I imagine people to be rather kind; and they aren't in the least. And their spitefulness is always terribly unfair."

Bardot was prodding chocolates in a big box in front of her.

"You see, when one is the victim of petty, unimportant spitefulness, it could lead someone very fragile or very tired to wish for death. But death itself is not always respected. I know from experience. Once, some years ago, I took an overdose of barbiturates. I was taken to the hospital by ambulance, in a coma. It was a question of minutes to save my life. Well, the photographers of a weekly magazine forced the ambulance to stop, opened the doors, and, despite the efforts of the indignant nurses, took a series of photos. Only then did they let the ambulance start off again. When I got to the hospital, I was only just saved. And the people who do things like that are the same people who smile and kiss me at cocktail parties."

Now I stepped onto very slippery ground. I said: "Periodically one hears of anti-Bardots. One day, someone said in front of Coco Chanel that Catherine Deneuve was the perfect anti-Bardot. Chanel replied: 'That's absurd. Bardot is a myth. You can't destroy a myth by setting a woman against it.' And Chanel went on: 'The only anti-myth I know is time.'"

Bardot laughed loudly.

"The old witch! How true that is! Yes, time will destroy me one day, as it destroys everything. But no one else will ever be Bardot."

"So you consider yourself irreplaceable?"

"In a sense, yes, I am the only Bardot, and my species is unique. Many other girls will have fantastic careers after me. Some will have a lot more talent. But none of them will ever be Bardot."

"Do you feel that you are getting old?"

"Aging is already imagining that one can be old. That's not the case with me. In that sphere I have no imagination. One wrinkle more or less won't change anything in that slot. And, you know, you have to know how to defend yourself against age. To do that you have to start by never listening to people who tell you that, when you reach a certain age, you must change your hairstyle, your makeup, the way you dress. Why not change your heart and your lungs as well? Coco Chanel tried that very type of artful intoxication on me. 'You aren't thirty any longer,' she said; 'You must decide that you're going to develop.' I expect she must have found me frightfully immodest, for she'd taken it into her head to convince me that after the age of thirty-one, the feminine charm most appreciated by men—which men?—was, precisely, modesty. I think she even called that the 'sex-appeal' modesty. All that blah so that I will wear her clothes. I tried it, just to see. It was a disaster! I always looked like a lady. A lady with a dog, with a pearl necklace, and a lover in the estate or the hunt. And, shit, I'm not made for looking like a lady after all."

She said "shit" in the same way one says 'bother.' It was charming, airy, and very well brought up.

"Growing old is, above all, stopping. And it is always fear that immobilizes us. Fear of the unknown. Fear of leaving what one loves, a decor, a fashion, a man. Well, sometimes, when one is really very stupid, one gets fixed in the decor, the fashion, or the man. And that's the downfall.

(Continued on page 186)

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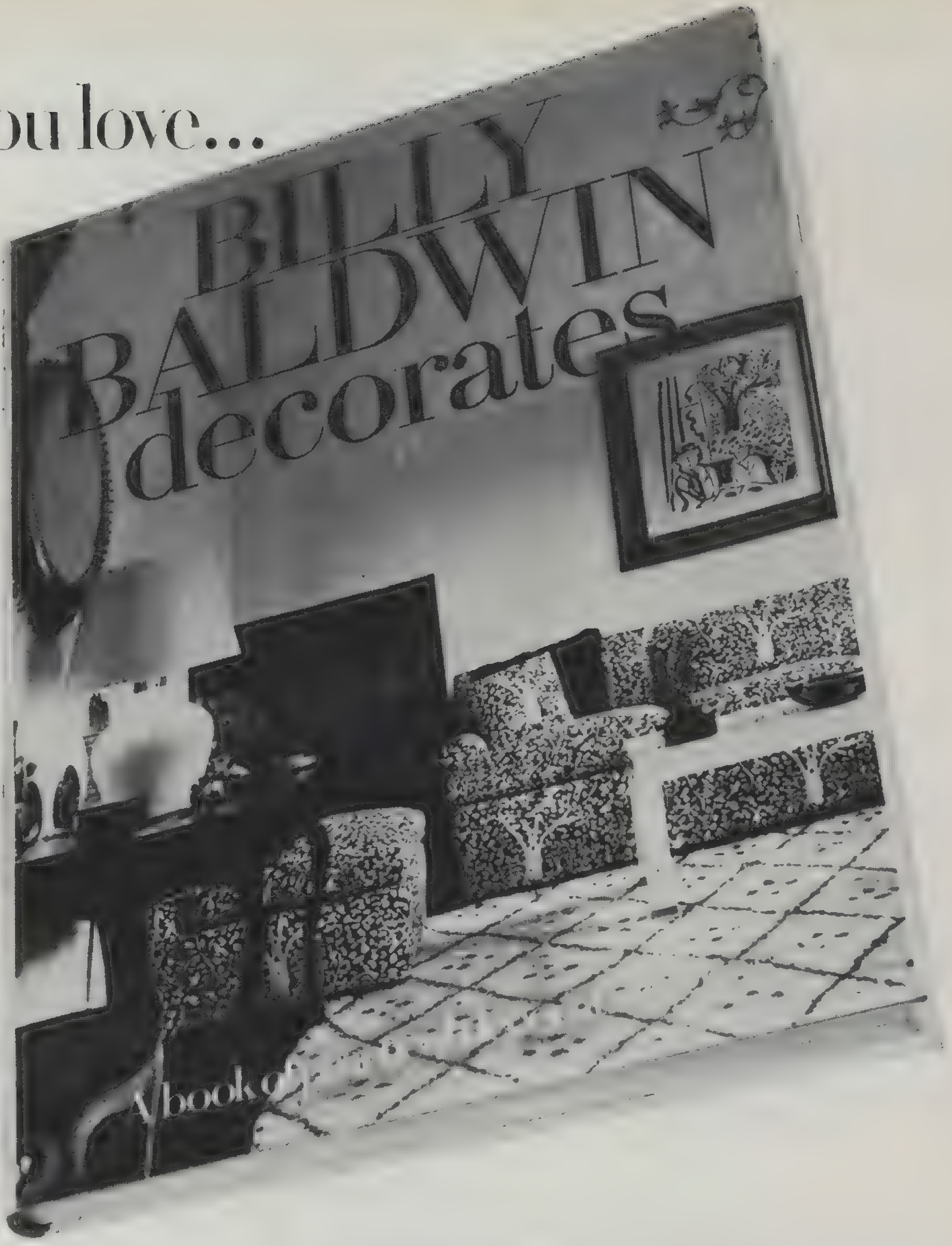

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BRIGITTE BARDOT

(Continued from page 184)

“I am three people in one: the woman, the actress, and the monster who gives rise to the myth”

Downfall into immobility. The rabbit in front of the boa constrictor. I know women who stopped in 1930, others in '45, others in '60.

“Of course, I'm afraid of aging. But not that much. I live each day as it comes. If when I get out of bed I find a ravaged face, I am forty, or even a hundred. If I find myself pretty, if I like myself, I'm twenty, or twelve, or thirty. Obviously, on the days I don't like myself, I'm miserable and I cry. Thank God I've got reliable nerves. And it's especially my twenties that get the upper hand!”

“Of all the traps laid for us by age, which frightens you the most?”

“Loneliness, I think. But you won't be able to understand that, because loneliness for a man and loneliness for a woman are not the same. A man is never really alone. A woman can be—I very often am—in the prime of youth and at the height of her beauty. I've had some hard blows in my life. And afterwards I've always been alone. I have friends—not many, but I have some. People in whose arms I could, if necessary, start to sob. And even so, I'm all alone in the end.”

And quietly she added: “Every time I have to make a really serious decision, I'm all alone.”

Her face had suddenly shrunk. She lifted her head up.

“It's completely natural, you know. Sad, but natural. Even those who adore you couldn't give a damn for your problems. Because no one but you can understand your problems.” She changed the subject: “I shall know I am old the day I can no longer have the man I'd like.”

And then, as if nothing had happened, she got up to fetch some cigarettes. When she came back I asked her: “One day you'll leave the cinema?”

“I've already left it several times. At least, more or less left it. But always sincerely. And I've gone back to it with the same sincerity. What do you expect? I love the profession.”

She became suddenly serious.

“But one day, I'll leave it for good. Before it abandons me. I have a horror of being abandoned. I hurt myself too much.”

“Do you know that one day Vadim said about you: ‘The genius can't be judged by normal means’?”

“If by ‘genius’ he means me, I think he's exaggerating.”

“He added that there were rules for acting well, but none for being Brigitte Bardot.”

“Vadim is an extremely intelligent man.”

“Other anonymous people have said of you also: ‘She has no talent, she only knows how to show her buttocks.’ ”

“Yes, and Aragon said of me that one day I'd be seen at the Comédie Française. So, you see, there must be an opinion between that of Aragon and that of the anonymous people. But let's take things as they stand. Fortunately, I don't think I'm what is properly called an actress. That's perhaps my greatest strength. I express myself through instinct. Into my incarnations—not my interpretations—I carry part of my natural tactlessness. This tactlessness is instinctive to me. Sincere, therefore. If I became ‘a good actress,’ I would no longer be Bardot. I would be ‘a good actress.’ Like thousands of others. It's much more difficult to be Bardot!”

Only a goddess, an Amazon, could speak in that way. Perhaps because, as Marguerite Duras has written, “Bardot is mythical even in her own eyes.” ■

SILVANA MANGANO

(Continued from page 156)

Her husband said: “I should have known this was going to be the greatest anti-diva of all time”

personality not absolutely her own.

Since Silvana Mangano is reluctant and even incapable of describing this herself, it is necessary to relate her story through men and women who have lived and worked with her. To begin with, there is Marcello Mastroianni:

“Silvana and I grew up in the same neighborhood and I dated her sometimes. She had an English mother and a Sicilian father who was a railroad conductor. This mixture gave her a very cool look on the outside, but inside she was all fire. She tried to be a ballet dancer, but had to give it up. So she began to model. Then, to get into films, she entered a beauty contest and became Miss Rome of 1946. Other girls did the same thing—Lucia Bose, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren. But Silvana was different, more timid and shy. So it must have been painful for her.”

Direct physical exposure created a girlhood trauma. Later Silvana confided to Vittorio Gassman (who by then had raped, seduced, and betrayed her in various films): “All those eyes fixed on me like an animal in the slaughterhouse. . . . I still dream about it at night.”

Next is Giuseppe De Santis, the director who made Mangano famous with *Bitter Rice*, a 1949 film on the working conditions of girls in north-Italy rice fields. “We were looking for an Italian Rita Hayworth when this girl showed up one day with a girl friend. She wanted me to give the role to her friend.”

Unimpressed, De Santis sent them away—only to unexpectedly encounter the eighteen-year-old Mangano a few days later in the rain on Via Veneto. This time she was without makeup, her hair was down, the rain was glistening on her face, and in her hand she held a white daisy. “She was like someone else . . . fresh, young, full of pride. I gave her a screen test and she was wonderful. Just what I wanted.”

Silvana Mangano was unwanted, however, by an ambitious young Neapolitan working as producer for Lux Films: Dino De Laurentiis.

“Dino refused to accept her,” recalls De Santis. “He said it was insane to build a film on someone so unknown. When I told him I was going to use her anyway, he became angry and quit . . . though eventually he did return. Dino didn't realize what he had on his hands.”

Dino and Silvana were soon to repeat their act. Aware the film would be a hit (it eventually grossed eight million dollars in the United States alone), producer Dino offered the nineteen-year-old Silvana a long-term contract. “She didn't take it,” he recalls, still with surprise. “Her father eventually convinced her to sign, but she didn't like it. I should have known then that this was going to be the greatest anti-diva of all time.”

De Laurentiis took her with him to Calabria, looking for locations for her second film, and soon was offering her another contract: marriage. Silvana refused this one, too, but again was convinced to accept. They were married at Campidoglio, Rome's City Hall, July 17, 1949. Their first child, Veronica, was born January 13, 1950.

Behind the ivied walls of a villa on the Appia Antica, Silvana began to live in a way that had never been possible before. Silvana Mangano's childhood and youth had paralleled the birth and death of Fascism. At the moment she blossomed, Italy plunged into postwar despair and ruin. By nature shy, sensitive, and frightened, she had been forced to save self and family. Now, finally, she could look at herself—and what she had missed. Besides the adventure of being a mother, she began an internal odyssey. Eventually, the search would appear to transform her completely, changing her from a sexy *bambola* into an aristocratic *signora* of the *campagna*. Actually, it would only strip her of the unessentials. In the beginning, however, she seemed to take on a meaningless existence.

Silvana did needlepoint, collected stamps, slept late, put a canasta table in the family Hudson (later, a roulette wheel in the Rolls-Royce), allowed her trim 128 pounds to rise to a matronly 192, and produced a second girl,

(Continued on page 188)

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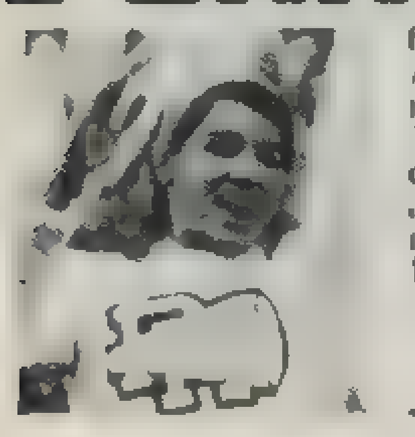

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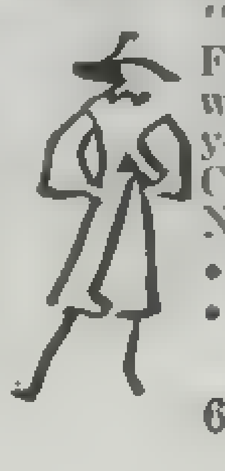

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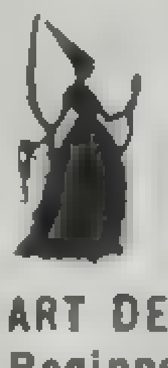

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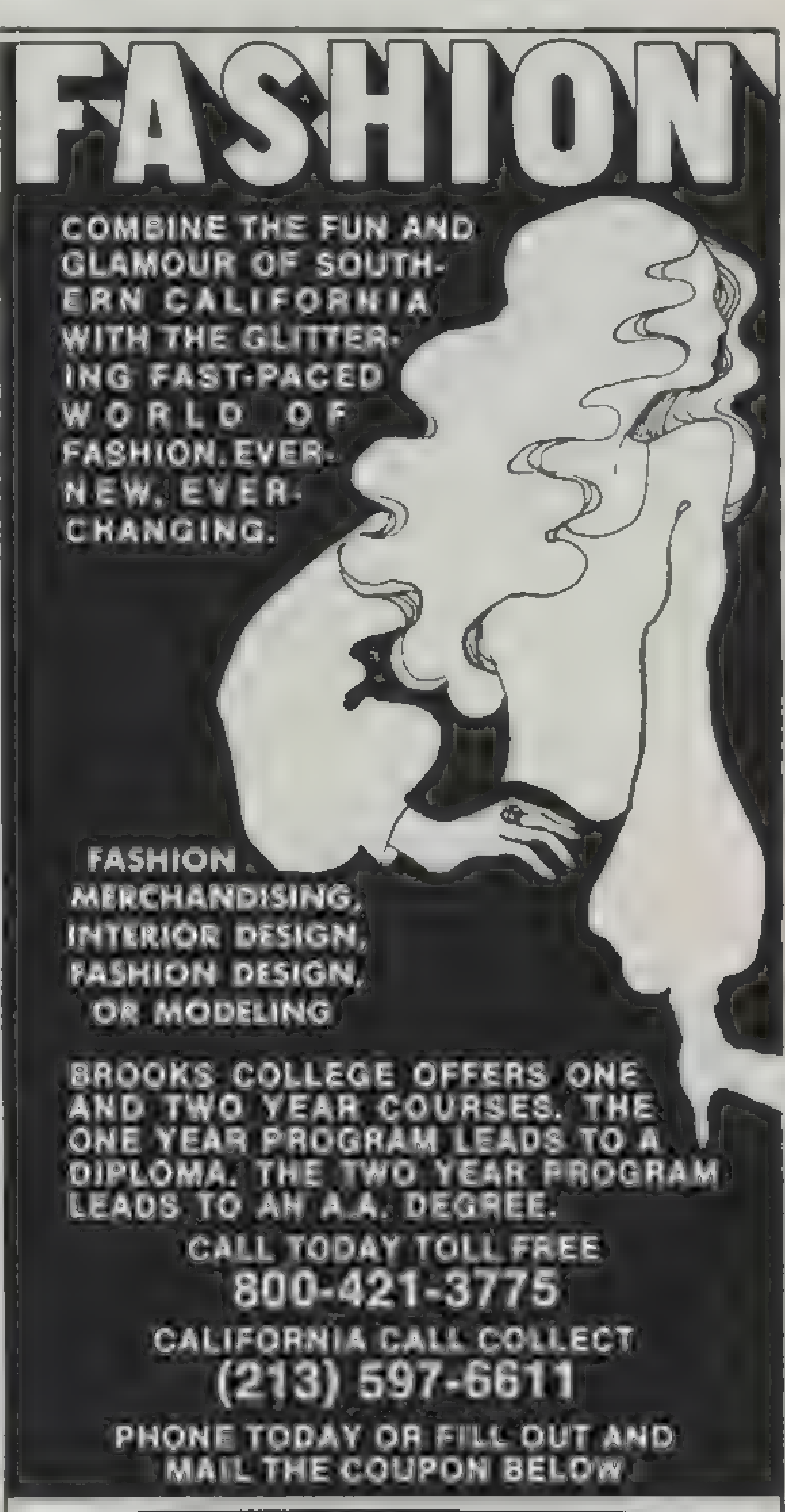

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MANGANO

(Continued from page 186)

"Mamma, just call me the black sheep and forget about it"

Raffaella. Reluctantly, and at the insistence of Dino, she slimmed down to produce three films during the next four years. But none of the films had any real success, which confirmed her self-knowledge: she was not yet a real actress and the success of *Bitter Rice* had depended upon her body.

Finally, in 1954, Mangano was offered a role in *Mambo*, with Vittorio Gassman and Shelley Winters. She trained for weeks with Katherine Dunham, ruthlessly putting her body through dance routines. Then she turned herself over to director Robert Rossen—only to find her role drastically altered. "It was a disaster," she said later.

Time agreed with her: "Silvana mambos like a self-conscious tourist. Her real talent is her uncanny beauty, all cool glow and rich simplicity, and a sensational figure." That put her back at square one: on the meat block of a beauty contest. Undaunted, she tried another film that same year: *Gold of Naples*, directed by Vittorio De Sica. This time she fared better. Echoing other reviews, *Time* reported: "Mangano for once is convincing."

Meanwhile, Mangano continued her odyssey—reading plays, poems, novels. After Tolstoy, she said: "No, it's too much. Today there are no more writers like that." Then she found Cesare Pavese and devoured his works, feeling akin to his honest, tormented, and unflinching pessimism—identifying herself in his need to be alone, yet also with a fear of solitude, and an irradicable need to communicate with others. "What does an actress know about the world?" she asked. "Everything is done to isolate her from humanity."

Mangano accepted another film that took her to Thailand. It was *This Angry Age* adapted from the Marguerite Duras novel *The Sea Wall*. Again there were good reviews; but, of more consequence, she returned home bearing incense and books on Oriental philosophy. She stopped using lipstick, wore simple clothes, and dieted until the magnificent body of *Bitter Rice* seemed to be gone forever.

When her mother protested, Silvana smiled with her usual trace of sadness. "What do you want?" she asked. "When I was fifteen, I used a kilo of lipstick a day—to your horror. Now I use none, and you're frightened. I never read then, and now you complain I'm going blind from books. When I went into films, you thought it was dangerous. Now when I don't do them, you tell me my public is waiting. Mamma, just call me a black sheep and forget about it."

When Dino protested, she blew up. "Let me alone! I didn't want to do films to start with. Now I don't want my career and private life mixed up. No, I won't see any journalists, ever. And I don't want to be with people I don't like. Take me as I am, or leave me!"

Silvana took a private penthouse in Piazza di Spagna where she burned incense and entertained her private circle—mostly girls. There were sudden trips, alone, to the De Laurentiis Riviera home at Cap-Martin, near Monte Carlo, where she loved to gamble big sums of money. And there were countless forays to help the poor, the sick, and the black-cat misfits of the night who flocked to her for maternal care.

Silvana averaged a film a year, taking some Dino asked her to do and others on her own. None of these could distort her role as a mother, which always came first. There could be no shooting, for example, during the vacations of her children (she now had four).

The result of all this was a series of films that never realized Mangano's full talents. Vittorio De Sica believes Mangano has suffered from this. "Silvana has been miscast too often. It's a great loss—not only for her, but for cinema everywhere."

Alberto Sordi, friend and co-star with Mangano in seven of her twenty-nine films, believes husband Dino muffed his wife's career. "Gina Lollobrigida married a manager who guided her. Claudia Cardinale has Franco Cristaldi who thinks for her. And Ponti dedicated himself to Sophia. But Dino never realized he had a trump card on which to base his cinema activity. Instead of building colossal film studios, he could have put more into Mangano—and be much better off today."

Sordi feels this also explains Mangano's withdrawal from film work. "Silvana, overpowered by Dino, withdrew to be mainly wife and mother. It's too bad because only now has Dino discovered that he lost a unique opportunity."

De Laurentiis disagrees with friend Sordi. "That's his opinion, but he's got it wrong. Look, I'll speak sincerely. The problems are two. The first is that Silvana desires to be mamma and wife. The second is that at the beginning of her career, I had a choice: put myself at the service of an actress-wife or put myself to work for me. I'll admit that if she has lacked the development her talent deserved, the fault is mine. She had enormous possibilities. But I never occupied myself with her as an actress—though I did use her in certain films for my own reasons, commercial ventures mainly, and often in roles not adapted to her. You can say it was a mistake. But it was no mistake for me. It's a question of temperament. Ponti is content to put himself at the service of his wife, but I could never do such work.

"Also, Silvana is different from Sophia. She does not lend herself to publicity or promotion. She refuses interviews. What can you do with a woman like that?"

De Santis believes there were two other factors. "La Mangano has a great human gift, but for an actress it can also be a great defect: no ambition. Maybe there's some Oriental apathy from her Sicilian father. She had a moment to become a great star but never grabbed it. Instead, she did everything to destroy it.

"Also she hated *Bitter Rice*. She did not want to be an object, a sex symbol. So she withdrew, destroying everything as she went. She was a girl who did not want a physique that turned her into an object for men and made it difficult, if not impossible, to be a dignified human being.

"It was as though her soul were unhappy and refused to be imprisoned in such a body, behind those great ripe breasts—so she destroyed the perfect body. At the same time, she nurtured in others a curiosity of a different type. She transformed herself

(Continued on page 190)

ACCESSORY DETAILS

THE SHORT DRESS AT NIGHT

Page 112: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. K.J.L. earrings. Boa of red-dyed Norwegian blue fox by Maximilian. Bagatelle bag. Trifari ring. Hanes tights. Customcraft by Rossi sandals.

Page 113: K.J.L. earrings. Handbag at Bloomingdale's. Lacavera bracelets at Moda Romana. Camel-dyed Norwegian blue fox jacket by Givenchy for Alixandre. Round-the-Clock tights. Herbert Levine sandals, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 114: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings and pin on bag by K.J.L. Bagatelle bag. Laguna bracelet. White-dyed Norwegian blue fox boa from Maximilian. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Sandals at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 115: Hat by Don Anderson for Sheer Bros. Doro scarf. Bogus pearl necklace and earrings by Kenneth J. Lane for Marvella at Lord & Taylor. Bag by Pierre Cardin for Delill. Brandy-dyed Norwegian blue fox boa from Maximilian.

Page 116: Arista hat. Doro scarf. Bogus pearl rope by Laguna. Bracelet on right hand by Lacavera at Moda Romana. Bracelets on left hand by K.J.L. Eugenie Buchner ring. Natural silver fox boa by Oscar de la Renta for Dan Grossman. Hanes tights. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 117: Mr. Martin hat at Bloomingdale's. Earrings and watch by K.J.L. Marvella bracelet. Cadoro ring. Greta Originals bag. Red-dyed Norwegian blue fox boa by Maximilian. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Customcraft shoes.

Page 118 (left): K.J.L. earrings. Maximilian boas of natural Norwegian blue fox and white-dyed Norwegian blue fox.

Page 118 (top right): Earrings, ring, and pin on bag, by K.J.L. Ben King bag. Maximilian boa of white-dyed Norwegian blue fox. Flower from The Greenery. Round-the-Clock tights. Customcraft by Rossi shoes.

Page 119: Hat by Don Anderson for Sheer Bros. K.J.L. earrings. Bag by Pierre Cardin for Delill at Bloomingdale's. K.J.L. bracelet, at Lord & Taylor. Boa by Oscar de la Renta for Dan Grossman, at Lord & Taylor. Roman Stripe tights. Shoes, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 120: K.J.L. earrings. Cultured pearl rope at Altman's. Beautiful Bryans tights. The child's jacket by Imps.

Page 121: K.J.L. earrings.

PALE—WITH PEARLS AT NIGHT

Page 126: Marcel Boucher earrings. Short pearls by Laguna. Longer pearls by Kenneth J. Lane for Marvella at Bonwit Teller. K.J.L. ring. David Evins shoes.

Page 127: Earrings by Kenneth J. Lane for Marvella. William De Lillo ring. Flower from The Greenery.

Page 129: Earrings by Imperial Pearl Syndicate. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 130: Earrings and bracelet at Barbara Anton Salon, Englewood, N.J.

Page 131: Frank Mastoloni bracelet. Gardenias from The Greenery. David Evins shoes.

Page 132: Bogus pearls by Marvella at Lord & Taylor. Necklace by Michael Moraux for Dubaux at Elizabeth Arden Salons. David Evins shoes.

Page 133: Earrings by Imperial Pearl Syndicate.

THE SHIRTDRESS FOR DAY

Page 146: Necklace at Bloomingdale's. Chain bracelets by Anchor Casting. Other bracelets by Alexis Kirk.

Page 147: Hat by Irene of New York. Anchor Casting necklace and chain bracelet. Alexis Kirk bangles. Grandoe gloves. Berkshire tights. Roger Vivier shoes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 148: Trifari earrings. Neck chain and chain on right wrist by Anchor Casting. Pendant, Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Monet chain on left wrist. Jean François Carrère ring. Schiaparelli tights. Shoes by Florence Otway for Mademoiselle.

Page 149: Hat, Don Anderson for Sheer Bros. Mastogem earrings. Short neck chain by Anchor Casting. Longer chain by Peter Lindeman. All bracelets by Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate, Lord & Taylor. Beautiful Bryans tights. Palizzio shoes.

Page 150 (left): Anchor Casting bracelet. Mr. Martin hat. Trifari earrings. Peter Lindeman chains. Bagatelle bag, Henri Bendel. Beauty Mist tights. Shoes at Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 150 (right): Hat by Don Anderson for Sheer Bros. K.J.L. earrings. Necklace at Bloomingdale's. Alexis Kirk bracelets. Suarez bag. Berkshire tights. Golo shoes.

Page 151: Hat by Oomingmak, at Primitive Artisans. Alexis Kirk earrings and bracelet. Schiaparelli tights. Shoes by Givenchy at Delman.

SOFT, SEDUCTIVE . . . WITH FURS

Page 158: Ring by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs.

Page 159: Polcini earrings. K.J.L. necklace. Bracelet by Lacavera at Moda Romana. Herbert Levine sandals.

Page 160: Bracelet on upper arm by Eisenberg Ice.

Page 161: Trifari earrings and black and white pearls, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bogus pearl necklace by Richelieu. Oval pearls and beads by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Customcraft by Rossi shoes.

Page 162 (left): Earrings by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs. Pearls by Toby Heller at Bergdorf Goodman. Herbert Levine shoes.

Page 162 (right): Earrings and necklace by Imperial Pearl Syndicate. Gardenia from The Greenery.

Page 163: Doro scarf. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE PEARL IDEA

THE LOOKS IN THIS ISSUE
MAY BE FOUND AT
THE FOLLOWING STORES:

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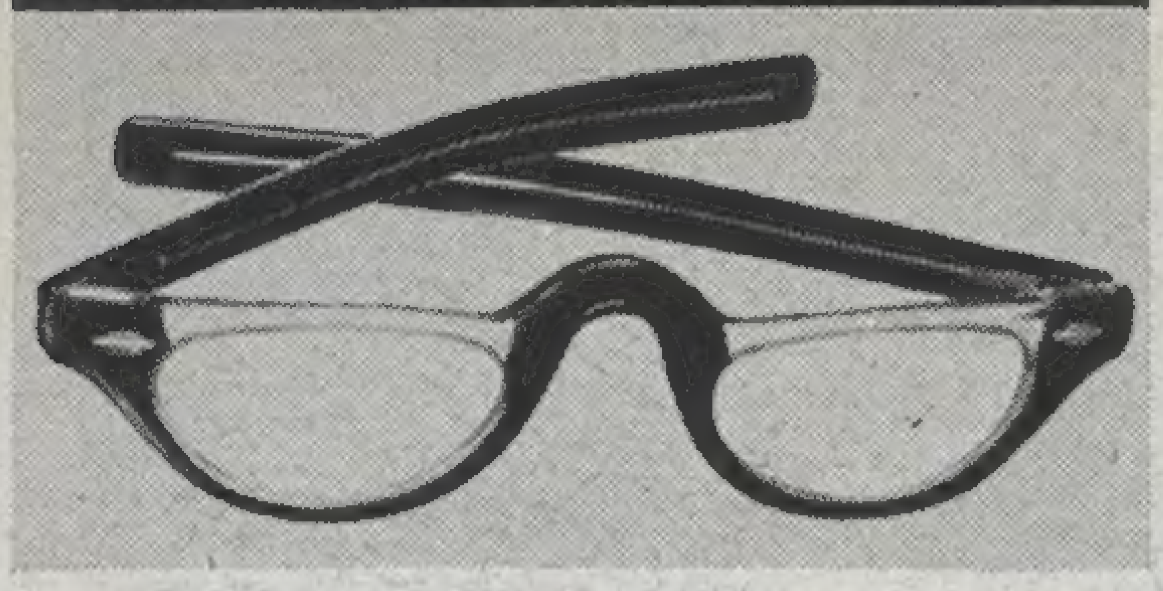

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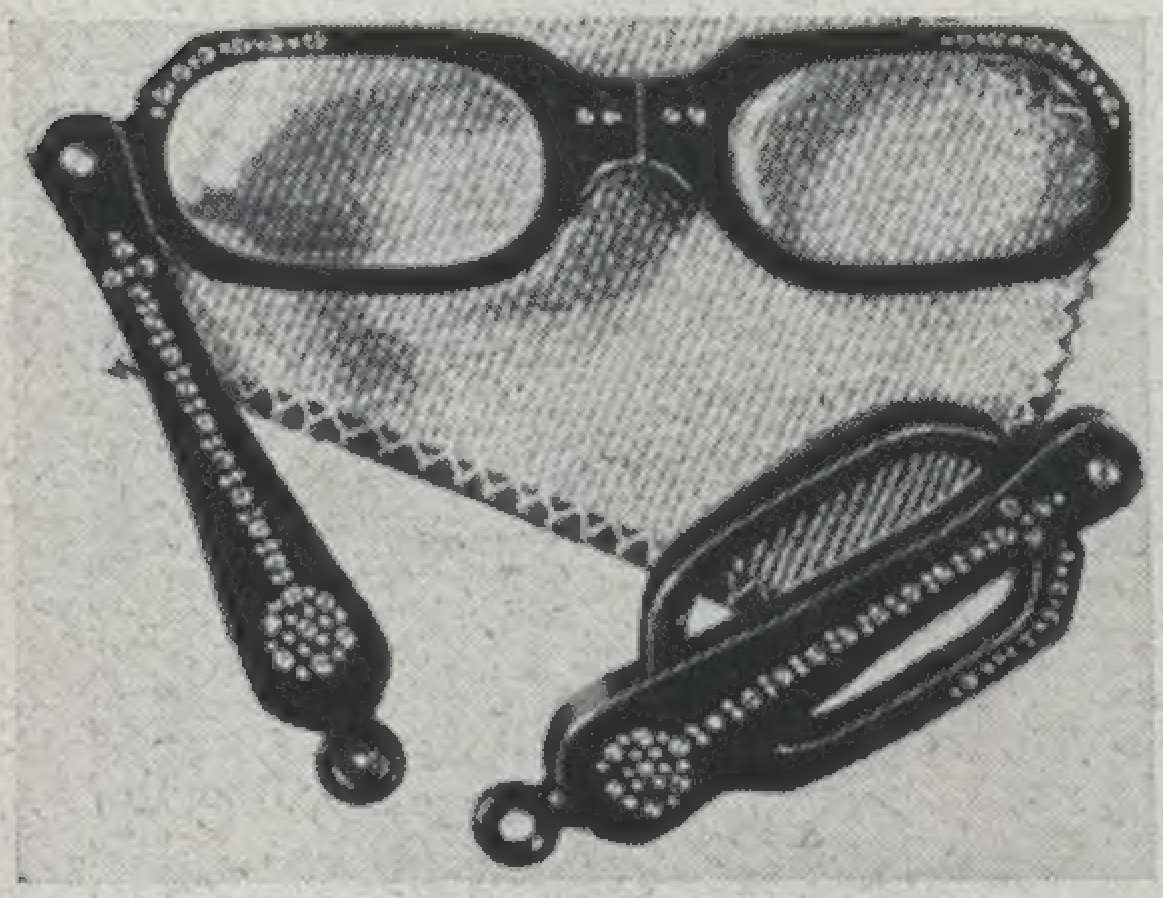

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MANGANO

(Continued from page 188)

"Outside, cool self-containment; inside, an exploding child"

from someone enveloped with sex into something else which bore an upper-class disrespect for its former self.

"She gives the impression of a woman who feels profoundly ill at ease in the world of the cinema, who is timid, with a deep aversion toward the public. There's a necessity to be alone, protected by fifteenth-century walls, noiseless servants in an old fortress house, beautiful silver, many dogs, with nurses taking care of children—and a husband whose work does not involve her.

"She is timid, with a touch of bad temper due to timidity—the peevish manners of a medieval princess or the autocratic founder of a religious order. She's a woman in contact with another dimension—historical, not metaphysical. So she has somehow found, with great courage, or maybe great despair, her balance in life—her own personality.

"Yes, she *is* a great cinema actress. But cinema does not need great actors. It needs great faces, great personalities, a certain mystery of character—and she has it.

"Since she's a woman to be discovered, she's also one to be invented. Her reserve, in a sense never completely given away, makes you think she is a woman with great richness of temperament. I'd like to have her in my hands to animate that spectral, asexual, lesbic, and ancient spirit that seems now to have enveloped her."

Marcello Mastroianni claims there's nothing cold or asexual about Mangano. "She's timid and reserved, yes—but that's not unusual with actors. An actor expresses himself when acting. Without a role, many are lost, withdrawn—or living a private role. The real Silvana has never changed."

Alberto Sordi, who knows Mangano better than most, says the real Silvana is hiding behind an outer one. "She's the opposite of what you see. Outside there is cool self-containment, but that's the English side of her. Inside, she's an exploding child—diverting, high-spirited, playful. Look into her eyes and you'll see all that's hidden—a love of life, pleasure, and care for others. Everything's in those eyes."

Luchino Visconti, who directed Mangano in his prize-winning *Death in Venice* and, most recently, in *Ludwig*, sees her transformation as a creative rather than destructive act. "She's more beautiful today than ever. As a girl, she was lovely, but this is something more. And she created it herself. Now she is a great star—certainly the greatest in Italy.

"To know Silvana you have to see her in relation to her home. When we made *The Witches* at Kitzbühel, she sent for her own *coppa*, a kind of homemade sausage. Everyone loved it and Silvana was more proud than if she'd won an Oscar.

"Also, I wouldn't be overcritical of Dino. If you can have Silvana as a wife, you have a perfect woman—extraordinary morality and sentiments. Why would anyone possessing her as a wife throw her out as an actress—especially into the world of films?"

Mangano's relationship with her children is indicated by Raffaella, who, at twenty, is dark and lovely with a haunting resemblance to her mother. "Mommy is my best friend. It's like two sisters. We went through a tight mother-daughter identity period, but now we're more relaxed. I can tell her anything—even by hints so she doesn't have to feel she's hiding anything from Daddy."

Besides Raffaella there is Francesca, eleven; Federico, seventeen; and Veronica, who is twenty-two, married, and the mother of two—making Silvana Italy's most glamorous grandmother.

De Laurentiis feels his wife has been conditioned by a late start toward eventual maturity.

"When Silvana was small, she didn't have a full or a secure life. All her desires—to study, to learn, to exchange love—all this piled up within her. Finally, she's been able to give vent to her interior self and it's come out . . . an auto-creation of a new self."

Silvana says Dino is a wonderful father and dedicated provider, but . . . "De Laurentiis is not my ideal man. He has many defects. I wouldn't know where to begin listing them. But who hasn't? Who is ideal or perfect?"

That included herself. "I have all the defects that a woman can have and some that aren't typically feminine. I honestly don't think I can be proud of any of my qualities.

"Happiness? Don't talk about it. Let's say I have all I need—more than I merit. But let's not talk about happiness or satisfaction. The word doesn't exist for me."

Recently, however, there were signs that it might exist. With her children growing up, Silvana felt a renewed interest in work. In 1972, she made three films, each with widely different and difficult roles.

For Visconti she played Cosima von Bülow, whose dominant love for Richard Wagner ruptured his deep attachment to King Ludwig of Bavaria. In *Lo Scopone Scientifico* with Alberto Sordi, she is a ragpicker's wife. And in the screen version of Giuseppe Patroni-Griffi's well-known play, *D'Amore Si Muore,* she plays a beautiful, cool businesswoman who only learns about love after her young lover kills himself for her.

But Silvana's new "autonomy" began in 1968 when she agreed to do *Teorema* for Pasolini, without going through Dino.

After the film was finished, De Laurentiis phoned producer Franco Rossellini asking to see the film before its release. It seemed a logical request: the script called for his wife to make love in bed with Terence Stamp and later cruise the streets for more action.

Rossellini agreed; but when Silvana heard of it, she was incensed. "Show that film to De Laurentiis? Why? I've trusted you and Piero [Pasolini] to do it with a taste which would not embarrass my children. That's good enough for me—and the entire De Laurentiis family."

It was. After the film was released, Mangano received an irate letter, accusing her of being lewd and a disgrace. She should apologize to her children.

Mamma Silvana read it to them—and everyone laughed.

In spite of this family approval, it took Silvana herself eight months to get up enough nerve to see the film. She came out—happy and relieved.

"I had trusted them so much," she said. "I wanted to keep that faith—even if it meant never seeing the film." ■

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